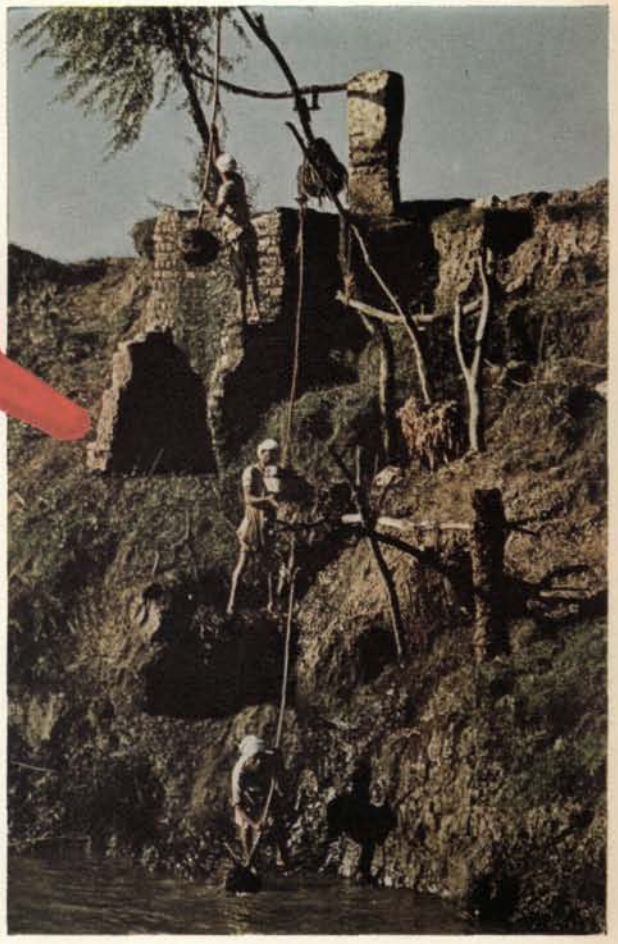
Saturday Review

June 3, 1967 35c



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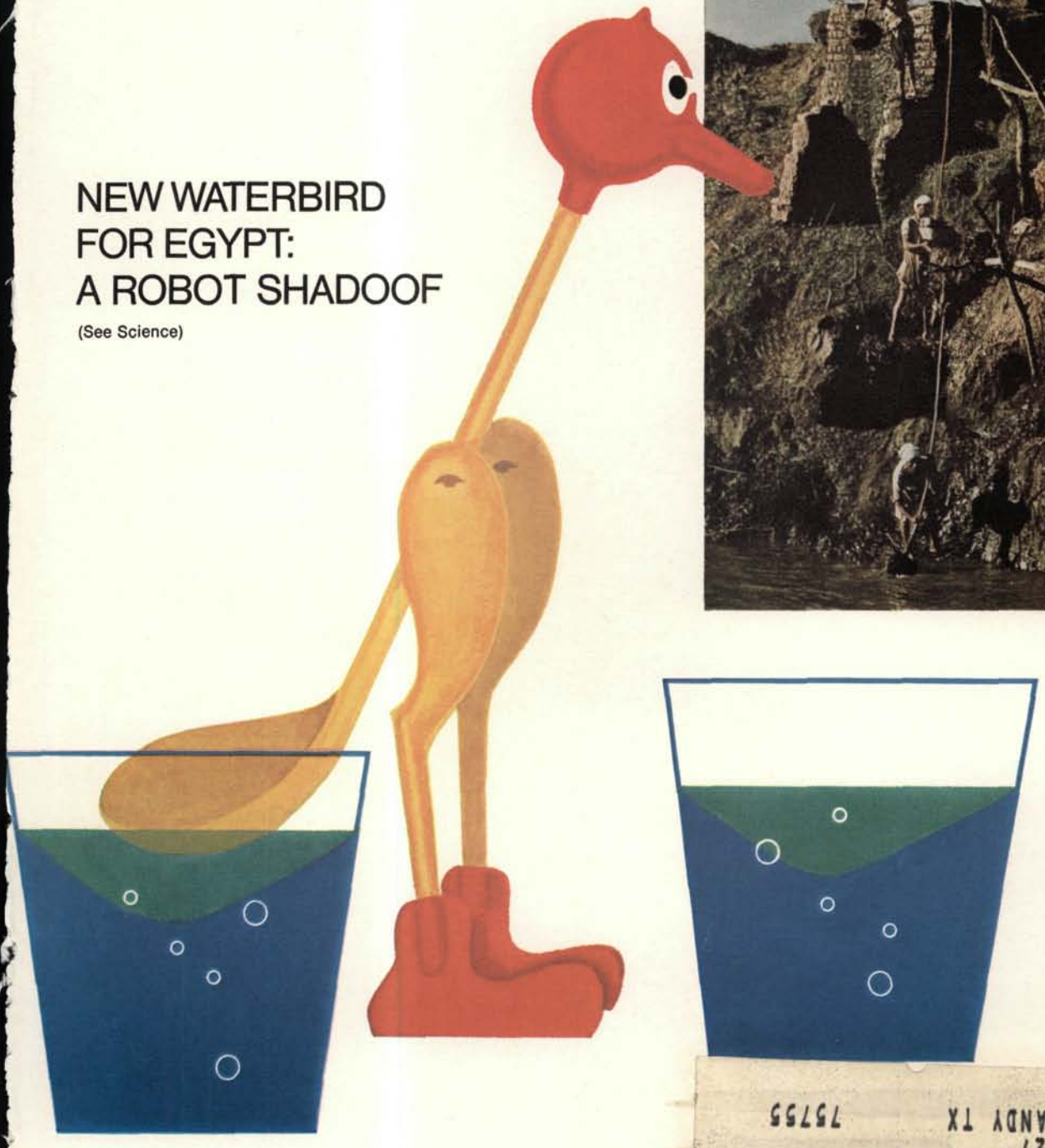

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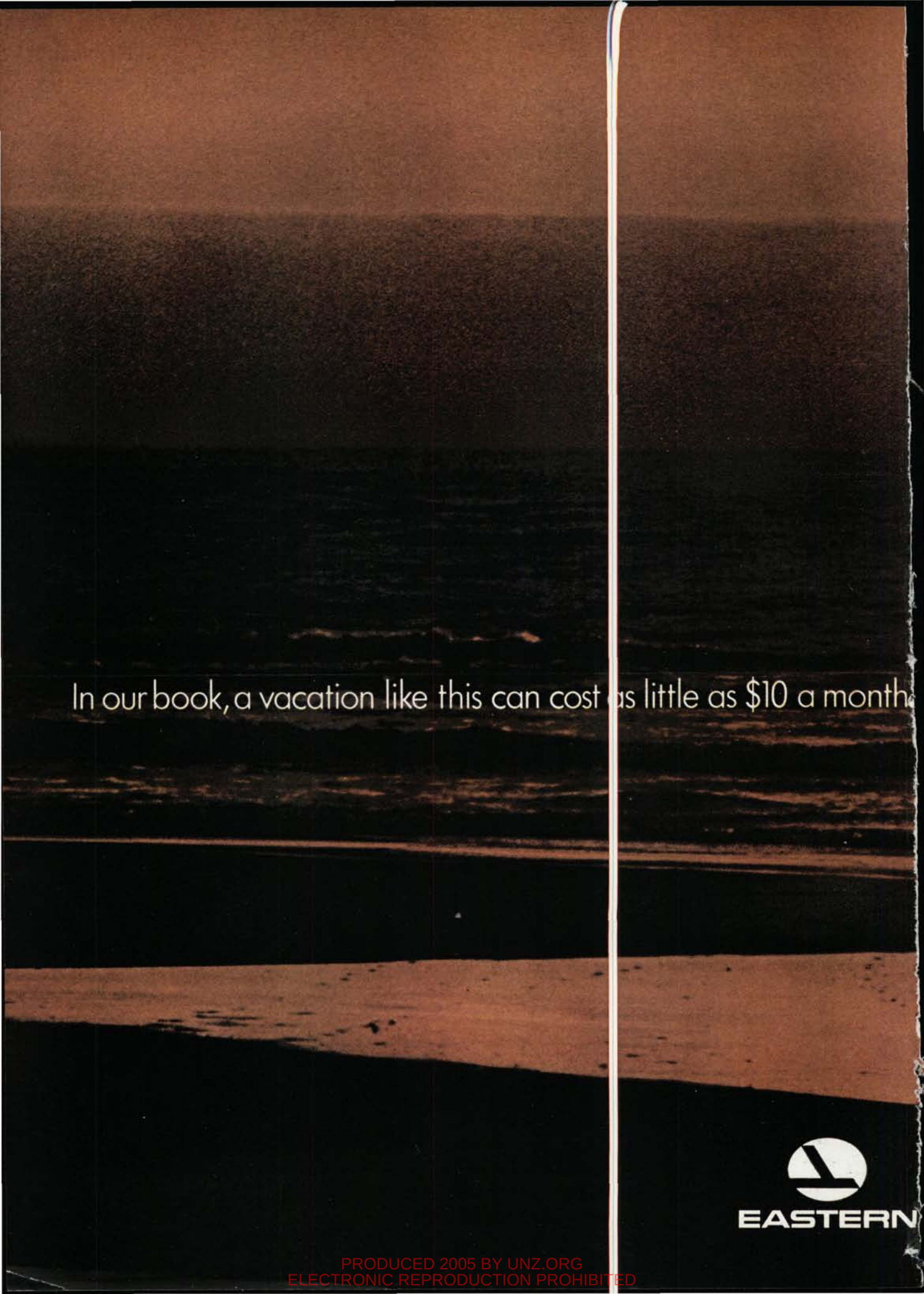

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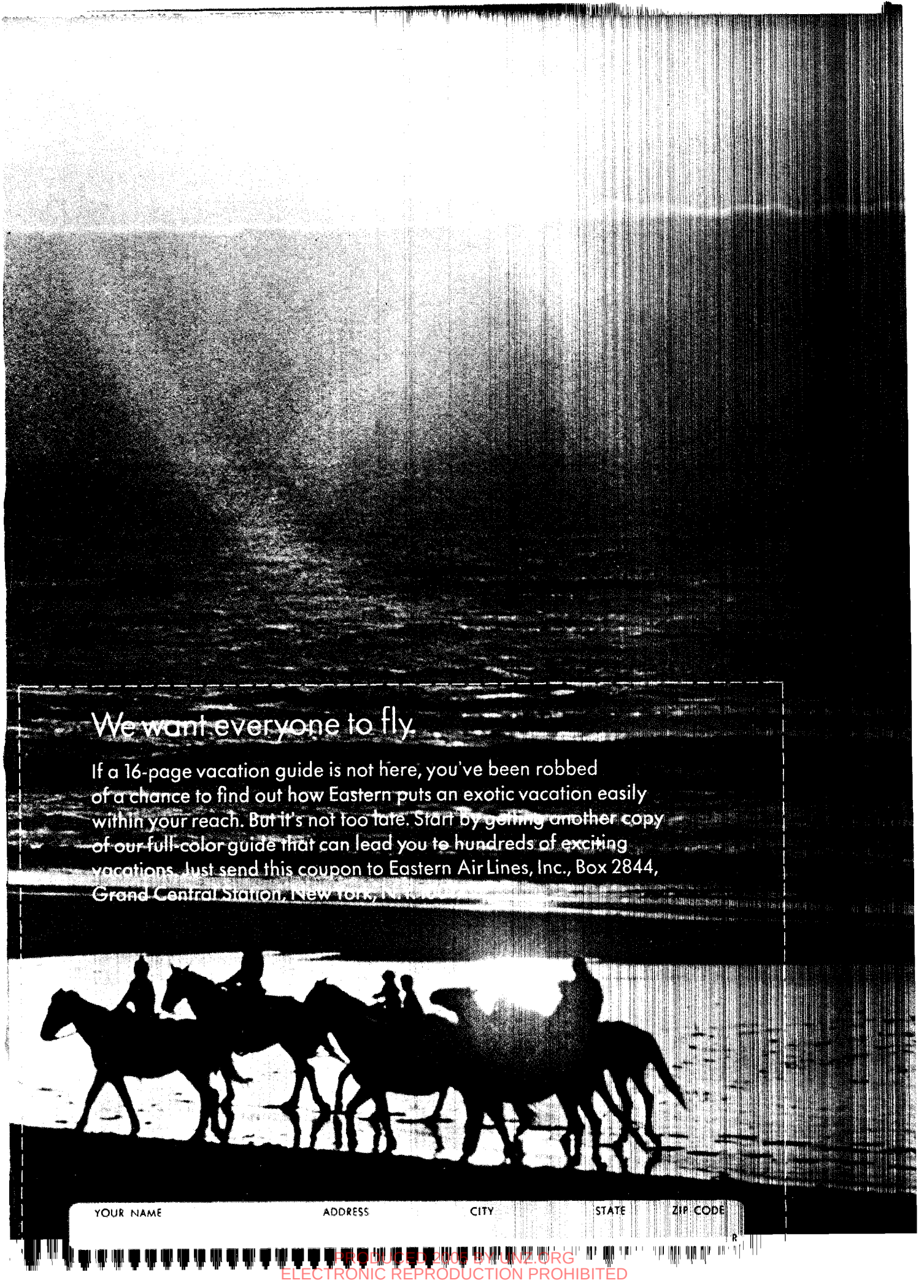

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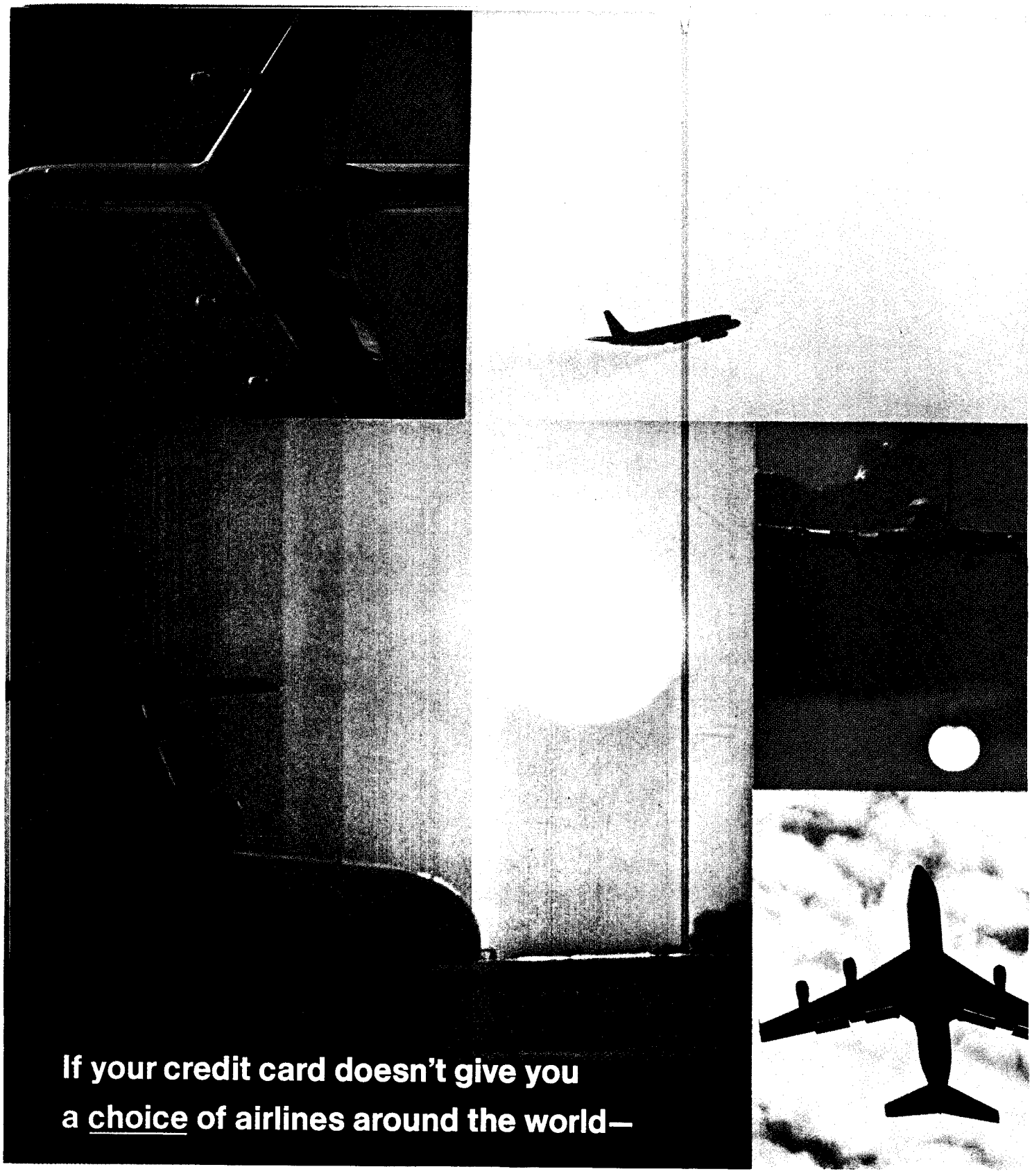

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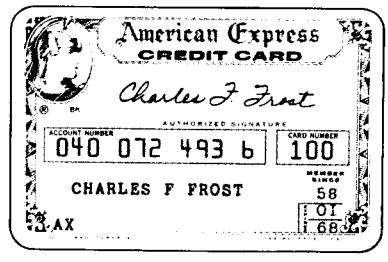

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Saturday Review

June 3, 1967

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SR: Ideas

15 The Real Nature of the World Revolution, by Arthur Larson
18 Why Worry About the Redwoods? by Michael McCloskey
20 The Fight to Breathe: An Editorial

SR: Science

49 New Waterbird for Egypt: A Robot *Shadoof*: Articles by John Lear and Richard B. Murrow
56 More Problems of Instant Medicine, by Joseph D. Cooper

SR: Books

25 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
25 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

4 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory
8 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
10 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
12 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
18 Literary Crypt
21 Letters to the Editor
23 *SR* Recommends
24 World of Dance: Walter Terry
36 Literary I.Q.
40 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
43 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight
43 Wit Twister No. 10
44 The Theater: Henry Hewes
46 As Others See Us: Nicholas G. Balint
68 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1730

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. L, No. 22, June 3, 1967. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

(Advertisement)

This column is addressed to *Saturday Review* readers of a certain age. This age may be defined by asking whether you ever rode in a Buick touring car with isinglass windows, took the night boat from New York to Boston, shot off roman candles near the lighthouse at the shore, or—surest test of all—had an uncle who owned a Velie with bright artificial roses in glass vases and a jump seat where a child could sit and feel as though he were the driver.

If these memories mean nothing to you, flip over to Goodman Ace; if they strike a chord, then you will want to hear about a new book, SUMMER MAGIC, by Mary Wallace.

As a matter of fact, if you are a careful *SR* reader, you will already know about this book, because a couple of chapters of it appeared in the travel section of the magazine not too very long ago.

SUMMER MAGIC is a memoir of childhood summers on Cape Ann, that "other" Massachusetts Cape which is north of Cod and on which is situated the fishing port of Gloucester. It is a sort of tranquillity remembered in emotion—but tender and sentimental emotion. It recreates those summers between the two Great Wars as recalled by a woman who was once the girl who, with her two brothers, experienced them. It is a child's view of happy endless summer days in which one visited with relatives, went clamming, played games in the house on rainy days, listened to the grown-ups singing on the porch at night, and then, when the Labrador current turned the weather cold, buried favorite playthings in the sand before making the homeward trip to the realities of life in New Jersey.

I suppose I should be embarrassed to say that this is a gentle book or to recommend it to anyone who likes pleasant and nostalgic reading. But I'm not embarrassed, and I do recommend it.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Summer Magic ($3.95), by Mary Wallace, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is the Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107.

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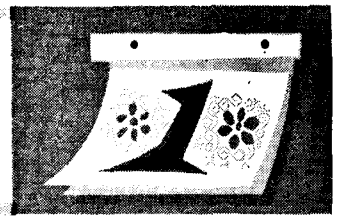
First of the Month



IN WASHINGTON, the latest theory on the war in Vietnam is that a hawk is a dove and a dove is a hawk. By this theory, according to James Reston, the doves are deceiving the enemy into prolonging the killing, whereas the compassionate hawks are trying to bring the killing to a quick and merciful end.

Mercy us. And all this time we thought hawks were hawks and doves were doves. It just shows, you can't trust anybody these days. By the same token, obviously, Republicans are Democrats and Democrats are Republicans. The Republicans, you see, want to stop the endless spending so that in the end there'll be something left to spend—so they're Democrats. While the Democrats, of course, want to spend it all now so that in the end there'll be nothing left to spend and an end to spending—so they're Republicans.

• • •

OUR FAVORITE STORY of the month was a brand-new theory of warfare we found in the *New York Law Journal*, in an article by Cameron Wehringer under the title "Space and the Law." We quote the theory in its entirety:

> Dr. Fred Singer, a well known space expert, has developed a wholly novel concept of strategic warfare which, he opines, might save the earth from destruction. Thus he proposes that the rival powers agree to conduct a thermonuclear contest on the moon, and that the power whose nuclear-tipped rockets "make a bigger crater" be declared the winner in the contest. And the loser will march under the yoke of slavery without a whimper.

That's how we always said the world should end—without either a bang or a whimper.

• • •

THE SPEECH of the month was delivered by, of all people, Robert Vaughn, of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, at, of all places, Harvard. This speech, which was carefully reasoned, was one of the strongest yet against the war:

> In our fervor to halt the potential spread of totalitarianism, what incredible precedent are we setting in Vietnam? Is this the way we intend to conquer Communism? Are we to oppose inevitably emerging popular revolutions when they don't meet with our fancy, and by our opposition totally ignore the will of the people involved? Are we to prevent the spread of Communism by sacrificing the principles of democracy? Oppose them by disseminating lies to our own people; oppose them by clandestine and illegal plotting in order to set up puppet militarist governments; by breaking treaties, by giving no heed to international law, by marching our legions though the countryside of foreign continents, burning homes, laying waste to the land, and indiscriminately killing friend and foe alike in the zealous pursuit of our own ends? Can we possibly imagine that this bloody insanity will prove that the democratic way of life is more fulfilling than Communism?
>
> If we think our methods are righteous we are fooling no one but ourselves. Certainly not the rest of the world! And certainly not history!

Following the speech, which was interrupted several times by applause, Mr. Vaughn was given a five-minute standing ovation. We cornered him afterward and found that though Napoleon Solo may have a partner in U.N.C.L.E., in real life he does solo. In fact, as befits a man who has been "on my own since I was six months old" (when his parents were divorced) and also the man who should soon be the first Hollywood star ever to receive a Ph.D. (his geld is the philosophy of mass communications), we learned that he first spoke out against the war in Vietnam at a time when only a handful of public figures, agreed with him—and he's been hard at it ever since.

"I guess what pleased me most," he told us, "was that it happened at Harvard. Because the first thing I saw there was a fellow with a huge sign saying DON'T SAY UNCLE IN VIETNAM. At first, you know, I used to get a lot of hate mail. 'You traitorous bastard'—that sort of thing. And I had no help in Hollywood, either. In fact, I sent a letter to the twenty-five top movie stars who have been known for at least taking some kind of public stand on vital social issues. I told them if they just felt emotionally about stopping the war, I would be happy to supply them with information and background material, to make their position clear. And I even told them that if they didn't want to answer the letter, I'd understand. Do you know how many answers I got? Just one. Tony Randall."

"But lately," Vaughn continued, "the

You could hardly call Caswell-Massey Colognes an overnight success.

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Jockey Club Cologne for instance. Not the oldest of our handmade, hard-to-find fragrances, but certainly one of our most renowned. It's as spirited as a filly. As arrogant as a thoroughbred. Generally rated a winner. By a nose.

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The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

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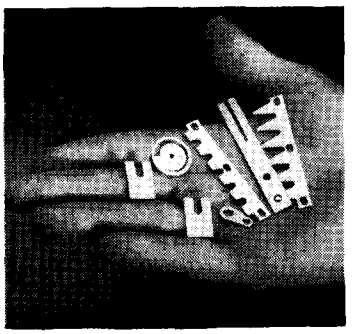


If, for respite from abstractions, you take a certain interest in the world of tangible *things*, you may care to know something about photofabrication.

It's a new way of working metal. Or glass, ceramics, plastics. For generations in all "advanced" countries the punch press, the drill press, and the milling and grinding machines have symbolized progress through industry. Now photography, of all things, offers engineers a more facile way to manufacture some of the more precise and complex mechanical parts required by the miraculous devices of civilization.

Photofabrication reverses the old artist's role of limning objects seen. It starts with drawings, and by chemistry and optics transforms them into objects, usually at great reduction in size. Photofabrication is growing so fast because so many metalworking people have decided to do it instead of fight it. It wouldn't be growing that fast if we weren't pushing it hard.

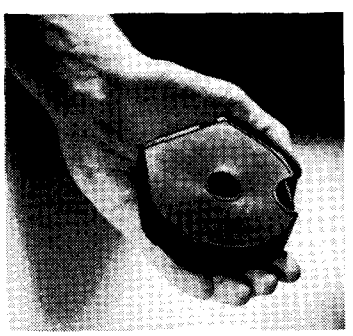
"And what does your son the advertising man advertise, Mrs. Jones?"

"Photofabrication."

"Oh."

*Those who want to acquire a broader understanding of marketing through experience might get in touch with Business and Technical Personnel Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.**

Single concept



This, in some educators' jargon, is a single-concept film. The movie in the cartridge might run no more than 8 feet long, or it might run as long as 50 feet—whatever is required to explain what needs to be explained and no more. In a science subject, for example, the student consults it as he would a page in a lab manual. If he consulted it before performing an assigned lab exercise, just watching the film a few times could take the place of the part of the exercise that answers the questions already answered long ago by the founding fathers of the science. He could then use the precious actual lab time to answer some questions involving suspense and excitement.

The new and higher-quality super 8 films that schools will buy or teachers can make can be kept in the cartridge for instant use on special study-type projectors, even by young children who have only recently learned to handle books. The vast numbers of super 8 projectors already waiting in private homes also accept these films.

Now is the right time for teachers to start thinking about what they would like to have happen in single-concept films. Though Kodak is hardly in a position to grant all wishes, educators are invited to express their views on this matter to Motion Picture and Education Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650. (Nothing confidential, please.)

Mr. Fudge, the manganese man

Pressure is building up these days on Thomas G. Fudge. By 1975 his success in responding to it should be apparent from a map of the United States that plots the extent and severity of manganese deficiency in American soil. Tom Fudge is expected to make the Mn-deficient acreage shrink and shrink.

Manganese is the one and only trace element in soil that directly concerns Mr. Fudge. Zinc, copper, vanadium, and other trace elements are also important to agriculture but not in a business way important to Tom Fudge. Only manganese.

Will alleviation of manganese deficiency vastly improve the quality of human life in this land? It is probably too much to expect.

What, then, is putting the pressure on Mr. Fudge? This is what: a vast upsurge in picture-taking and consequently in the demand for photofinishing service, for photographic developer, and ultimately for the hydroquinone that goes into most of it.

We make hydroquinone by a process in which manganese dioxide enters and manganese sulfate comes out. Manganese sulfate is therefore coming out pretty fast at present. Would you have us dump it somewhere? You wouldn't like that one bit. Nor would it make any sense. Simply by carrying on its hydroquinone-making business, our plant takes the same insoluble MnO_2 that some people try to use in fertilizer and changes it to a fully soluble source of those Mn^{++} ions without which citrus groves languish in chlorosis, livestock grows deformed legs, and eggs are fewer, with weaker shells.

That is why Tom Fudge performs a useful service by going about insisting on the importance of the trademark TECMANGAM *in soil improvement. His address is Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn. 37662 (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company).*

Kodak

*Those who already have the right job and think that it requires them to understand a few more technical facts about photofabrication should communicate instead with our Department 926 and ask for Pamphlet H3-8.

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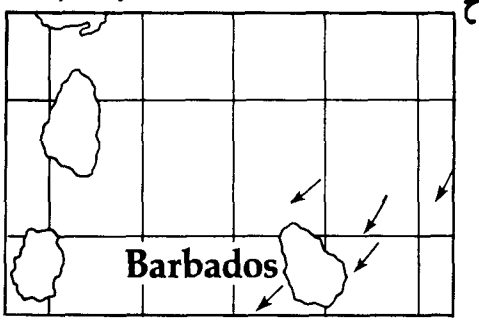
Barbados summer rates are the hottest bargain of all.

Because Barbados has no summer.

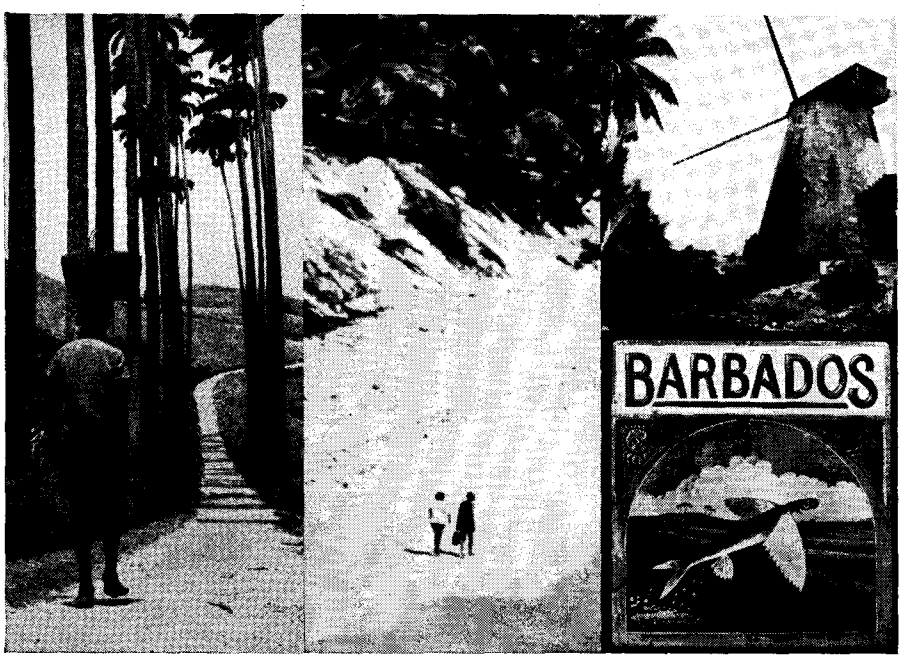
This little map shows you how Eastern Trade Winds reach Barbados first, keeping it blissfully cool with low humidity all year 'round. Temperatures always stay between 70° and 85°.



And because Barbados has so many memories to bring home.

Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers at play on the beach? Swim in two seas, the Atlantic or Caribbean? Enjoy British tradition and charm? Stay in an old buccaneer's castle or your choice of resorts, hotels, clubs, guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. SR-5, New York, N.Y. 10017



change has been amazing. Now what I call my political fan mail runs 100 to 1 in favor of my stand—and that one isn't from a fan. Seriously, I believe that the next six months are going to be crucial ones for the history of civilization—particularly if Johnson is determined to press for military victory in Vietnam before the primaries here.

"I hear people say, 'Oh, *I* get both sides—I read *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report.*' Both sides! I get fifty-two periodicals a week—everything from the *National Review* to the *Peking Review*, from the *Hollywood Reporter* to the *South China Morning Post.*

"I learn all my scripts," Vaughn continued, "right at the studio. I live alone in an old house. Not an old-*fashioned* house, either—just an old house. A girl comes in four hours on Saturday to clean, that's all. I don't even date—although I'm still friendly with my long-time girl friend, Joyce Jamieson. But the war, and studying, take all my thinking time. I started studying at the University of Minnesota. Then, when I was seventeen, my real father and my step-father and both my grandparents all died—in one year. Then my mother—she's dead now—took me to California. That was sixteen years ago. I'm thirty-four now and still studying. My last class for my Ph.D. was May 24th. The title of my dissertation is 'An Historical Study of the Influence of Senator Joseph McCarthy on the American Theatre.'

"Once in a while," Vaughn admitted, "someone accuses me of doing my anti-war work for publicity. *Publicity*! One, the publicity I don't need, and two, as a practical matter, it couldn't be worse publicity. I am attacking the very structure of this country—all the Establishment forces as well as the Administration, which is, after all, my party. Then people say that I must be doing it for my own political career. One, I have no political career, and two, I can't think of a state I would be less likely to be picked from for anything than California. Me against Reagan? That even the Democrats don't need, and God knows they need pretty nearly everything else."

IT'S hard, Vaughn concluded, "to get to the kind of people who have made up their minds that if we don't get them in the Mekong Delta, they'll be coming down the Potomac. But even these people can be reached. I tell them that, like all the 'anti-isms,' anti-Communism is not a policy. It is an expedient to conceal the fact that we have no policy. Communism, whatever it's spiritual limitations, is not the bastard child of Satan. It is an ideology, and an ideology cannot be killed with a gun."

Agree with Vaughn or disagree, you could not doubt two things: 1) his sincerity, and 2) his courage.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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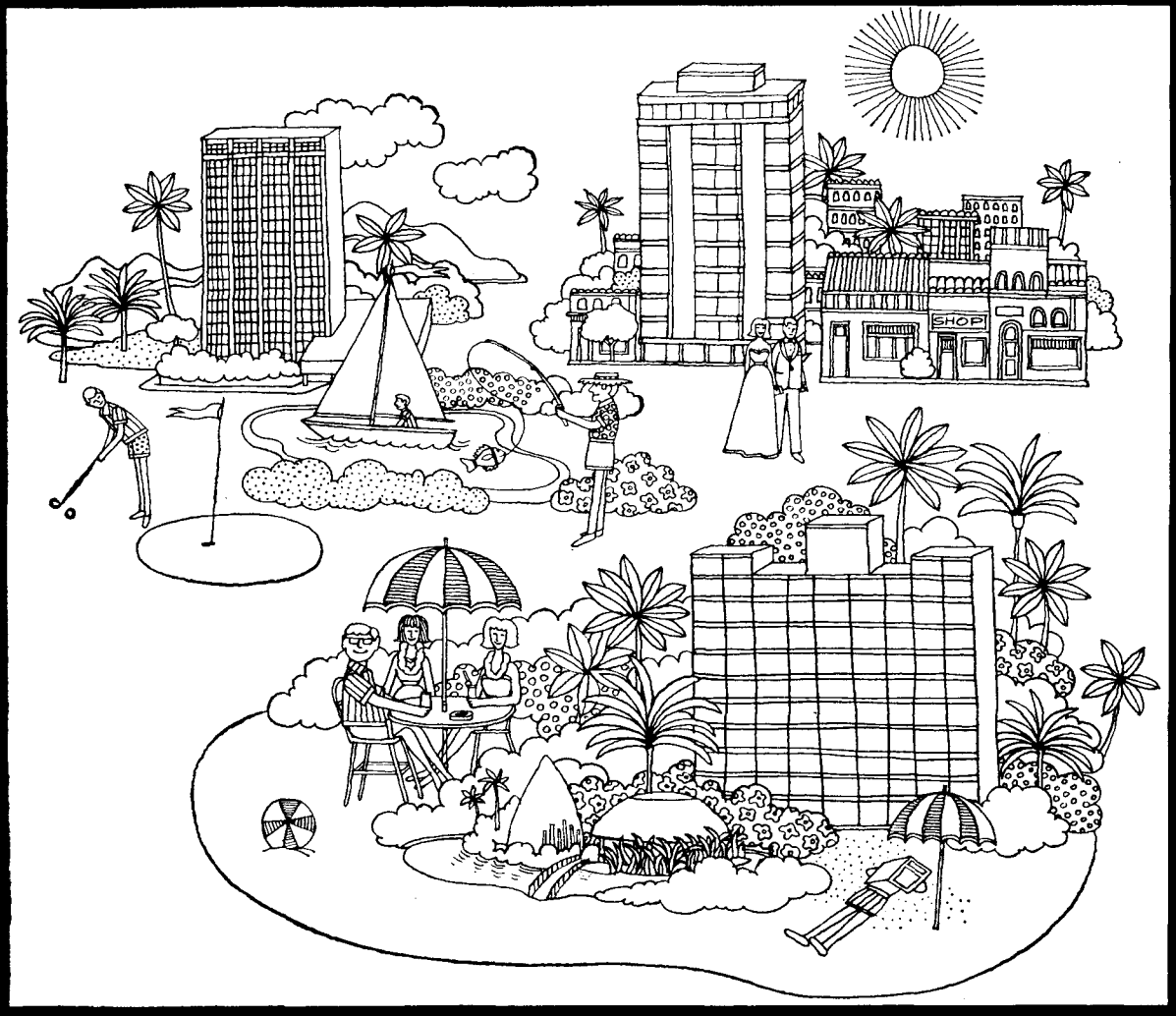
If you're going to Mexico which Mexico should you see? Why not see all three.



The almost undiscovered new tourist area of Guadalajara

...the gateway to Puerto Vallarta, the Acapulco of the future... and the breathtakingly beautiful Lake Chapala, high in the nearby mountains. You can make arrangements to see all these places at the Guadalajara Hilton. But don't go before seeing the charming local artwork. You won't have to go far, because Manager Peter Brunner's lovely hotel is completely decorated with it.

The cosmopolitan life of Mexico City

...which literally surrounds the Continental Hilton. It's right on the fashionable Paseo de la Reforma, amid the elegant shops and the city's beautiful residences. The new Archeological Museum isn't far away either. Neither is the Palace of Fine Arts where you'll see the famous Folkloric Ballet. And for a magnificent view of the city at night, take a ride in Manager Arthur Elmiger's elevator to the roof-top Belvedere Supper Club.

The resort life of Acapulco

...best lived at the Acapulco Hilton, right on the beach. Perhaps the loveliest thing about this hotel is the view from your private balcony of the tropical gardens or the glittering bay. The glitter at night is provided by the guests. Every evening you'll find jet-set stars shining in Manager Philippe Gerondeau's exciting restaurants and music-filled night haunts.

For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

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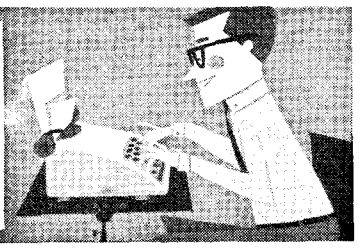
Top of My Head



The Play's the Costly Thing

IF A MAN living in the New York area decides to take his wife out to dinner and a Broadway play he had better be ready to shell out at least $35. Fifteen dollars for dinner and $20 for two tickets to the theater. And you can add to that the $25 towaway charge for illegal parking. And you can add to that the recriminatory dialogue that night on the drive back home. Priceless.

It's only in the past few years that the advertised price in the theater ads—$9.90 for a musical—has gone higher than the advertised curtain time—8:30.

This is not true of all musicals, however. The price of a ticket to the hit show *Cabaret* is $12. This is the musical which won so many prizes. One of which must have been for selling the highest-priced ticket. On the other hand there is *Funny Girl,* which originally starred Barbra Streisand. Since she left the play and was replaced, the price has dropped from $9.90 to $9.60. Which is a rather shoddy measure of her worth.

"There's no business like show business," sang Irving Berlin. "Everything about it is appealing; everything the traffic will allow." The allowable traffic these days is $9.90 for a musical and $7.50 for a nonmusical. The $7.50 price is flexible in this business which there is no business like. For instance, there are currently four plays on Broadway written by Neil Simon, who is a business unto himself. Mr. Simon caters to the thrifty, comparison shopper.

You can see his comedy *The Star-Spangled Girl* for $7.50, but you can see his *Barefoot in the Park* for $6.75. Or you can take in his musical *Sweet Charity* for only $9.50 and his comedy *The Odd Couple* for $7.25, marked down from $7.50.

To be fair, the fares quoted here are top prices. Tickets are available at Broadway theaters—Saturday matinees, for instance—at a nonmusical for as low as $3.50. And Wednesday matinees for as low as $2.50. Of course if you can go to a Wednesday matinee you are out of work and even $2.50 is extravagant.

The cheaper seats are in the balcony. Or to give it its more chic, advertised name—in the "rear mezzanine." If you happen to be farsighted, the far reaches of a seat in the rear mezzanine are inviting. If you are hard of hearing you will have to sit much closer. If you are both see your doctor.

(On a personal note, I had an uncle who was farsighted and hard of hearing. In a movie he was a sight to behold—running down the aisle to hear, and back up the aisle to see it. But he was not an average case, although he was once written up in a medical journal. Two whole paragraphs. He was also arrested once while skittering through a Colleen Moore movie. Vagrancy and molesting.)

OBVIOUSLY, at the going rate the theatergoer cannot see all the plays that come to Broadway in one season. Twenty dollars for a pair of seats, to say nothing of the high price for a sip of lemon-colored orange juice at intermission, is quite an investment.

To protect the patrons of the legitimate theater against illegitimate prices there are the newspaper critics, who have dwindled in New York City to a mere three, along with dozens of magazine and television first-night reviewers.

What makes a play a hit is a favorable review. If a play is unanimously applauded by the critics a line forms at the box office early the next morning. For instance, *I Do! I Do!*, the successful musical starring Mary Martin and Robert Preston. You wait in line and finally get to the fiendishly sadistic man in the box office. This is where it hurts.

"Do you have two tickets for tonight for *I Do! I Do!*?"

"I don't, I don't."

"How about tomorrow night?"

"What are you doing January 18?"

"January 18?"

"1969."

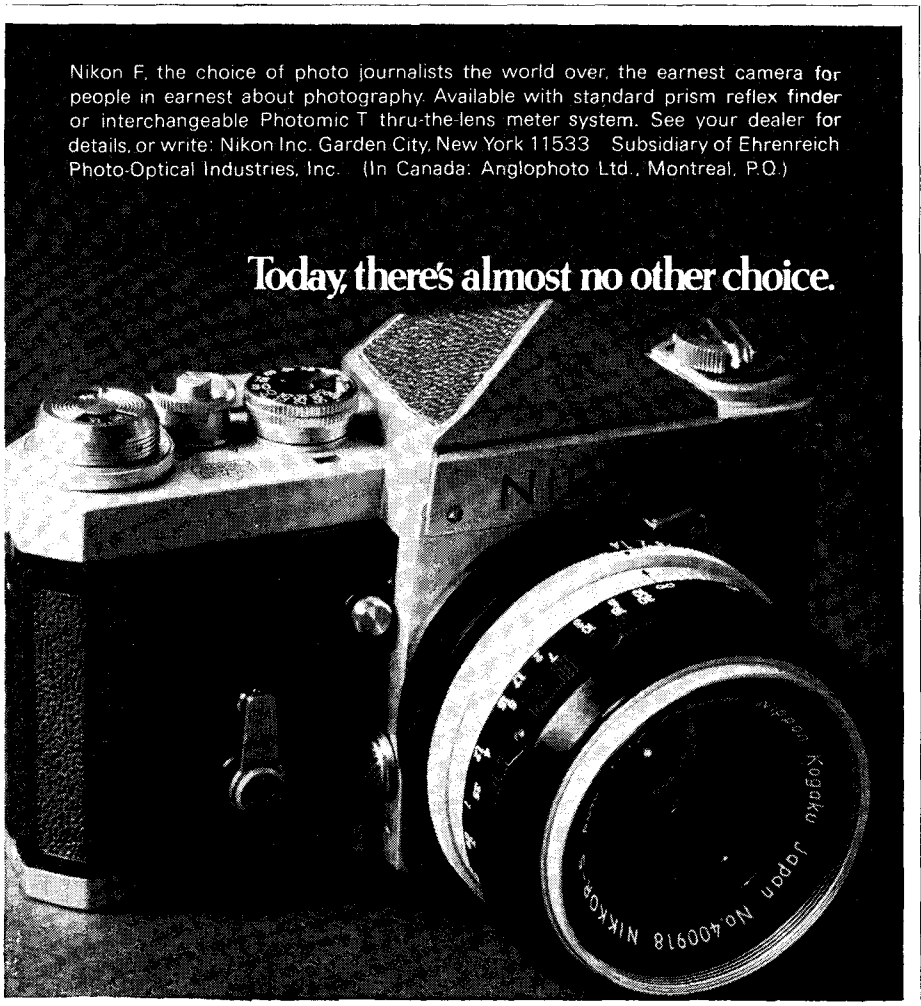
"I'll take 'em."

"That'll be $9.90 a ticket. That's $4.95 for Mary and $4.95 for Robert."

Producers have many reasons for the rise in ticket prices. They include salaries of stagehands, musicians, actors, scenic designers, the price of advertising and exploitation — all of which have made Broadway a multimillion-dollar operation.

And a $9.90 ticket doesn't necessarily insure a play's true value. Too often you find a five-and-ten-cent baby in a million-dollar store.

—GOODMAN ACE.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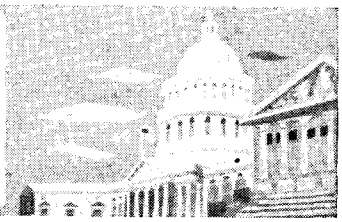
State of Affairs



California Notebook

IT'S OFTEN been said that in California one can get a foretaste of what the America of the future will be like. Some Californians I asked were obviously pleased with this idea, others shuddered at the thought. And as one would expect in a state of extremes, there was nothing in between. A good many who at first reacted in horror, however, gave my question further thought and came around to saying that California after all was not quite so bad.

It is an exciting place; it is where life can be seen throbbing, where growth can be watched with the naked eye. The West still has far to go to gain its economic independence from the East. But industry after industry is establishing itself in the West and even though steel and other basic industries are still concentrated in the East, more will be coming West. And in terms of technological research and concentration of brain power, California is already in the lead.

Political power in the United States, too, is gradually shifting to the West as its population grows by leaps and bounds, and the East might as well get used to this prospect. It is usually at this point, especially if the discussion takes place in San Francisco, that this thought causes a shudder, because however much in love San Franciscans are with their city, which is essentially an outpost of the old East and of the Eastern values, they see themselves put in a minority position, subordinated to the political vagaries of southern California. And that usually brings the conversation to Governor Ronald Reagan.

Even those who dislike Ronald Reagan admit that if an election were held today he would win with at least the same majority as last autumn, in spite of the controversy he has stirred up over college tuition, over the deposing of the president of the University of California, Clark Kerr, and over the mental health budget. The usual explanation is that he has given the impression of trying to live up to what those who voted for him expected from him: that he would apply the cost-conscious business approach to government, that he would be "fiscally responsible." And although he represents government, he has come to epitomize an antigovernment attitude.

In his attempt to impose tuition fees on the California college and university system, he first forcefully demanded tuition fees, then saw that opposition was too strong and skillfully retreated from his original policy. This has been his method in most test cases. Now he is getting credit for having tried though he did not succeed. The same is true, say, about the cuts he advocated for the University of California budget. The compromise he accepted is much closer to the figure the university asked for than his own, but it will be the legislature, rather than the Governor, which will be blamed for the failure of his original proposals. More generally, he has proved to be more pragmatic than expected by many who saw him simply as a tool of the ultraright. And as regards his own political skills, he has surprised those who considered him nothing but a cardboard figure. But the test of his success as a governor will come when not only his negative accomplishments are counted but also when it can be seen what positive progress the state will have made.

Nobody is really surprised that those surrounding him are now passing the word that Governor Reagan is available as a Presidential candidate. Since Governor George Romney's campaign has not aroused much Republican enthusiasm, since Richard Nixon is considered to have lost twice too often, and since there is a conviction that the Republican convention, with its heavily conservative orientation, would not go for Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the man who is coming to the fore is, they think, Mr. Reagan. In California, this seems less impossible than it does in Washington. From the East's vantage point, Senator Charles Percy of Illinois would seem the more likely dark-horse candidate. But if the current mood in the country continues, it is the hawks, not the doves, who will stand the better chance, and Mr. Reagan is about as hawkish as can be.

Governor Reagan said at a recent press conference that "some who have a less than friendly approach to me or my philosophy think this [his Presidential ambition] is a pretty good thing to keep harping on—that it might prove embarrassing to me." But fewer and fewer think that it is really embarrassing to the Governor and more and more believe that he has a good chance to be

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on the Republican Presidential ticket, if only as the Vice Presidential candidate.

The Democratic party, meanwhile, is in complete disarray. If the war in Vietnam continues to be a national issue by the time the Democratic National Convention meets, the Democrats from California may be divided in three groups—one backing the Administration, one pro-Wallace, and one a delegation protesting the war in Vietnam. A leading California politician recently estimated that the protesters would get 10 per cent of the vote in California, Wallace 25 per cent. There is no individual who could rally the party, nor is there an obvious candidate with a good chance to win Senator Thomas Kuchel's seat.

* * *

THE AUTHORITIES in San Francisco have vowed that they will resist a hippies' invasion promised for the summer. This, of course, has raised the temptation among the tribes to challenge the authorities—one of their favorite occupations. But even though the hippies' cult seems to have reached a climax—or, as they would prefer saying, an "orgasm"—and has received nationwide publicity, the first signs of the decline of the movement have set in.

One of my favorite hippies, who only three months ago was full of enthusiasm and hope about the movement, tells me that she and her painter husband are thinking of emigrating to British Columbia and that many of the true believers have already left or are thinking of leaving. They are looking for places in the wilderness, remote from American civilization. The more émigrés that come to Haight-Ashbury, the more difficult it apparently becomes to live there.

More and more kids between the ages of fifteen and nineteen are arriving and they are really miserable, unhappy types, mostly from broken middle-class homes. They are lonely, they are pathetic, and they have no money. The struggle to survive is getting worse, and the diggers, the good samaritans of the hippies, who are trying hard at least to feed them from their soup kitchens, are running short. And so idealists are horrified as more of the tribe resort to stealing or to producing "acid" (LSD).

As a consequence, the true hippies—and I consider my favorite hippy a true one—who were in revolt against the greed of a materialistic society, who resent the abuses of affluence, are suddenly disenchanted by the failure of their own hippy society, which more and more are joining—"just for kicks." This apparently has started the talk about a new wave of emigration from the United States to remote places—not to urban slums, but to where life is still close to nature. Not only revolution but also bohemia seems to devour its children.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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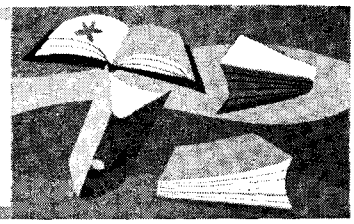
Trade Winds



Hey, Manchester did leave something out of his book, after all! And it is a fact that has far-reaching implications, if you ask me: The Southwestern branch office of Harper & Row is located in Dallas, in the Texas School Book Depository Building.

What is there about the telephone that grabs people? Like Pavlov's dog, we react when it rings and we lose our will power, unable to keep from answering it. My latest experience in this connection was at the main desk of the New Bedford, Massachusetts, Free Public Library. I went to ask for a city directory of 1860. Two women were in line in front of me. The kindly lady behind the desk puttered about and finally noticed us.

"Are you being helped?" she asked.

"No," the first in line said. "I want—"

The phone rang. The librarian immediately moved over and answered it. We all stood there for what seemed ages while she carried on a conversation with someone who sought information about whether a certain book was available. The phone rang only once more before I was waited on, so it didn't take much longer to get what I wanted.

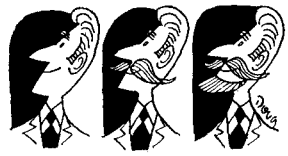
My friend Jim Bowling first called the situation to my attention when he described how, when he visits businessmen in their offices, they interrupt him to answer the phone and chat with someone who has called from the outside. He calls it "telephone tyranny." He turned the tables on telephone tyranny a few months ago when he was standing in a long line at some airport waiting to get a ticket processed. The reason the line moved so slowly was that the phone at the desk rang a lot and each time it did, the clerk left the standees and answered it. Bowling finally dropped out of line and went to a booth where he could see what happened. He dialed and watched with delight as the clerk deserted his customers to pick up the ringing instrument. Bowling completed his business over the telephone and went on his way while the line at the counter inched forward.

The most dramatic example of *telephilia* occurred a few years ago in some city I can't recall. A madman had holed himself up in a house and was engaged in a gun battle with the police department. A reporter heard about it, looked up the man's number in the book, and called him up. The fellow put down his rifle to answer the phone. They carried on a brief conversation for a while.

"Why are you shooting people?" the reporter asked.

"Look, I'm too busy. I've got to go now," the madman said. "Goodbye." Then he went back to killing policemen.

Now that Commander Whitehead has retired from the modeling aspect of his

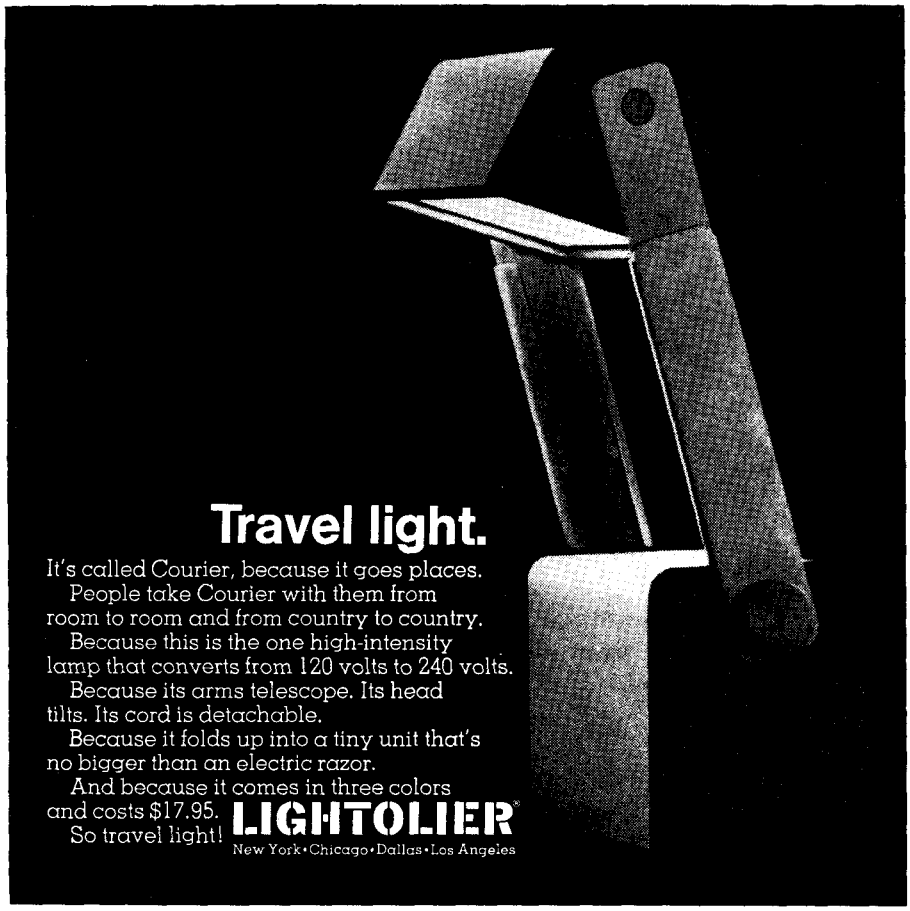


Schweppes business in this country, you might be interested to learn how he happened to grow the beard in the first place. I found the information in that entertaining book, *The Beard and I*, written a couple of years ago by his wife, Tommy.

When the British declared war against Germany in 1939, Edward Whitehead sported a lovely, flourishing mustache. As a reservist in the Royal Navy, he would be required to shave it off when he reported for active duty: no mustaches allowed. Whitehead liked the mustache, so he looked further into the regulations and found that there was a way to keep it: grow a beard. And, according to the ancient rule, established by Elizabeth I, the beard had to be there from the start. That is, you couldn't grow it after joining the Navy. Furthermore, you couldn't shave around it here and there: If you entered the Royal Navy with a beard, you entered without a razor, too. All the hair or none. Whitehead had two months before signing on, and in that time the famous beard came into being. When he was taken on by Schweppes after the war, they told him he'd have to shave. He refused, at his wife's urging. Maybe she had that book title in mind already.

I have been reading an interesting biography, *Luther Burbank*, by Ken and Pat Kraft, in which there is much little-known information about the great plant wizard. But the most surprising fact is that Luther Burbank had nothing to do with Burbank, California, and probably never even set foot in the town.

The town of Burbank was named by land speculators for a New Hampshire-born dentist, Dr. David Burbank, no re-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lation, who had made a killing by selling them a large parcel of the land the community was built on. That was in 1887, before Luther had made a name for himself in Santa Rosa, California, which is north of San Francisco and a good many miles from Burbank, which is smack in the midst of Los Angeles.

Sharps and Flats: Bob Konikow recalls a story in a local paper about a meeting of "bottle-scarred veterans." After the American Legion protested, the next edition corrected the typo, but a new one crept in. The story then referred to "battle-scared veterans."

► Someone saw a sign in a pharmacy window: LET US FILL YOUR NEXT PRESCRIPTION. YOU WILL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED. What are they pushing, LSD?

► From the Binghamton, New York, *Press*: "A woman treated with fertility drugs last night gave birth to quintuplets, doctors said today."

► Bud Hart of *Redbook* says New York isn't the cold, impersonal city people say it is. He saw a sign on an East Side gas station door: CLOSED. IRVING'S MOTHER DIED.

► *The Wit and Wisdom of Mae West* is being published by Putnam's. "Keep a diary," Miss West says, "and some day it will keep you." As for international politics, she admits, "I have always had a weakness for foreign affairs."

► The Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce has asked me to assure everyone that the beaches there are not covered with oil.

► The A&P stores in eastern Massachusetts have stopped giving Plaid Stamps. Prices have plummeted.

► Rose Hoffman says: "Show me a nun wearing the new-style garments and I'll show you a nun who has kicked the habit." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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The bassoon tooter also tutors computers

Most of the time, bassoonist Peter Neumann thinks about computers for Bell Telephone Laboratories. Even at home, he can hook into a computer via a remote console.

Peter and a Bell Labs group are pioneering a way for many different researchers to share computer resources and computer programs simultaneously. The "one job at a time" method is too slow for much Bell Labs work and doesn't make most efficient use of data files and program libraries.

Peter and his colleagues have been hard at it for two years and have already implemented and proved major portions of the system. Some day this work will, in effect, give every Bell Laboratories scientist his own computer so he can tailor his own program of mathematical computations from the program library. Dozens of others will be able to use the machine at the same time.

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Saturday Review
June 3, 1967

The Real Nature of the World Revolution

Communism and independence movements are receding before a third wave: the drive for human rights. What does this portend for U.S. policy, especially in Vietnam?

By ARTHUR LARSON

I HAPPENED to look out the window of my fortieth-floor office one day and noticed, several floors above me, a window-washer recklessly moving about on his scaffolding without using a safety belt. I repeatedly shouted suggestions at him on how to avoid the danger he was risking and he repeatedly ignored my suggestions. A little later I saw him falling headlong past my open window and as he went by he uttered these words: "Now please let us not rehash past mistakes; I am only interested in what you would do *now* if you were in my position."

This is a parable, of course, and not a true story, as the reader will have gathered from the length of the speech made by the descending window-washer. The point of the parable is simply to sum up how some of us feel when, in the course of the continuing Vietnam debate, we are told that *no comment* is legitimate except that which presents a viable alternative proposal on what to do right now. I have been presenting alternatives for five years, in books, booklets, symposia, speeches, and articles—several of them in these pages. But to limit current discussion to immediate alternatives ignores the fact that there are two principal reasons—not just one—for the great debate on Vietnam. The obvious reason for the debate is to find the best way to bring the war to a satisfactory end. But the second reason, perhaps even more important in the long run, is to learn how to avoid making a similar mistake in the future.

IF it is off limits to discuss the mistakes of the past, or indeed if it is insisted that no mistakes were made, then we may find the agony of Vietnam repeated in other parts of the world for years to come. The dictum that those who ignore history are condemned to repeat its mistakes was never more apt than here.

Two cardinal mistakes stand out above the many that could be cited. The first has been the subject of several of my articles in *SR* between 1962 and 1965: the refusal to handle the Vietnam problem through United Nations channels from the moment Secretary Rusk and President Kennedy in 1961 announced that it was a threat to the peace, in spite of the requirement of Article 37 of the United Nations Charter that, when other methods have failed, threats to the peace "shall" be referred to the Security Council.

The second cardinal mistake was a fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of the current world revolution and the relation of the Vietnam conflict to it. The American action in Vietnam is based on the theory that the revolutionary situation there is the prototype of the revolutionary situation in much of the rest of the world. From this follows the conclusion that Vietnam is a testing ground of a global struggle, and that what happens in Vietnam will determine what happens in perhaps dozens of other countries. The true fact is that the revolutionary situation in Vietnam is unique. The word "unique" is deliberately chosen here with full recognition of its etymology: there is only one of it.

To demonstrate why this is so, it is necessary to begin by identifying three "world revolutions." These three, classified by their primary motivations, are the revolutions of communism, nationalism, and human rights. The theme of this article is that, of these three revolutions, except in two or three places, the only one that has *independent* contemporary revolutionary vitality is human rights.

AS to the first, the communist world revolution, it never did have, and certainly does not have now, a coherent independent motivation. The communist revolution is essentially a parasitic movement. It attaches itself and attempts to ride to success on whatever might be the most promising true revolutionary or other force operating at the moment. In its original Marxist version, the communist revolution was to take place first in the most advanced industrial societies, utilizing the force of the discontent of downtrodden industrial workers due to a combination of overproduction and maldistribution. (It is significant that, with the various translations of *The Communist Manifesto* at the time, it never occurred to anyone to translate it into Russian.) Lenin, and more recently Khrushchev and his successors, tried to show how communism could flourish in the least advanced countries by identifying communism with the force of world-wide anticolonialism. This attempt failed, principally because the United Nations took over the role of patron of the decolonialization process. Under Stalin, communism was a sort of adjunct

Arthur Larson, director of the Rule of Law Research Center, Duke University, is a foreign affairs adviser to President Johnson and adviser to the International Organizations Bureau of the State Department.

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to the primary force of Russian nationalist expansionism.

The second world revolution has been that of nationalism, with the goal of national political independence. It is this development that in a few years has been principally responsible for the addition of seventy new nation-states to the membership of the United Nations. The swiftness of this process has made it easy to overlook the fact that, with only a couple of exceptions, the world nationalist revolution has been completed. It has been completed in Asia, except, as we shall see, for what is going on in Vietnam. It has been completed in Africa, except in Angola and Mozambique, with Rhodesia in a somewhat unclassifiable position. It was completed in Latin America long ago for the most part, with a few recent additions.

The mistake that has been made by the United States, and in this it has been joined by the Chinese Communists, is to assume that in most of these countries there still remains something resembling the original quantum of revolutionary force, needing only a few manipulations by a handful of sinister communist agents to turn it into a second revolution comparable to the first. What this overlooks is that in all these countries there is now an indigenous Establishment. Their own leaders, frequently those who rose to power as a result of the original revolution, now control almost all physical, administrative, and political force in the country. They control the army, the police, perhaps even an air force. They do not want a second revolution, thank you. When the Chinese Communists, who were once conspicuous in many of these countries, began to be suspected of interest in promoting such a second revolution, they were thrown out in one country after another, with Indonesia and Ghana being the most conspicuous examples.

The breathtakingly rapid completion of the liberation-from-colonialism revolution has also caught the Russians with their slogans down. "Wars of national liberation" was to be the rubric under which global revolution should proceed. But national liberation, in any reasonable sense of the term, is now mostly an accomplished fact. The slogan now has to be tortured into covering somehow the idea of replacing one home-grown regime with another. That may or may not be some kind of "liberation," but it is certainly not "national" liberation. Except—once more—in Vietnam, where what might appear to be a home-grown regime in Saigon is actually a military group that fought on the side of the French against the forces of national independence.

"Did you ever have one of those days when you didn't know whether to advise or consent?"

In a revolutionary situation only two kinds of force count. One is sheer military force. Failing this, there must be an overwhelming if intangible surge of mass will and emotion so great that eventually even military power recedes before it. Such a force was the passion for political freedom and national independence. But if that force has spent itself in achieving its goal of an indigenous government, and if that indigenous government also has a virtual monopoly on military and police power, what force remains that can possibly compete with these and upon which can be built within a few years another revolution upon a revolution?

Indeed, when these two sources of force—intangible revolutionary fervor and physical power—have themselves come into competition after independence, it has invariably been the latter that has won out. No one could have embodied more fully the charisma and power attendant upon the leadership of a nationalistic revolution than Nkrumah and Sukarno. Yet when this source of power, which had prevailed against the colonial masters, was pitted against the indigenous Establishment it went down in defeat. It is quite possible that something of the same sort is now being acted out in the People's Republic of China. Mao is apparently trying to rekindle the original revolutionary fires, but even with all his prestige and posters and booklets he is learning the same lesson of the unpopularity of a second-run revolution.

WE are now ready to appraise the relevance of all this to the Vietnam question. The situation in Vietnam was unique because it was the one place in the world where the nationalistic revolution had not been allowed to complete itself. The pristine force of nationalism was and is still in full play. All the most potent components of a successful nationalistic revolution were present in more than usual abundance. There was the charismatic leader, Ho Chi Minh. There was a high level of nationalistic fervor, developed over a long history and most recently under the stimulus of Japanese and French imperialism. There was a clear objective: a unified and independent nation. There was well-developed military power, seasoned and disciplined fighters, considerable stocks of weapons, and no lack of confidence and morale. They had for all practical purposes defeated the French in 1954, after inflicting 172,000 casualties. The completion of the revolution of national independence seemed to be within reach.

At this point the United States cuts into the story. By the time the major American military effort was undertaken there was no other place, except the

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Portuguese territories in Africa, where the force of nationalism had not run its course. There was, therefore, no other place where this unique threat of combined communism and nationalism could come into play. The central theme of American involvement: "If we can't stop the communists here we can't stop them anywhere" will have to go down in history as the most tragic misjudgment of our times.

But to say that the world revolution of nationalism has largely run its course is not to say that the age of revolution is over. Far from it. There remains the unfinished revolution of human rights. This is the real world revolution of today and tomorrow. The future of the United States—and of any other country—will turn on how well it learns to understand this revolution and to find the right relation to it.

THE first thing we must understand is the most obvious. The successful completion of a nationalist revolution (and certainly of a communist revolution) is not by the same token the successful completion of a human rights revolution. Sometimes there is a high degree of coincidence between the two. For example, the American Revolution resulted in both political freedom for the American colonies and enhanced personal freedom for individual Americans, through the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. But Americans should not for this reason confuse the two revolutionary achievements in other settings. In Latin America the basic revolution of political independence goes back 150 years for a number of republics, to the revolt of the Spanish-American colonies under Simon Bolivar from 1810 to 1824. And yet, because of the failure to overcome the gulf between the aristocratic elite and the impoverished masses, the unsatisfied demand for human rights in Latin America is still one of the most explosive forces in the world today.

The driving energy of the human rights movement takes different forms in different parts of the world. In Latin America, as just noted, it is seen in the struggle of the impoverished many against the privileged few. In the newly developing countries of Africa and Asia it is the gigantic task of raising living standards in spite of economic, educational, managerial, and almost every other kind of backwardness. In the Eastern European countries and Russia it is the change of their economies from state-demand to consumer-demand economies, with the inevitable wrenchings away from socialist dogmas and toward market incentives and private enterprise practices. In the United States it is the racial revolution.

Although the manifestations of the human rights drive take these varied

"Is it my fault I'm a sybarite?"

forms, and although the danger of violence also varies widely from area to area because of the varying speed of response to these demands, there can be only one American policy as to them all. The United States must be found on the side of human rights. To be found on the other side, for any reason, is to invite eventual defeat.

THIS should be a congenial enough role for Americans, if they have not forgotten their traditions as a people. These traditions stood us in good stead during the world revolution of national independence. We took our stand firmly alongside the colonies aspiring to nationhood, sometimes to the intense annoyance of our oldest friends, such as the British, the French, and the Dutch. We are finding it harder to adopt as forthright a posture in the world revolution of human rights. There are several reasons for this, of which three may be mentioned: diplomatic ineptitude, economic shortsightedness, and blind anticommunism.

In spite of the efforts of succeeding administrations, we still cannot seem to get our diplomatic representatives abroad to concentrate on "tuning in with" the right people—"right" in the sense of getting us on the right side of the human rights story. It is so much easier to hobnob with the titled, the wealthy, the beautiful people than to get next to the discontented students, the intellectuals, the young struggling professionals, the reformist politicians, the labor leaders, not to mention the workers and the peasants. As for economic shortsightedness: Central to the whole job in the newly developing countries is the provision of vast amounts of capital, technical assistance, managerial and skills training, and all the other ingredients of economic development and nation-building. We cannot begin to do this total job for all countries at once but we can do much better than we have been doing. Merely quantitatively, we could well afford to double our investment immediately in view of what is ultimately at stake.

AS for blind anticommunism: Communism, as noted earlier, so far as its revolutionary potential is concerned is a parasitic movement. It would now like to attach itself to the world human rights revolution and borrow its force from this immensely potent source of social change. The only way to prevent this is to get there first ourselves if possible. But if we do not get there first—that is, if we see some communists already busily working on that side—let us never again, as we did in the Dominican crisis, thereupon automatically take up our position on the opposite side. Rather, we should consult our own traditions and interests, and if these place us on the human rights side of the struggle we should—always within the limits imposed by the rule

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against interference in internal affairs—crowd the communists out and by our support of the movement remind the world once more who the true sponsors of individual rights and freedom are.

IT was said earlier that the Vietnam pattern could not repeat itself elsewhere in today's world—in the sense of displaying the merger of nationalism and communism as revolutionary forces. If, however, as a result of our own ineptitude and miserliness and indiscriminate anticommunism the revolutionary potential of unsatisfied human rights reaches an intensity comparable to that of the nationalistic fervor that produced the anticolonial revolutions, and if the United States takes up its stand on the side of entrenched privilege while the communists are left a clear field to ally themselves with the vast majority of the population, the Vietnam pattern could be reproduced elsewhere, with the human rights drive substituted for the independence drive. The danger of this is probably more imminent in Latin America than anywhere else. The Castro revolution is the prime example of this combination.

Never in history has the basic pattern of world revolution changed so many times so swiftly. It is asking quite a lot of our leaders and spokesmen to throw away speeches only twenty years old on "Communism as the Great Fountainhead of World Revolution" and speeches only ten years old on "Nationalism as the Great Fountainhead of World Revolution," but that is what they are going to have to do if they are not to be one or even two revolutions behind the times.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1243

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1243 will be found in the next issue.

PJTDPMOTPO MD Q KJWIOV-

MT-SQB BIJDO ZMDMW TOZOV

OTGD. —I. S. KOTPLOT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1242

A man is known by the company he organizes. —AMBROSE BIERCE.

WHY WORRY ABOUT THE REDWOODS?

By MICHAEL McCLOSKEY

AS THE TALLEST living things, the redwoods symbolize the force of life itself in a world in which man has crowded nature too closely. Much of what man has done, particularly to the redwoods, is beyond redemption, but because of their size the task of destroying virgin redwood forests is not yet over after a century of trying. We are getting close, though. How short of the mark we stop will be a gauge of the self-restraint we must find if we are to build a better relationship with nature.

From a distance one may be tempted to discount the fight for the redwoods as a classic melodrama of Western politics. Can it be true that conservationists (the heroes) discover a forest of great trees about to be cut by the absentee-owned lumber companies (the villains), and, when a Redwood National Park is proposed to save the forest, the companies resist? It couldn't be that simple. The issues *must* be more complex—muddied with the gray tones of "the real world." There is no doubt that the dispute has become immensely complicated, but it is just the simplicity of the basic issues that creates incredulity which is politically immobilizing. This incredulity also feeds on an incredible disarray among the forces which should be uniting to promote a park.

The dispute began in 1964 when the National Park Service issued the report of a year-long survey of the redwoods, financed by the National Geographic Society. The findings were that 85 per cent of the original forests had been logged; only 2.5 per cent were protected in state parks; and the remaining forests outside of parks would disappear in thirty years or less. Most significantly, the Park Service found that the largest surviving block of forest also contained the tallest measured tree that they could discover. The National Geographic announced it as the "Mt. Everest of all living things." The Park Service proposed that this 367-foot tree and the great forests around it on Redwood Creek in Humboldt County of California's northern coast be preserved in a Redwood National Park.

While the National Park system presently contains a representation within Sequoia National Park of the related but quite different species of redwood found in the Sierra, the coast redwood has no representation in the system beyond 485-acre Muir Woods National Monument, just north of San Francisco. A Redwood National Park would display and protect a truly superior selection of the coastal species.

Spokesmen for the redwood lumber industry immediately opposed the Park Service plan as unnecessary, confiscatory, and economically depressing. They maintained that state parks were sufficient. They worried that the federal government would not pay them enough for their lands or that their lands were too expensive for the government. They contended they were in business to stay, and warned that a park would shrink the tax base and employment. As the controversy has worn on, however, the industry's stance has changed from outright opposition. The first indication of change was the industry's counter-offer to sell a few of its best groves to the state park system and to open its logging lands to recreation. To promote the counter-offer, the industry organized a front group disarmingly called the Redwood Park and Recreation Committee. As the park campaign has gained momentum and some of the groves have been purchased, the industry has been willing in a grudging way to accept the idea of a national park as long as none of its lands are involved; it has suggested that one of the larger state parks be turned over to the federal government to be relabeled a national park.

While conservationists have rallied to support the idea of a Redwood National Park (more than 6,000 letters are in

Michael McCloskey, an attorney, is conservation director of the Sierra Club. He lives in San Francisco.

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the files of the National Park Service in support of a park on Redwood Creek), a number of conservation organizations have confused the issue by trying to divert the national park campaign to rescue their own lagging pet projects. One organization wants the national park in southern Humboldt County to round out public holdings in the largely unforested King Range. Another group wants the park to include logged-over lands where reservoirs can be constructed to support a warm-water fishery. Finally, after initial apathy, the Save-the-Redwoods League, which has specialized in fund-raising for redwood state parks, has exerted itself to move the proposed national park northward into the valley of Mill Creek, where its long-term acquisition program for Jedediah Smith Redwood Park is not yet complete. Although the Sierra Club and the majority of conservation organizations persist in supporting the Park Service's original proposal, the impression is that conservationists are badly split.

THE confusion stemming from divisions among conservation groups has been compounded by the gyrations of the state and federal governments. Governor Pat Brown's administration vacillated between wanting the park in three different locations and not wanting it at all, thus contributing to a year-long delay in the Interior Department's sending any bill to Congress. After having campaigned against a park, Governor Ronald Reagan's first move was to simultaneously announce that he was for a national park, which would tie three coastal state parks together with a coastal corridor and assiduously avoid privately owned redwood stands, and then to ask Congress for a three-month delay in taking up the matter so that he could make up his mind.

The federal government's behavior has been even more mystifying. After stressing the urgency of acting before the trees were cut, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall sat on the matter for an entire year and then ended by recommending a park in an area not even covered by the Park Service report—an area that contains few virgin forests not already protected by public ownership. After he stated that he did so because he wished "to pick a park, not a fight," the fight became so intense that Udall washed his hands of the matter. Thereupon, the director of the National Park Service explained that the original report of the Service was not followed because it was not "professional."

To rescue some respectability from this debacle, President Johnson and the Senate Interior Committee pressed the companies to stop cutting into the proposed park areas. Agreements were obtained to limit cutting to certain areas until Fall 1967, but in the case of the company with the most impressive holdings, agreement meant no more than that it would stay where it had planned to cut all along.

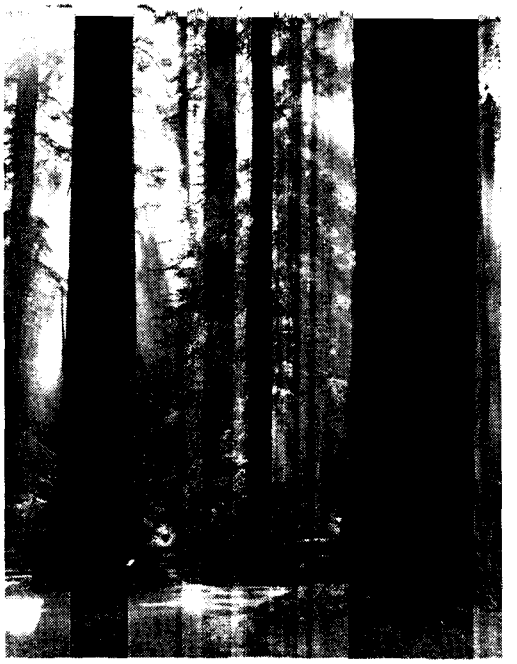
It's difficult to know what the rock-hard source of opposition to this legislation actually is. The hearing record of the Senate is heavy with support, 3 to 1 in favor of a park, with 94 per cent of the park supporters favoring the Redwood Creek site. In this session of Congress, twenty Senators and forty Congressmen have sponsored bills for a park in Redwood Creek. The price tag is expensive, but barely significant in contrast to the cost of the war and the space program. And if Congress is unwilling to appropriate the full amount ($140 million), park supporters have made it clear that they are willing to apply $60,000,000, or whatever Congress will provide, to the project. A feasible though less desirable park could be designed to fit that amount, and donated funds and land exchanges might make it possible to obtain the whole proposed 90,000-acre park.

If the lumber industry's political muscle has been sufficient to account for slowing this project down, it has not been publicly evident, either at the hearings or in national publicity. Behind the scenes all things are possible. The Administration's strange behavior suggests that something has been happening behind the scenes. It is not clear who is being catered to: the companies, the financial institutions behind them, foundations willing to make grants with strings attached, or certain members of Congress. But it is clear that public opinion is not being indulged, nor are the opinions of the original professional planners of the Park Service.

The Senate Interior Committee will soon begin its deliberations. Mid-April hearings showed no surge of support for the Administration bill. Park supporters, though, did exhibit a growing willingness to be flexible about exact size and boundaries, as long as the core of the Redwood Creek project is maintained. This flexibility even infected the new state administration in California, which backed away from outright opposition and set forth conditions required for its cooperation. Though demanding, these conditions are not impossible. Some may even prove to be helpful.

As these critical committee sessions begin, and with House hearings expected in August, these things remain clear: 1) the largest concentration of virgin redwoods, of record dimensions and variety, exists on Redwood Creek (a recent study for the National Park Service shows that this area has more than twice as much virgin forest, with six times as much acreage of superlative trees still without protection); 2) this area is being logged steadily, with immense damage having occurred in the past two years alone; 3) preponderant public support for this proposal is a matter of record; and 4) feasible means of financing this project and mitigating its initial economic impact have been demonstrated (most of the companies will stay in business).

It is time that Congress debate the matter fully. Behind-the-scenes negotiations have merely delayed the project and increased confusion. In view of the failure of the Executive branch to develop a responsible proposal, Congress, though not ideally equipped to do so, must now undertake the choice of the location and design of the park. With cutting continuing and slated to increase in the fall when the limitation on logging expires in key areas, Congress must settle the matter in the next five months.



—Photos by Ewing Galloway.

California's Redwood Highway—"A Redwood National Park would display and protect a truly superior selection of the coastal species."

"Tunnel tree" in Yosemite—"Much of what man has done, particularly to the redwoods, is beyond redemption. . . ."

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Saturday Review

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The Fight to Breathe

ONLY TWO years ago, warnings about the fast-growing dangers of air pollution had limited impact on the public. At the time, officials tended to think that public opinion was not ready for far-reaching action. Today, public opinion has moved far ahead of the legislators. In fact, according to some officials, environmental poisoning is second only to Vietnam in the public mind as a national problem.

Even the present enlarged action programs by federal and local authorities, however, fall considerably short of the expanding nature of the problem. For the large cities of the United States are moving—far more swiftly than most people realize—toward a major air pollution disaster. The skies are darkening from one end of the country to the other. What makes the problem different today from that of only a short time ago is that the atmosphere is rapidly approaching a condition of pollution-overload. We are living in the first period of human history in which nature's ability to purify and replenish the air is being critically impaired. The natural restorative cycle by which oxygen is returned to the atmosphere is no longer fully functional.

No greater mass fallacy exists than the belief that there is an infinite supply of fresh air. Fresh air is a limited resource. It can be depleted if the natural balances are upset.

Each year for the past decade in the United States, several million acres have been taken out of cultivation by our spreading cities and proliferating superhighways. This represents double jeopardy. First, it impairs nature's restorative cycle by which air is purified: soil, vegetation, trees are part of the vital balance of nature. Second, what was formerly open space is being filled by pollution-causing agents—buildings, furnaces, incinerators, industry, automobiles, buses, trucks.

ALL this sets the stage for the key question: What would happen if the rate of population growth, industrial growth, automobile growth, and highway growth of the past two decades were to remain constant or to increase, assuming a continuation of the present scale and pace of attack on the problem?

The conclusion is inescapable that most of the large cities in the United States would be considered uninhabitable within seven to ten years. Enough episodes would have occurred by that time to warrant the general conclusion that the highly populous industrial centers are unfit for human habitation. A vast acceleration of anti-pollution planning and activity—national, regional, and local—is now critically needed if our cities are to remain safe and fit for human habitation.

The federal government must play a major part in such a total program. The reason for such a vast expansion is clear. No municipality or even region has the resources for carrying out *all* the measures essential to cope with the increase in sources of pollution.

The 1966 Thanksgiving weekend inversion in the East affected not only New York City but half a dozen states. We can expect such dangerous inversions to recur with increasing frequency and severity—not because of new meteorological phenomena but because of the steady increase in airborne poisons and the condition of general overload, which reduces nature's ability to cleanse the air.

It seems clear that the most important action the federal government can take immediately is to develop and carry out a total strategy, coordinating its efforts with those of municipal, state, and regional authorities in moving toward clearly defined common objectives.

Here are some of the specifics of what is now required in a federal action program:

1) The U.S. Government should be prepared to quadruple the total amount of financial aid now allocated to cities, states, and regional authorities for pollution control.

2) It should undertake or support intensive research in the developing of fuel cell power units as the most efficient and economical alternative to combustion engines in cars, trucks, and buses, and as a possible substitute for fossil fuels in producing heat and in generating electricity. The combustion engine is now the single greatest source of air pollution in the United States. The fuel cell process—that is, the process by which chemical energy is converted into electrical energy—is no remote concept waiting to be discovered. Science has already produced rudimentary working models of fuel cells. Certainly, science today is much closer to a functioning fuel cell than it was to nuclear energy when the Manhattan District project began in August 1942.

There is every reason why the federal government today should attach the same importance to fuel cell research that it did to research in nuclear energy a quarter-century ago. The fuel cell carries the potentiality for conferring benefits even greater than those afforded by nuclear energy. It is possible that the fuel cell can bring victory to the American people in the war against air pollution.

Battery-powered electric engines for automobiles have been proposed as the answer to pollution-producing combustion engines. One trouble with the electric engine, however, is that the batteries have to be recharged frequently, putting an additional load on the power-generating companies, which already constitute a major source of air pollution. True, given a choice between the pollution produced by combustion engines and the extra pollution produced by power-generating stations, we would be wise to take our chances with a central-

(*Continued on page* 45)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

History a Happening?

As one of the founders of the cultural center fashioned "from a converted railroad water tank and pumping station" cited in Marshall Fishwick's article, "Is American History a Happening?" [*SR*, May 13], I am pleased to see him point out the abuses to which the telescoping of time and history can be put. I wish, however, he had pointed out that it is still possible to use the "old yardsticks" in the light of Marshall McLuhan's latest thinking, and profit from it.

A hundred years ago, in another "spectacular," a President of the United States, while watching a piece of make-believe in a building designed for that very purpose, was shot by an actor who had cast himself as a hero. Within the same decade, Amelia Bloomer liberated women's fashions and minds with the first journal of its kind in this country and was considered scandalous. Across the ocean, the "Salon des Refusés" resulted in abusive statements being hurled at artists later considered quite tame.

The happenings of the 1860s, so closely paralleling today's, were isolated instances to those they did not touch directly. Our *mass media*, however, place all of us in participation. With both ends of the telescope open to us, what an opportunity!

William A. Rawls, Jr.

Rocky Mount, N.C.

Krutch and the Avant-Garde

It is clear from Joseph Wood Krutch's "Must Writers Hate the Universe?" [*SR*, May 6] that the author has little sympathy with and even less appreciation of existentialism as a philosophy or as an art form. His failure to discriminate between existential works and those of certain subcultural groups (e.g., beatniks, sadists, and sexual perverts) is inexcusable.

Existentialism is more than Sartre—it cannot be made the scapegoat and source of all that Mr. Krutch finds reprehensible in modern literature. He deplores the fact that existentialism has not yet redeemed its early promise. After the death of values based on a metaphysic going back to Plato, surely some patience is indicated. In the meantime, doesn't, for example, Camus's *Myth of Sisyphus* give a promise of emergent values?

Theodore E. Lape.

Randallstown, Md.

Mr. Krutch treats the philosophy of Sartre, existentialism, and connected literature. Far from advocating the unmotivated act, Sartre is the most rigorous defender of human responsibility.

As for Genet, Baldwin, and other portrayers of the hatred of the blacks for the whites, we should be grateful to them for the warnings that they address to us in their writing.

George C. Strem.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The literary avant-garde is an extreme, but it is also an extremity, one limb of a much greater body of work, a body which is not static. The value and pertinence of the avant-garde are due to its being an extreme, forward of moderation—a characteristic which alone is enough to insure that any current avant-garde will be challenged and will change. Familiarity will cause its absorption or exhaustion, and newer and different forward extremes will use their novelty to crush the present.

If Mr. Krutch were writing from another place in another time, he would have observed someone like himself taking a position like the one he has taken. Writing from a later time, he would observe the necessity of the movements he has criticized.

Robert Brent.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Hopefully, the Cyril Connollys, Leslie Fiedlers, Susan Sontags, and other "way outs" will reread *The Emperor's New Clothes* and discover that the undaunted voice of a single prescient individual will still be listened to long after the plaudits of a spineless cult of the ugly have faded shamefully into unmourned oblivion.

William J. Gross.

West Roxbury, Mass.

"I get worried when I see so many of them away from their armies!"

To Twain and Rexroth

I have enjoyed all of Kenneth Rexroth's critical-analytical causeries, but none more than his fresh appraisal, *Huckleberry Finn* [Classics Revisited, May 13]. I didn't think that anyone could say anything new about that American classic, but Rexroth has done it.

Louis Untermeyer.

Newtown, Conn.

Kenneth Rexroth, revisiting *Huckleberry Finn*, opens up a fascinating series of trails. Odysseus, Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrims, Peter and Paul, and Marco Polo have more than Huck and Jim as fellow travelers—Twain himself was the most restless globe-trotter of them all. And if anyone is Don Quixote, who more than Samuel Clemens?

He lived the uniquely American dream in its naive sophistication and wrote it down—and that is why he was Mark Twain.

Mac Benoff.

New York, N.Y.

What Margaret Mead Said

Cleveland Amory, in First of the Month [*SR*, March 4], completely misquotes me in what I advocated in a talk at the San Francisco State College Symposium on "The Pill and the Puritan Ethic."

What I advocate is a form of young marriage without the immediate expectation of children, and a parental marriage which would have a deeper economic commitment, and within which children would be immediately hoped for, expected, and protected even if the marriage should end in divorce.

My aim in advocating the first, youthful form of marriage is to prevent the kind of

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relationships that are becoming more and more frequent today, in which premarital pregnancy is used to force the hands of parents into premature endorsement and support of young marriages. The child here is merely an instrument for obtaining parental consent to leave home.

MARGARET MEAD.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Amory's comment was based on the press accounts of the talk. He regrets the misquotation, as does the editor.*

Through Sutton's Eyes

YOUR "Twenty Years of Travel" issue [*SR*, Apr. 22] was extraordinarily good.

It has always been a marvel to me that, after so much traveling around, Horace Sutton's articles about all those exotic places he has been to a dozen times still have a startling freshness. Twenty years do not seem to have done more than whet his appetite for packing bags and going off to see a new island, a now-accessible beach, and Paris as scrubbed by Malraux.

I congratulate Mr. Sutton on his endurance. May he continue for many years to offer us the vicarious pleasure of seeing the world through his eyes.

TEODORO MOSCOSO.

San Juan, Puerto Rico

HOW TIME FLIES! And what a fine job Horace Sutton has done during that time, sharing with his readers his vast knowledge of travel and—more important—telling us in the industry where we were wrong and guiding us to a better way.

H. W. GOEGGEL,
Assistant Commissioner,
Department of Commerce,
Virgin Islands.

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Patriotism and Westmoreland

MAY I COMMENT on N.C.'s editorial, "Patriotism and Vietnam" [*SR*, May 13]?

He is sadly mistaken if he believes there are any differences between President Johnson and General Westmoreland concerning our presence in Vietnam. Both hold the position that members of the National Liberation Front are actually North Vietnamese who were planted in the South to overthrow, by force, the government there. This is unadulterated aggression. . . .

It is not to be questioned that U.S. power, if employed to its maximum, is ultimately capable of ridding the South of this pestilence. . . . Only one way is open: Raise the stakes; increase the pain. Whether this will lead to war with China—or even the Soviet Union—is a risk the President accepts.

The only difference between President Johnson and General Westmoreland is that the General speaks more plainly.

WILLIAM MOROSOFF.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The President's stated position favors negotiations as the best way to end the Vietnam war. General Westmoreland's stated position is for military victory; he has criticized a cease-fire, which would be inseparable from negotiations.*

Terrifying White

HAVING READ N.C.'s editorial, "The Environment of Language" [*SR*, Apr. 8], I think of Herman Melville's novel *Moby Dick*, specifically Chapter 41, "The Whiteness of the Whale." Here Melville remarks about white:

> . . . yet for all these accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of a panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood.
>
> This elusive quality it is, which causes the thought of whiteness, when divorced from more kindly associations, and coupled with any object terrible in itself, to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics, what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are?

Melville's perceptions, of course, are not the common sort, and no doubt *Roget's* would not be particularly enthused about them. Still, it seems a pity that such a man as Melville could not have played a more influential role in forging the semantics of our language.

ED DRISCOLL,
USS Sanctuary AH-17.

FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Trials at the Taper?

THE REPORT of the opening of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, "The Incline of the West" [THE THEATER, Apr. 15], mentions the unfortunate alteration of the exit tunnels' placement.

There are other problems in this interesting new theater. It has been necessary to turn away wheelchair members of the audience. There is no way for them to enter the building. Though I have not seen it myself (being in a wheelchair), I understand there is no cloakroom, no ushers' room, no crew room backstage.

This does not seem to show the care in planning one would expect in such a magnificent project.

KATE DRAIN LAWSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Engineers Go Home

WHEN IS CONGRESS going to realize that management of natural wetlands should not be in the hands of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, whose myopic scope reflects an unimaginative mentality that thrives with either dredging or filling natural waterways—as was lucidly shown in Wallace Stegner's article, "Last Chance for the Everglades," [*SR*, May 6]?

The real danger to any existing "ecological treasure" is an irreversible change of habitat effected in the name of false "progress." Ecologists are not trained to solve engineering problems; neither is the intelligent use of a natural area within the bailiwick of the Corps.

SALVATORE F. BONGIORNO,
Department of Zoology,
Rutgers University.

New Brunswick, N.J.

"Okay, it's your cave. Let's not make a federal case out of it."

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

BLACK MARKET MEDICINE, Margaret Kreig. Prentice-Hall. $5.95 (*SR,* May 20)—The author of *Green Medicine* spotlights the lethal activities of America's latest underworld: the manufacture and distribution of illicit and counterfeit drugs.

THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE, R. D. Laing. Pantheon. $4.95 (*SR,* May 20)—In a humanizing approach to the problem of mental illness an eminent investigator at London's Tavistock Institute sees schizophrenia as a strategy for survival in a "normal" world.

THE CHINA READER, edited by Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell. Random House. Vols. I and II, hardbound, $6.95; paperback, $1.95. Vol. III, hardbound, $7.95; paperback, $2.45 (*SR,* May 6)—Presents a body of carefully selected material, both Eastern and Western, dating from the decline of the last dynasty to the revolutionary reconstruction.

ORBIT OF CHINA, Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. $4.95. **CHINA: THE OTHER COMMUNISM,** K. S. Karol. Hill & Wang. $7.95 (*SR,* May 6)—Two veteran news analysts, one who investigated 30,000 miles of China's border and the other who was granted interviews with Chou En-lai and Chen Yi, report on their observations.

CHINA AFTER MAO, A. Doak Barnett. Princeton Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6; paperback, $1.95 (*SR,* May 6)—A foremost Sinologist scrutinizes the Mainland's current crisis of transition.

VARIETY OF MEN, C. P. Snow. Scribners. $5.95 (*SR,* May 27)—With insight and empathy Lord Snow delineates nine great scientists, literary figures, and statesmen—all singular characters.

THE MARIHUANA PAPERS, edited by David Solomon. Bobbs-Merrill. $10 (*SR,* May 27)—A comprehensive sourcebook of readings dealing with *cannabis sativus* and its increasing popularity suggests that current prohibitive legislation is in need of revision.

A PERSONAL ANTHOLOGY, Jorge Luís Borges. Edited by Anthony Kerrigan. Grove. $5 (*SR,* May 13)—Chosen by the author himself, this collection of prose pieces and poems admirably introduces the distinguished Argentine candidate for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

BY-LINE: ERNEST HEMINGWAY: SELECTED ARTICLES AND DISPATCHES, edited by William White. Scribners. $8.85 (*SR,* May 27)—The first-rate literary quality found in Hemingway's serious works characterizes this journalistic sampling.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE MAN AS I KNEW HIM. Nicholas Roosevelt. Dodd, Mead. $5.95 (*SR,* May 6)—TR's cousin offers a vital and balanced picture of our twenty-sixth President, whose Administrations were marked by the "Square Deal" at home and the "Big Stick" abroad.

A CRIME OF PASSION, Stanley Loomis. Lippincott. $5.95 (*SR,* May 27)—A fascinating re-creation of one of the most sensational murders in French history evokes the vanished world of Strauss waltzes and *La Dame aux camélias.*

POEMS 1957-1967, James Dickey. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $6.95 (*SR,* May 6)—This major collection discloses a poet for whom violence and terror are preferable to dispassion.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PATIENT, Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. $5.95 (*SR,* May 20)—An experienced researcher-reporter contends that a national health insurance system is the only answer to the rising costs of medical care.

GOLD RUSH DIARY: BEING THE JOURNAL OF ELISHA DOUGLASS PERKINS ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1849, edited by Thomas D. Clark. Univ. of Kentucky Press. $8.95 (*SR,* May 27)—The perceptive narrative of a young man seeking the Mother Lode reveals the little-known story of those who bit the gold-dust.

FAULKNER: A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS, edited by Robert Penn Warren. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $2.45 (*SR,* May 6)—Examines from various viewpoints the great writer's artistic development and the relevance of his work to the modern world.

Fiction

THE HORRORS OF LOVE, Jean Dutourd. Translated from the French by Robin Chancellor. Doubleday. $6.95 (*SR,* May 27)—With peppery asides on mankind in general, M. Dutourd recounts the banal affair between a good family man and his not very bright little typist.

DIARY OF AN OLD MAN, Chaim Bermant. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95 (*SR,* May 13)—Set against the forlorn backdrop of an average London winter, this skillfully written story makes extraordinary an ordinary month *in the lives of men marking time.*

HOW THE FISHES LIVE, Joel Lieber. McKay. $6.50 (*SR,* May 6)—Is anthropophagy wrong? The anguished, last-ditch decision for survival aboard a lifeboat causes a legal and moral furor back in civilization.

ALL GREEN SHALL PERISH AND OTHER NOVELLAS AND STORIES, Eduardo Mallea. Translated from the Portuguese by John B. Hughes. Knopf. $7.95 (*SR,* May 27)—Man's spiritual isolation from man and from himself is the theme explored by an outstanding Latin American writer.

BLOW A WILD BUGLE FOR CATFISH BEND, Ben Lucien Burman. Taplinger. $3.75 (*SR,* May 13)—For faithful Burmanites, Doc Raccoon, Judge Black, and J. C. return with a host of new characters, notably Mata, a lady coyote leader.

THE FISH CAN SING, Halldor Laxness. Translated from the Icelandic by Magnus Magnusson. Crowell. $5.95 (*SR,* May 27)—In a tale of life in an Icelandic town, Laxness masterfully transforms the traditional family saga into a vital narrative form.

THE BETTER PART, Kit Reed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95 (*SR,* May 6)—A man's dedication to the rehabilitation of delinquents in a correctional institution and his young daughter's desperation to escape it comprise a forceful allegory with multiple facets.

THEATER

WAR AND PEACE; BLACK COMEDY; THE HOMECOMING; THE WILD DUCK.

MOVIES

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—A successful adaptation of the funny play, with Robert Redford shining. (See page 43).

TWO FOR THE ROAD (*SR,* May 6)—A fashionably slick but nevertheless enjoyable commentary on a modern marriage.

Also A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS; PERSONA; THE TAMING OF THE SHREW; ACCIDENT; BLOW-UP; THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

"No, this isn't the sexual freedom league!"

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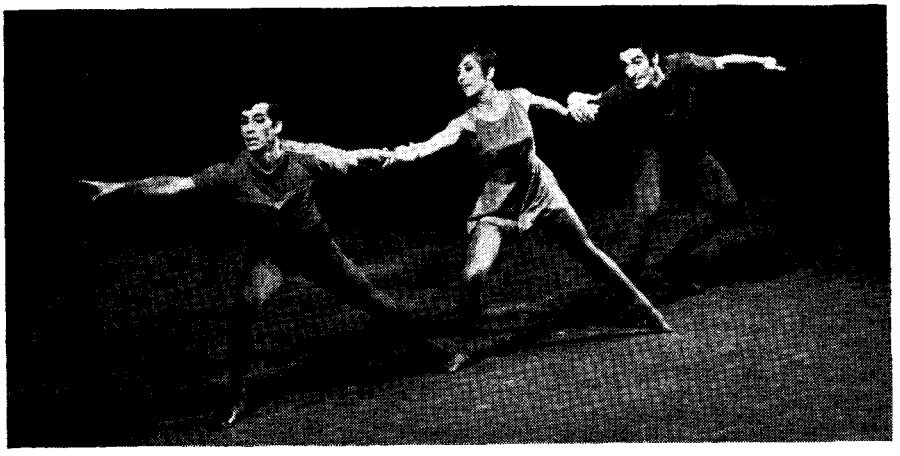
New Stars



—*Martha Swope.*

Eliot Feld (the choreographer), Paula Tracy, and Edward Verso in *Harbinger*—"filled with exuberant dancing."

THE MOST *exciting* event in ballet is the birth of a new star, a ballerina. The most *important* event in the world of dance is the emergence of a new creative talent, a choreographer. Both blessed events happened to the American Ballet Theatre during its present season at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater. Such triumphs brought back memories, at least to balletgoers. In 1942, an almost unknown soloist stood on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House (the old one) and received twenty-seven curtain calls. The occasion was the world premiere, by Ballet Theatre, of Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*. The dancer who became a star overnight was Nora Kaye.

Two years and ten days later, a comparative unknown was allowed, by Ballet Theatre, to show his feelings about choreography in a modest ballet called *Fancy Free*. His name was Jerome Robbins. Both Robbins and Kaye have changed the history of ballet not only for America but also for the world.

—*Fred Fehl.*

Cynthia Gregory with Gayle Young in *Swan Lake* (at left as Odette, above as Odile) — "Here was a ballerina."

The debuts in this spring of 1967, presided over by the American Ballet Theatre, may not have been quite as spectacular—after all, in the 1940s, American ballet accomplishments were still in the area of phenomena—but they were exciting and they were important. The choreographic debut was that of Eliot Feld, a soloist (not a principal dancer) with the American Ballet Theatre. His first ballet is called, with accurate augury, *Harbinger*, and it is a work which honors the title of the company he serves—it is ballet and it is contemporary theater.

Harbinger, which finds its rhythmic springboard in Prokofiev's Piano Concerto in G major, Op. 55, is a ballet about youth. No, it has not a hint of a plot, but it does have a testament. Yes, it shows us that today's youth is uncertain, restless, reaching out, but that is a classic state—Nefertiti's children were no different. What Mr. Feld has done, however, is to show us that although youth must walk alone, cling together, snap its fingers at tradition, defy, enjoy, and shock, that it does, as in the glorious ending to the third movement of his ballet, turn its many faces toward the sun.

I guess *Harbinger* might loosely be described as a jazz ballet in American style. I suppose one could say that it shows the influence of Jerome Robbins—but how therapeutic that is in an era when almost everything in ballet is derivative of George Balanchine, for Robbins, who grew up in Weehawken, New Jersey, is as much of a dance genius as the gentleman from old St. Petersburg.

At its most obvious moments (and they are few), *Harbinger* seems to be an updating of Robbins's *Interplay*, the most popular American item on the American Ballet Theatre's repertory for foreign tours. In its peaks (and they are many) of choreographic invention, *Harbinger* mirrors the pulse of an age, an attitude toward that age, and comments both humorously and sadly on it.

There are no toe shoes in *Harbinger*, but it is a ballet, for it is filled with exuberant dancing, with formations and figurations which you have never seen before, with movement expressions of sorrow and defiance, humor and hope, with tenderness and with thrust. *Harbinger* is, I think, "ballet today." For it *is* ballet, show biz, people, lostness, discovery, uncertainty, urgency, fresh forms, and a miraculous happening which makes going to the theater of ballet not simply a pleasure but, rather, an adventure.

And now may I tell you about Cynthia Gregory? She's our ballerina. She's our star. Miss Gregory, just twenty years old and not yet ranked officially as a principal dancer, leaped onto the great stage of the State Theater in the Ameri-

(*Continued on page* 45)

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25 Granville Hicks reviews "The Company She Kept," by Doris Grumbach
26 Letters to the Book Review Editor
27 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
28 "The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development," by Lewis Mumford
29 "Manhattan Project: The Untold Story of the Making of the Atomic Bomb," by Stephane Groueff
30 "Anatomy of the State Department," by Smith Simpson
31 "The Broken Seal: The Story of 'Operation Magic' and the Pearl Harbor Disaster," by Ladislas Farago
32 Poetry Quarterly, by Charles Philbrick
34 "The Bitter and the Sweet," by Ivan Olbracht
35 "The Vendor of Sweets," by R. K. Narayan
35 "Clown on Fire," by Aaron Judah
36 "Brothers in Arms," by Hans Hellmut Kirst
38 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Orations with Figures

IN VIEW of the number of books about contemporary authors that have been published in recent years, it is surprising that Doris Grumbach's *The Company She Kept* (Coward-McCann, $6) should be the first book-length study of the writings of Mary McCarthy. Although Mrs. Grumbach is a teacher of English, the book is far from being academic in manner. Indeed, I wish it contained some of the machinery of scholarship—a bibliography, certainly, and at least a few notes to identify the less obvious sources of information. But I rejoice in its freedom from academic jargon. (It is perhaps relevant to point out that Mrs. Grumbach has written two novels, one of which, *The Spoil of the Flowers,* I have read with some interest.)

As the title suggests, Mrs. Grumbach has made much of the autobiographical elements in Miss McCarthy's fiction. "If I were dealing with a writer whose product was almost entirely imaginative," she states in her foreword, "this kind of treatment would not be useful, would not indeed yield enough evidence for a critical approach. In the case of Mary McCarthy there is only a faint line between what really happened to her, the people she knew and knows, including herself, and the characters in her fictions." Although there is nothing novel about finding Miss McCarthy in her books, critics are usually cautious about identifying characters in fiction with real people, and I am grateful for Mrs. Grumbach's refusal to beat around that particular bush.

As one who has followed Miss McCarthy's work from the beginning, I have always wondered how she acquired her sense of superiority to practically everybody else in the world—apparent in almost everything she has written. It seems probable that her peculiarly insecure early years, about which she wrote in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood,* made it necessary for her to prove something about herself. Vassar was her first proving ground. Although, according to Mrs. Grumbach, she was not voted "The Prettiest, The Best-Dressed, The Brightest, or The Most Likely to Succeed, nor anything else in that customary list," she was graduated with highest honors, and she was the first girl in her class to be married. More important, she seems to have learned that intolerance pays and that there may be more fun and more satisfaction in being feared than in being liked.

She carried that lesson with her to New York, and the first reviews she wrote for *The Nation* and *New Republic* showed skill with both cudgel and rapier. In 1935, only two years after graduation from Vassar, she published in *The Nation* a series of articles on contemporary critics, in which she lopped off heads with the insouciance of the Queen of Hearts. (Margaret Marshall, literary editor of *The Nation* at the time, was listed as her collaborator, but, Mrs. Grumbach reports, she had only a small share in the pieces.) Although she was careless with facts, as was often pointed out, this "intrepid young critic of critics," as Mrs. Grumbach calls her, immediately won a reputation as a person devoted to truth. What was really responsible for her fame, I suspect, was the pleasure most people take in public executions. She gave the same sort of pleasure in her criticism of Broadway plays for *Partisan Review,* and then in *The Oasis* she polished off some of her colleagues on that magazine. As someone said at the time, paraphrasing a well-known wisecrack about Hungarians, "Who needs an enemy with Mary McCarthy for a friend?"

We did not have to wait for Mrs. Grumbach to tell us that Meg Sargent in *The Company She Keeps,* Martha Sinnott in *A Charmed Life,* and, in lesser degree, Kay Strong in *The Group* resemble Miss McCarthy. These are all highly superior young women, in contrast with whom most of the men are "truncated, wispy, weird underdog spirits." Speaking of *The Groves of Academe,* Mrs. Grumbach says: "Women, as is usual in Mary McCarthy's books, come out somewhat better than the men, but they too do not go unscathed." Even the McCarthy-like heroines, it must quickly be noted, fare badly. Being so superior, they see their defects more clearly than anyone else, and they must excel in self-criticism as in all things. Since there is no other person capable of wielding the dagger, they turn it against themselves. Both Martha and Kay, we observe, come to ends that they may have subconsciously chosen.

Mrs. Grumbach defends *The Group* against the charge that the style is banal by arguing that Miss McCarthy is deliberately paraphrasing or even parodying the styles of her eight Vassar girls: "The novel's achievement is this elaborate orchestration. It is a choral work about a short period of history to be sung mainly by feminine voices, a persuasive and illuminating song-cycle." She continues: "But the failure of the

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novel, if it fails, is that this achievement was not easily or readily recognized. It requires close reading to see the narrative method." It requires more than that; it requires a good imagination. I am sure that Mrs. Grumbach correctly states Miss McCarthy's intention, but I should like to choose some passages at random and ask her to identify Pokey's voice and Dottie's voice and Libby's voice, and so forth and so on.

"*The Group*," says Mrs. Grumbach, "is a negative book, a novel that brings bad 'news,' that conveys a hopeless, retrograde message." The eight students have learned nothing in college and little more in the six years since graduation. The novel satirizes a lost generation; but from what point of view? Satire is effective when the reader recognizes the behavior portrayed as a ridiculous and reprehensible departure from a norm. In statistical terms, the behavior Miss McCarthy describes probably comes

close to the norm for graduates of upper-class colleges for women in the early Thirties. And if she had other terms in mind, as I am sure she did, she never defines them. For that reason the novel, with its massive detail, becomes simply another example of Naturalism: this is the way things are.

In summary Mrs. Grumbach says: "Her fiction is really dramatized theses, orations with figures. . . . Her tendency in fiction is to document, to catalogue, to shore up with details." This is a harsh judgment, but essentially Miss McCarthy is a critic, a moralist. She aspires to superiority, wants only the best, and that is fine. But what is the best? She knows, she manages to suggest; although even so acute and faithful a reader as Mrs. Grumbach doesn't seem to be in on the secret.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

McKendree Conference

Gorham Munson's "Preview of Writers' Summer Conferences" [*SR*, Apr. 29] reported that the McKendree Writers' Conference in Lebanon "pledges to return next year from suspension this summer." It is true that a week-long conference will be held again next summer, but in the meantime a very fine one-day conference has been planned for Saturday, June 24, by the president of the McKendree Writers' Association and director of the one-day session, Carroll Hall, 2041 Lindsay Road, Springfield, Ill. 62704. The conference will be held on the McKendree College campus in Lebanon, as usual.

Interested persons may request a brochure on the conference from Dr. Clyde Funkhouser, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. 62254.

Mrs. Leon H. Church.

Lebanon, Ill.

Eliot No Exception

In European Literary Scene [*SR*, May 6] Robert J. Clements says, "A fortnight ago I found myself in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, standing inadvertently on a new metal grave cover for Thomas Stearns Eliot."

When I visited Westminster Abbey, our guide told us that only those who were actually buried in the Abbey had plaques in the floor. The others (including Shakespeare, buried at Stratford) had plaques on the wall.

Since T. S. Eliot was cremated and his ashes buried in East Coker, Somerset, England, I am wondering if an exception was made in his case so that his marker is in the Abbey floor.

Velma West Sykes.

Kansas City, Mo.

Editor's note: *The British Information Service has verified that T. S. Eliot's plaque in Westminster Abbey is in the floor; they could, however, not locate any reference to a ruling that only those buried in the Abbey had plaques in the floor.*

Language of the Specialists

David Glixon seems to have misread "Language *of* the Specialists" as "Language *for* the Specialist." [*SR*, May 20]. He is perhaps a little unkind when he pins the label of "farce" on a book of reference that represents the views of twenty competent scholars, each an expert in his own field, as to what constitutes an acceptable cross-section of his own jargon for the understanding of the layman. The contributors were left free to make their lists as lengthy (or as brief) as they deemed necessary for the purpose.

It is Mr. Glixon's privilege to dislike military terminology, which nevertheless looms somewhat large on the present-day scene. His objectivity may be measured by the fact that the number of entries in the Military section (the only one, according to him, treated with generosity) is 136.

The language of the Construction Industries has 141 entries, that of Philosophy 106, that of Political Science 107. The average for all sections is about 100. As a sample of completeness in a single division, Political Science includes items (*Cosa Nostra, hawk* and *dove* in their current acceptance, the phrase *eyeball to eyeball*) which appear in none of our current large dictionaries, including the Webster III of 1961 and the Random House of 1966.

It is also his privilege not to like literary quotations as running heads. But, *à lui ne déplaise*, there does seem to be some meaningful connection between "Arrangers of the Stars" and the Language of Astronomy, and between "A Tool for Every Job" and the Language of the Construction Trades.

Mario Pei.

New York, N. Y.

Got to Get Gout from Gutta

Rollene W. Saal, in discussing "Posh Food" in Pick of the Paperbacks [*SR*, May 20], asks, "Where does it all lead? To gout. In French, remember, *goûter* means 'to taste.'"

Goûter in French does indeed mean "to taste," but I believe there is confusion here in the etymologies of *gout* and *taste*. *Gout* comes from the Latin *gutta*, a drop, so named from being attributed to a deflexion of humors, a disease characterized by excess uric acid in the blood and deposits of such salts in the tissues around the joints.

But *to taste* comes from the Latin verb *gustare*, a different root than *gutta*, and shows up in such words as gustatory.

Lakenan Barnes.

Mexico, Mo.

Poets Rescue Reading

My highest praise to Granville Hicks for his "Art Lost in Analysis," as I have experienced both types of college teachers and methods. My most exciting, enduring, and educational university literature course was engineered by these six publishing poets: Margaret Avison, Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, and Charles Olson. This course was at Vancouver, Canada, in the summer of 1963.

Other universities would benefit from similar courses, as present methods cause thousands annually to lose their reading habit.

Bernice Lever.

Columbus, O.

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European Literary Scene

What great epicist will eventually chronicle the current destruction of freedom in Greece? If only Kazantzakis were still here, for he too was labeled a "Leftist" and "Communist." At the end of his *Greek Passion* the persecution of Manolios at the hands of the overlords and churchmen foretells the sufferings of Andreas Papandreou. This dedicated patriot, whom I have been privileged to know for more than twenty years, had a majority of the people on his side, and thought, like Manolios, that this would suffice to bring Greece out of feudalism. This, in Aristotle's word, was his *hamartia* (fatal flaw).

Another *coup d'état*, the February 1948 *Putsch* in Czechoslovakia, was recently dealt with satirically in Josef Jedlicka's *Our Life in the Middle of Its Journey*. When Prague reviewers liked the book, the daily *Rude Pravo* unhappily accused the author of giving "false testimony." Yet even in Prague the thaw is in evidence, as we have had occasion to observe while writing of Capek. The journals *Literarni Noviny* and *Host do Dom* dared *Rude Pravo* in print to try to do anything about their accusation.

An even more obvious sign of de-Stalinization is the Moscow *Novy Mir*'s decision to publish portions of Boris Pasternak's autobiography, *People and Situations*, as edited by his son Yevgeny. From this welcome volume we shall gain new insights on Blok, Mayakovsky, Rilke, and others.

A reader in Texas inquires about translations of Yasunari Kawabata, whom I have mentioned as a candidate for a Nobel Prize in Literature. Mrs. Clifford Williams's letter arrives as I am leafing through UNESCO's annual bibliography of translations, *Index Translationum*, the eighteenth volume of which has now appeared in Paris. In it I find that in 1965 Berkley reissued Kawabata's *A Thousand Cranes* in paperback. I learn further that in 1965 Mondadori published the same book as *Mille gru* and Tammi issued a Finnish version as *Tuhat Kurkea*. Translations from this Japanese author during the period 1948-64 would appear in various of the seventeen earlier volumes of the *Index*.

It is important to recall these splendid ongoing programs of UNESCO. Volume 18 records 36,196 translated books appearing during 1965 in seventy countries. The bibliographies, arranged by nations in alphabetical order under their French names, are listed according to the ten major headings of the Universal Decimal Classification: general, philosophy-psychology, religion, law-sociology-education, philology-linguistics, natural sciences, applied sciences, arts-diversions, literature, history-geography-biography.

Since literature is the most unimpeded avenue to understanding any culture, the specific translations undertaken by each of the seventy countries tell much about what is going on there. Take the first country, alphabetically — Albania, which dutifully translated and put out in this single twelvemonth thirteen books by Mao Tse-tung. It selected its forty-four literary texts with agitprop in mind: Victor Hugo's *Cosette* could illustrate the exploitation of child labor in the West; Giovagnoli's *Spartacus* carries on a hagiographical tradition of Communism; Molière's *Tartuffe* indicts priestly hypocrisy; Zola's *Argent* is the anti-Wall Street tract of 1891. Yan Chau and Se Gun Yun appear in Albanian, solidifying the alliance with mainland China, while unmotivated reading is represented in Tirana by such anodyne fairy-tale collectors as Andersen and Perrault.

Vietnam? In 1965 Saigon published Camus, Hesse, Maugham, Irwin Shaw, Salinger, and Steinbeck. No report from Hanoi.

One can read into the useful alphabetical appendix of authors the literary fortunes of individuals, movements, and canons. Robbe-Grillet has been translated six times, old-fashioned Romain Rolland twenty-four. Marx just about held his own with Plato and the Bible. Your present correspondent has only one entry, but consoles himself that at least he is one up on Marshall McLuhan.

Just as Madrid's *Insula* was hailing two novels published in Barcelona among its three novels-of-the-month, my mailman (thanks to the important publisher Destino) dropped them off at my door. When I finished Vicente Soto's *La Zancada* (The Stride), I felt that I had been living for 366 absorbing pages with an individualistic, middle-class family in the Valencian country town of Alcidia (real-life name Utiel). Although Soto has resided in London since 1954, it is obvious that his heart is still in Valencia, the provincial capital that also gave us Blasco Ibáñez (whose centenary occurs this year). The family chronicle is told from the viewpoint of the impressionable child Gabrielito, who understands the unfolding family dramas even while the adults clumsily try to shield him from them. The novel of reminiscence closes as Gabriel, "mute with sadness," takes the step into adolescence.

Miguel Delibes (born in Valladolid in 1920) has written a curious interior monologue entitled, ironically, *Cinco horas con Mario* (Five Hours with Mario). It is not easy going, being an attempt to bring "new novel" techniques into Spain. The medievally Catholic Carmen sits for a five-hour nocturnal vigil beside the corpse of her liberal or "ecumenical" husband, Mario, and soliloquizes on her hidebound life and values. She picks verses from the Bible to serve as texts for each phase of her silent discourse. The reader senses the hell this good and loyal wife must have made of Mario's life; and at the end Carmen, too, recognizes her own guilt and concludes the eerie session by throwing herself on her knees and demanding forgiveness from the dead. Carmen is evocative of Galdós's *Doña perfecta* (Perfect Lady), an irreproachable old heroine who makes life miserable for others.

Mario Soldati's newest novel, *La Busta arancione* (The Orange Envelope), arrived from Mondadori in Milan. It is the chronicle of a grown son's attempt to free himself from a domineering mother. He succeeds only at her death, after she has driven from him the one woman with whom he could have found happiness. The fine sense of mystery that runs through Soldati's novels, e.g., *The Real Silvestro*, prevails here until the final recognition scene, when a fading letter in an old orange envelope tells Carlo that he was betrayed not by his vanished mistress but by his mother. The first-person narration heightens the book's quality as a psychological novel; the brisk pace, the unadorned prose, the objective depiction of the most poignant incidents may result from Soldati's parallel career in films and television—or from his early enthusiasm for Hemingway, who is widely thought to have influenced his manner.

To some it was a foregone conclusion that Paris would select Saul Bellow's *Herzog* as the best foreign novel of 1966: it had been both financially and critically a smash. Instead, the winner was Peter Härtling's *Niembsch oder der Stillstand* (Niembsch, or Immobility), originally published by Henry Goverts of Stuttgart. Härtling is remarkable not only for his book but for his attitude toward translators; he stated generously that henceforth one might do better to read *Niembsch* in Bernard Lortholary's French version.

The French Academy may be wondering why in 1956 it admitted Vladimir

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d'Ormesson to its uniformed ranks. Back in the 1630s, when it was founded under the patronage of Richelieu and King Louis, it was commissioned to prepare a dictionary, grammar, rhetoric, and poetics. The last two projects were soon forgotten, and the first two have received sporadic attention during the intervening centuries. In a gentle speech to his fellow immortals, M. D'Ormesson reminded them that in the last decade their dictionary committee had revised only eighty-seven pages of the latest (ninth) version. "Now the dictionary includes 1,365 pages in all. From page 268, where we are now, there remain 1,097 pages to be revised. At this pace, if all goes well, I caluculate that this will take us 126 years. The ninth edition of the Academy dictionary will be completed in 2093, having taken 157 years." Not only is this three times the span required for the tardiest edition heretofore, but it is obvious that by 2093 the French language will have changed in many ways from that of 1936, when the ninth edition got started.

Two familiar names are back in the literary news from France. The veteran playwright Jacques Audiberti has won praise for his medieval allegory *Coeur à cuir*, originally written for television but staged so successfully at Bourges that an early Paris première is predicted. Seven tableaux condense the adventures of the crusader Jacques Coeur, whose will sustains him against the usual trials of life in the Middle Ages.

André Chamson also slips into the Gallic past for his new novel, *La Superbe* (Plon). It immerses his readers in the eighteenth-century religious wars of Chamson's native Cévennes, and the conflicts and repressions of which his own Protestant ancestors were victims. His re-creation of the heroic endurance of Huguenot galley slaves is no less moving for its meticulous research.

Sequiturs: Having reported in these columns Salvador Dalí's new dictionary of everything, we must report his latest and even more personal project. The old Surrealist is about to launch a comic strip with a "divine and genial" hero, Dalí himself. . . . By the time it arrived on the stage, the Arrabal absurdist play I discussed last month had changed its title to *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria* (not Ethiopia, as earlier reported). . . . It was back in October 1964 that we recorded the publication of Pierre Daninos's *Snobissimo*. For mentioning therein a fictitious concierge named Camuset as a frightful snob, Daninos has now been obliged to pay financial amends to a real-life concierge of the name whose arrogance quotient was low and whose lawyer reminded him of that business of the meek inheriting the damages. —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Creating the Past in Our Own Image

The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development, *by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace & World. 342 pp. $8.95), denies the thesis that man is to be defined mainly as homo faber, the tool-maker. Milton R. Konvitz, professor of industrial and labor relations and professor of law at Cornell University, is the author of "Expanding Liberties."*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

MODERN man, says Lewis Mumford, reconstructs his past by reading into it his present interests. Since he is preoccupied with conquering and using the forces of nature, and is dominated by the machines he has made and continues to invent, he thinks of the history of man in materialistic terms; and so he writes the history of *homo faber*, man the tool-making and tool-using animal. Another reason for this identification of man with his proclivity for tool-making is that tools, being tangible artifacts, have survived as evi-

dence. Just as an anthropologist reconstructs a whole body from a skull or even a single bone, so historians build a social order around a stone tool.

Mumford, however, contends that this approach to man's past is much too narrow; for before he had tools, man had complex systems of rites and rituals; he had languages; he had intricate social organizations. These, too, were artifacts, but not of a kind that survived as tangible things. No Dr. Samuel Johnson can kick his foot against them and prove their existence *"thus!"* Where, however, the record is almost totally bare, the generalist, unlike the specialist, may speculate, develop hypotheses, and argue from analogy, and hope that the evidence will come sometime later to vindicate him.

Mumford might have cited John Locke for this procedure. In Chapter VIII of the *Second Treatise* he met the argument that some make against the existence of the state of nature "because we hear not much" about men "in the state of nature." Are we, asked Locke, to suppose that the soldiers in the army of Xerxes had never been children because we did not hear of them until they were men and enrolled in the army? "Government," Locke concluded, "is everywhere antecedent to records, and letters seldom come in amongst a people till a long continuation of civil society has, by other more necessary arts, provided for their safety, ease, and plenty." Men, he said, begin to look after the history of their foundation only after "they have outlived the memory of it." Mumford would heartily agree, and stress the belief that in fact men live with the memory of their past in their languages, religions, and other nonphysical artifacts.

Mumford thus belongs with Locke, Rousseau, Hobbes, Kant, and Hume, as a philosophical anthropologist. Like those whom he criticizes, Mumford starts from where he is: he, too, reconstructs the past in terms of his present interests. The difference—and it is a big difference—is that he is not a specialist, though he has a remarkable control of the findings and theories of the specialists, data that he assimilates to his own purposes. His range of learning is extensive; only a thinker with the breadth of a Renaissance humanist could absorb and use so many seemingly incompatible facts, ideas, theories, and histories. Indeed, Mumford's work in general, and *The Myth of the Machine* in particular, call to mind Giannozzo Manetti, Marsilio Ficino, and especially Giovanni Pico della Mirandola's *Oration on the Dignity of Man*. Mumford's present interest is not to deduce man's past from man's present posture but to deduce his past from *an assumption of what is man's nature*. This is why I think of him as a philosophical anthropologist.

And *The Myth of the Machine* is comparable with Pico's *Oration* because Mumford, too, praises man not only as the inventor of crafts and tools, but as a being remarkable for dreams, speech, and thought, and the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and the dance. Like the *Oration*, *The Myth of the Machine* may be read as a commentary on the great paean to man sung by the chorus in Sophocles's *Antigone*. The chorus recognized man's prowess in sailing before storm winds, in working the soil with harnessed mules that pull the plow, in

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catching fish in nets, in hunting wild beasts, in taming the horse and the bull: praise for *homo faber*. But the chorus went on with praise for *homo sapiens*: for the invention of speech, for thoughts that travel swift as the wind, for inventing ways to live in cities in harmony with others, for finding methods to build homes, for never-ending resourcefulness. For everything that happens man is prepared, except only for death. In brief, man not only makes tools and machines, he makes himself. He makes the man who makes, among other things, tools.

It is not possible to classify a book like *The Myth of the Machine*. It crosses the conventions of library categories and academic departments. As an academician, I ought to frown on a work that refuses to recognize "no trespassing" signs and a writer who denies that good fences make good scholars. Yet I must admit to a great fondness for the work of Lewis Mumford. I recall the eagerness with which I used to wait for the successive volumes of Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will* and my sense of disappointment when I realized that there would be no volume after *The Seventh of October*. Among living nonfiction writers, only Mumford has created in me a similar sense of keen expectancy as his new works are announced. *The Myth of the Machine* takes us up to the sixteenth century. However, even if it had brought us up to the present, we would know that the author has much more to say and we would look forward to the next installment. Mumford's exploration and elaboration of man's "symbolic culture" is an exciting undertaking because, like all significant works of the mind, it helps the reader in the never-ending process of self-knowledge, self-transformation, self-making.

But though *The Myth of the Machine* professes to stop at the sixteenth century, there is hardly a page on which Mumford does not draw an analogy with some aspect of the present scene—usually an aspect which the author condemns. This gives the book a didactic quality that can only aggravate the disaffection of the specialist who insists on "objectivity," on "noninvolvement," on the pastness of the past. A strong case, however, can be made out for Mr. Mumford's method as and when it is used by a Mumford: a method with its own credentials of honest thought, with its commitments declared and manifested, with its purpose clearly articulated; so that the end product is a volume that has the author's signature not only on the title page but in every paragraph, and the book is a long personal essay. One would have to go back to the nineteenth century, to works by Carlyle, Ruskin, or Coleridge, for comparable styles of thought.

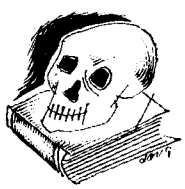
The Race to Split U-235

Manhattan Project: The Untold Story of the Making of the Atomic Bomb, *by Stephane Groueff (Little, Brown. 372 pp. $6.95), describes how one of the most destructive agents known to mankind was produced. Betty Goetz Lall is the author of several articles dealing with atomic weapons problems.*

By BETTY GOETZ LALL

THE DEVELOPMENT of the atomic bomb was such a stupendous scientific and engineering achievement that the story or parts of it have been the subject of more than twenty books. This newest addition to the literature, sponsored by the *Reader's Digest* and written by Bulgarian-born Stephane Groueff, who is currently New York bureau chief of the French weekly *Paris Match*, concentrates on identifying and paying tribute to all the persons, institutions, and companies significantly involved in the Manhattan Project. Although America's effort to build a bomb commenced in the fall of 1939 and continued until the successful test of a plutonium bomb at Alamogordo on July 16, 1945, this account begins in September 1942, some four months after the decision to move from the research and development stage to large-scale production. Not only is there a clear description of the scientific, technical, and engineering problems that had to be solved before an atomic bomb could be produced and detonated, but there are, additionally, biographical sketches of the main characters in the enterprise.

Whereas Mr. Groueff's portrayal of the key people and their interplay in this unique task lacks vividness and often fails to come alive, he overcomes much of this weakness by introducing considerable suspense and drama in relating how each obstacle was removed. Although, to achieve effect, sometimes he jumps from project to project before completing a particular episode, which interrupts the flow of reading, one does obtain a full picture of the magnitude of the job.



These were: 1) the development of the gaseous diffusion process for separation of Uranium-235 (the only uranium isotope capable of continuous fission), which took place at Columbia University under the direction of Harold Urey; 2) the development, headed by Ernest O. Lawrence at the University of California at Berkeley, of the electromagnetic process for U-235 separation; 3) the development of plutonium, supervised by Arthur Compton at the University of Chicago; 4) the construction at Oak Ridge of production plants for generating U-235 by the electromagnetic and gaseous diffusion methods—the former mainly by Allis-Chalmers, General Electric, Stone & Webster, Tennessee Eastman, and Westinghouse; the latter principally by Kellex (a new organization—Kell standing for the Kellogg Company and X for secret), Union Carbide, and J. A. Jones Construction; 5) the erection of the production plant for plutonium at Hanford, Washington, by DuPont; and 6) the laboratory at Los Alamos for the design and assembly of the bomb itself, this group led by J. Robert Oppenheimer.

For the author the chief hero of the Manhattan Project was its military head, General Leslie R. Groves, who writes on the book jacket that "success was only made possible by a maximum use of the capabilities and strength of the American way of life." Since two Communist countries and two Western countries not typically American have now developed and manufactured atomic weapons, the feat of the Manhattan Project for good or bad can obviously be performed in different political and economic settings.

Though his central figure is General Groves, Mr. Groueff obviously decided that the book's purpose was to praise many and fault few. The closest he comes to criticism is when he comments that a group or an individual began to lose faith in the success of the Project; he suggests this was true at one point of Allis-Chalmers in its assignment to manufacture pumps for the gaseous-diffusion process, and of Harold Urey in his group's effort to obtain enough U-235 for the manufacture of one bomb. (The bomb dropped on Hiroshima August 6, 1945, was a U-235 bomb which had not been tested because at that time only enough U-235 had been produced for a single bomb; while the second bomb dropped, on Nagasaki August 9, was a plutonium bomb which had been tested

(*Continued on page* 37)

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State and the System

Anatomy of the State Department, *by Smith Simpson (Houghton Mifflin. 285 pp. $5.95), argues that a combination of obstacles, internal and external, keep "Foggy Bottom" from meeting the challenges of modern diplomacy. Articles on foreign policy by Ronald I. Rubin have appeared in scholarly journals in Great Britain and Pakistan, as well as the U.S.*

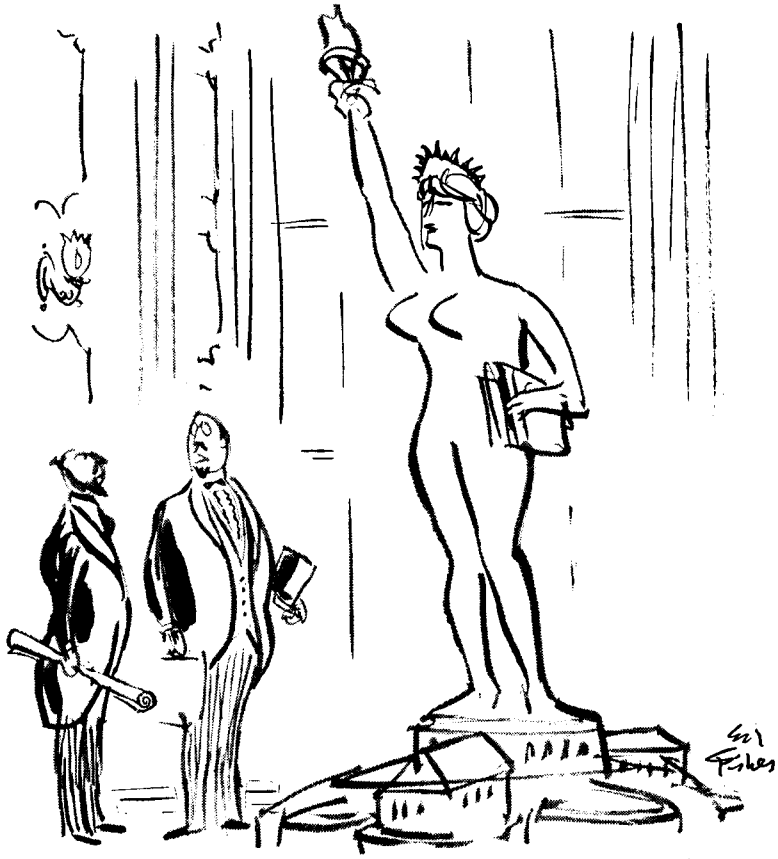
By RONALD I. RUBIN

THE RICH old blood of State must boil as its sons leave home and disclose family problems to nearly everyone in sight.

And problems it has. Take, for instance, Vietnam—the issue not being the whys of United States involvement but the State Department's staffing and training procedures. Given its precarious position in the late 1950s and early 1960s, how did Foggy Bottom respond to Vietnam? Was it setting up specialized training programs, scouring its ranks for promising talent, in short developing "Vietnam hands" the way we did for China, Japan, and the Soviet Union? Far from it. State simply waited for trouble to start and then dissipated whatever limited expertise it had in this area.

Thus, from 1957 to 1963, the year in which Vietnam became a matter for the Secretary of State himself to handle, three different "country desk officers" were in charge of South Vietnamese affairs. No, after each of these officers ended his Washington stay he was not shuttled to Saigon to capitalize on his experience. The three were scattered from Amman to Marseilles to Ouagadougou. Meanwhile, their immediate supervisors were also coming and going; four directors and four deputy directors of the Office of Southeast Asian Affairs passed through Washington in this period, and only one had ever served in Vietnam.

The disaster was further compounded in Saigon. Officers were rotating in and out, barely able to fathom Vietnam's complexities before departing for some other assignment. During the entire period—until the special training on Vietnam began in 1964—only two officers serving in the American embassy had Vietnamese language instruction on their record.



"On the other hand, maybe you'd better give them a choice of designs — you know how prudish these Americans are."

The lesson is obvious: this was not diplomacy, but an ad hoc response marked by a careless disregard for planning. If this disaster took place only three years ago, why should State be any more efficient today?

In writing *Anatomy of the State Department* Smith Simpson, who over many years has served in a variety of Foreign Service posts, has committed the sin of fraternal disloyalty. For of all the entrenched bureaucracies in the federal government, none suffers more severely from delusions of élitism than State. Simpson has not been the only retired diplomat in recent years to rush to his typewriter as his tenure closed. To students of foreign policy, therefore, such self-inflicted criticisms are not unfamiliar. But his work will endure longer than the other indictments, because it is primarily theoretical rather than anecdotal—although its mass appeal would have been broadened by a few more "for instances."

Essentially, he argues, a combination of obstacles, internal and political, block State from meeting the challenges of modern diplomacy. The problem begins with the newly-recruited Foreign Service officer. Despite keen intelligence and curiosity, he often enters the Department with but superficial training for a diplomatic career. After only a few months in Washington he is sent abroad. Once assigned, he undergoes a series of disruptive rotations. In principle, rotations are sound because they guard against routinization. In practice, however, the American diplomat has become the twentieth century's version of the ancient nomad. He vaults from post to post, rarely learning any foreign language or developing meaningful contact with the host country.

This system, of course, encourages amiable relations with colleagues, who may help or hinder a desired assignment. Caution and conformity are stressed; the daring or creative diplomat is seen as a threat to the establishment. The standards of promotion, based in good measure on elusive efficiency reports, sift out any threats to State's inbred fraternalistic spirit.

Things aren't any better at the top. However zealous the Secretary of State may be, he can only devote a small share of his energies to the Department. His responsibilities to Congress, the other Cabinet members, the President, the general public, and to brush-fire diplomatic problems bar any concerted attention to State's long-range goals. Thus no one directly runs the Department; it is, as Simpson remarks, a "self-winding clock."

Since politics abhors a vacuum, State has found itself receding in influence regarding the other members of the for-

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eign policy establishment. CIA, a foreign power of sorts, competes with and often overrides State's decisions. The Defense Department has spawned scores of officers capable of responding to the political issues of counterinsurgency warfare with greater acuteness than State's beleaguered staff.

Foreign affairs still provide splendid opportunities for Congressmen bent on making reputations for themselves. Congressional hearings yearly unearth embarrassing blunders on the part of State in implementing foreign-policy objectives. In any event, State looks on Congressional critics as interlopers unsophisticated in the intricacies of diplomatic maneuver.

Finally, State's public image is poor. Just write a letter to Dean Rusk, for example, and note the delayed and impersonal nature of the reply. Little is done to fight State's stultifying bureaucracy by bringing in skilled outsiders at lower-level posts for relatively brief tenures.

The indictment is strong. Then, why are we doing so well today (which we are, in comparison with the other superpowers) on the diplomatic front? In view of Simpson's strictures this sounds implausible; but our rivals are in even worse shape. Communists are wedded to a rigorous class concept of international politics that blocks almost any fresh approaches.

Ten years ago Simpson's book would have found its way to nothing more volatile than a supplementary list for a college course in American foreign policy. Since the price of State's short-sightedness is greater now than ever before, the book is recommended reading for informed Americans. There are forces at work in State battling the system. But these are young diplomats who too often sever ties with the Department after their initial disillusionment.

How could the public help? Reforms in the federal bureaucracy come either through Congressional initiative or Presidential decision. Responsible groups should pressure both sources to eliminate State's self-perpetuating flaws. (In this regard it would be a pity if the spurt of interest in foreign policy generated by Vietnam does not reach out to the broader issues cited by Simpson, and fizzles away as the fighting ends.) The appeal could run as follows: We ask you to set up rigorous training and orientation programs; provide diplomats with sabbatical leaves in which to collect their thoughts and study; assign them laterally, from time to time, to other governmental units so that they will not feel isolated or part of an élite; even send them to work for a year with a medium-sized newspaper or corporation so that they will not become remote from America's everyday life.

Apathetic Alert

The Broken Seal: The Story of "Operation Magic" and the Pearl Harbor Disaster, *by Ladislas Farago (Random House. 439 pp. $6.95), impales the jealousy between the Army and Navy that led to the destruction of our fleet in Honolulu. John M. Allison has been United States Ambassador to Japan.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

IN SPITE of the sensational blurbs on the jacket of this book claiming it has the definitive answers about whether or not FDR conspired to maneuver Japan into the war and whether the military commanders at Pearl Harbor were derelict in their duty, it turns out to be a straightforward, sometimes excruciatingly detailed account of the moves and countermoves by the Japanese and American intelligence services to break each other's codes and ciphers and penetrate the thinking of those in Tokyo and Washington who held the key to peace.

Ladislas Farago does not produce evidence of conspiracy in high places or dereliction of duty; rather, he makes clear the influence of interservice rivalries, the lack of imagination and sometimes downright stupidity among senior officers in Pearl Harbor and Washington, who, convinced that "it can't happen here," could not or would not understand the significance of the intelligence shown them.

The only real treachery exposed is that of Herbert Yardley of *American Black Chamber* fame, who is alleged to have received some $7,000 from the Japanese for informing them that the United States had broken their codes. This was after Secretary of State Stimson, in the Hoover Administration, had declaimed that "gentlemen do not read each other's mail" and had decreed the end of the "Black Chamber."

Mr. Farago is said to have been involved in the field of intelligence much of his life, and during World War II he was chief of research and planning in the Special Warfare Branch of the Office of Naval Intelligence. He has also collaborated with the late Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, one of the earliest Japanese specialists in Naval intelligence. Each chapter of *The Broken Seal* is supported by a long section of re-

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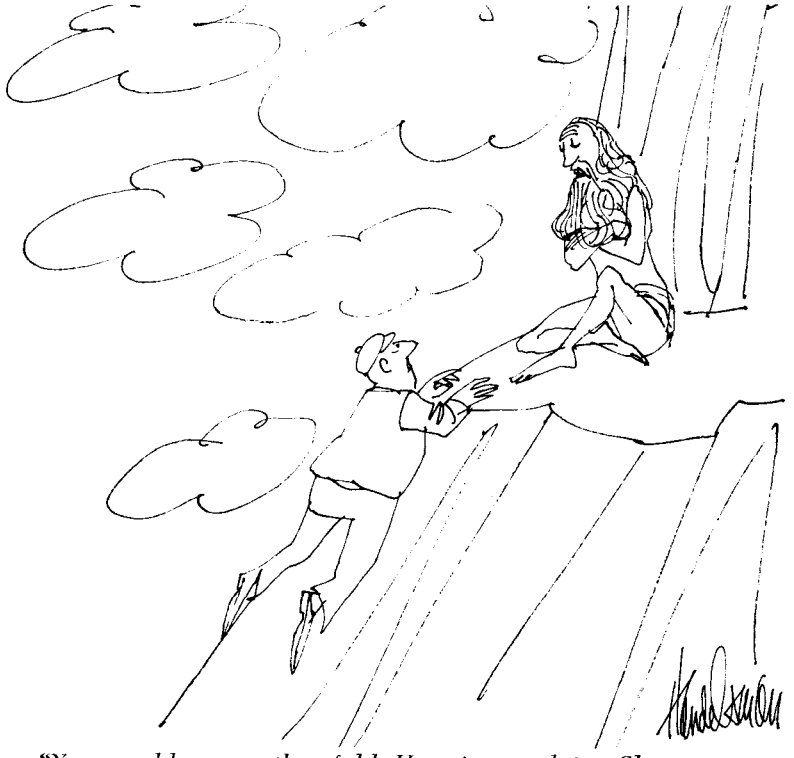

"Your problems are threefold. Here is my advice. Shorten your grip and keep your head down. Invest in a mixed portfolio with strong growth potential. Show your wife a little tenderness."

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Debuts and Encores

By CHARLES PHILBRICK

THE SELECTION of poets reviewed here is based on the editor's request for a description of what has been going on in American poetry during the last quarter-year; so out go the gnomic verses from the Swahili. That editorial charge, along with the inevitable limitation of space, has eliminated a great many of the books piled up on my desk; I have confined my consideration to fifteen volumes. For the convenience of readers who are interested in my opinions of only some of these poets, I have arranged them as follows: first come the women, and then the men; in each category I deal with authors of first volumes first. The order is alphabetical within the four groups.

Lucile Adler presents her first volume, *The Traveling Out and Other Poems* (Macmillan, $3.95), at a time in her life when we might be expecting her fourth or fifth. Perhaps more publication and consequent exposure to criticism would have taught her a greater subtlety at times; she is surely intelligent and has a sense of beauty and a reverence for life. A meticulous writer and an accomplished versifier, she has a good eye for subjects, and exploits them with what I want to call decency—tenderness and concern, discipline of both emotion and style. She also possesses wit and lyricism; but she is always maturely aware, as one of her lines puts it, "what a severe matter joy is." I wish I could quote others, and I hope to read more of Mrs Adler's well-languaged poetry. It is the real thing.

In *Cry of the Peacocks* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95) Naomi Lazard does herself proud, though not with a strident voice. Indeed, she is so little concerned about the sounds of verse that I think her publishers err in praising her "lyric power." She has power, but it is not lyrical; she moves by other means. Her gifts impress me as elegiac, meditative, descriptive, narrative, and dramatic, though not necessarily in this order. That her poems make little sound doesn't matter. Her most impressive achievement lies, I think, in the elegies that constitute "Family Chronicle," especially the one on her mother. Wholly heartfelt and wholly in hand, these poems are convincing and sympathetic portraits, dramatic and yet philosophically aware. Miss Lazard has known darkness, and neither denies it nor takes credit for having discovered it. Her sensitivity has strength; she is a fine poet.

The slimmest of the first volumes is still a powerful book. *The Wind Southerly*, by Heather Ross Miller (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), speaks in the best kind of Southern accent, and with a hard lilt we all should listen to. In such poems as "She Bears," "Sally Locke," "Grandmama Leda," "Poem for My Daughter," and "Kassandra" she displays her terse strength in understated juxtapositions. Narrative and dramatic interest is balanced by a lyric sense which Mrs. Miller's realism, or cool self-scrutiny, makes tart in the aftertaste. She has honored her region and her sensibility.

Katherine Hoskins combines selections from her three previous books with twenty-five new poems in *Excursions* (Atheneum, $5). Since her earlier work has been praised by a galaxy of poets including Lowell, Jarrell, Meredith, Roethke, Simpson, and Dickey, I shall concentrate on the group of recent poems that give the volume its title.

From the outset one is struck by the fact that Mrs. Hoskins understands life and knows how to write. She commands easy and varied rhythms, from

the formal to the colloquial; her pace is always suitable. In "Pity as Power" and "For the Inheritors" we find wit at play with terror, and knowledge with love. Many of the new poems are concerned with the relations between generations, especially children and grown-ups, and they make a lot of other verses on this folly-fraught subject look like what they are: falsely nostalgic, stupidly sentimental. Mrs. Hoskins's intelligence is wise and strongly feminine. She might have called this whole section of the book "An Education," after a poem in it that reminds one of the psychological insight of Blake. She makes no mistakes of either heart or ear; she is charming and canny at the same time.

The Blood That Is Language (John Day, $5) is Louise Townsend Nicholl's eighth book of verse; it is appropriately accomplished, and even admirable in short poems and stanzas. Her work is articulate but hardly ever vivid, and never disturbing or exciting. For my taste, Miss Nicholl is too often abstractly (and sometimes tritely) philosophical. A sameness pervades the volume, a final flatness and predictability of rhythm and sensibility. She is good enough so that one doesn't shout "So what?" but nods "Oh, yes." Perhaps what I mean to say is that there is not enough blood in this language.

The poems in May Swenson's fifth book, *Half Sun Half Sleep* (Scribners, $4.50), are arranged in alphabetical order by title, and I'm of two minds about this. It's an easy out, but does it shape a book of poems? Well, maybe poets and editors worry more than readers do about the sequence of poems in a collection; I don't know. But "After the Dentist" seems a little slight to lead off a book, though it is amusing.

Some of these poems appear to be the result of rather offhand verbal play, though there is never a lapse of gift. Witness these lines on daffodils from "A City Garden in April": "Yellow telephones/in a row in the garden/are ringing,/shrill with light." This is better than Wordsworth's dancers; but I question how many readers younger than I am remember the telephones whose shape makes the metaphor vivid. Miss Swenson's descriptions are precise and delightful, as they have always been; and I wonder, really, why she asks, "When will I grope my/way clear of the entrails of intellect?" I wish I had the wit and space to analyze that query. At any rate, I'm not sure that it reflects a problem: see her poem called "Motherhood." There is no doubt as to her command of words.

The new poets among the men are at least as interesting and impressive as the women. Stephen Sandy's *Stresses in the Peaceable Kingdom* (Houghton Mifflin, $4) is a fine and coherent collection in its own right, and gives real promise for the future. (Do they recruit poets at Harvard? They surely have been turning them out in the last sixty years.) Mr. Sandy gives us in his first long poem, "Hiawatha," a profound and moving interlacing of personal and national memories, of "false dawns" and "a childhood of us gone." Here, as elsewhere, he is intelligent and attractively unpretentious; he has a sense of importance and proportion, of pity and identity, beyond

CHARLES PHILBRICK is professor of English at Brown University. His third volume of poetry, *Voyages Down*, will be published this fall.

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his years. He has also a shrewdness with language, an ear and respect for words, that years don't always bring. I can point at only a few of the other excellent poems. "The Ballad of Mary Baldwin" is authentically balladic (not like a literary ballad of the last century), and recalls the best of Langston Hughes; "The Norway Spruce" does delicate credit to its subject; "New England Graveyard" gets the feeling of things just right.

The title-poem of James Tate's *The Lost Pilot* (Yale University Press, $3.75) is tough for me to handle, since I was born in the same year as Tate's father and, unlike him, came back from the air war over Germany. I agree with Dudley Fitts that this is a fine book, but I wonder if some part of my admiration might be subjective, the result of what Arnold called "the personal fallacy." How can I not applaud a book that might, under other circumstances, have been written by my own son? Mr. Tate's poems, however, have qualities that the most objective reviewer could praise: a bitterness in which there is no self-pity, for example, but rather honesty and tender courage, as in "For Mother on Father's Day." Mr. Tate can be clean, cryptic, wry, fanciful, taut, and quietly terrifying. His images are piercing; the title poem is distressingly moving in its finality.

The most prolific poet in this group is, not surprisingly, John Ciardi. *This Strangest Everything* (Rutgers University Press, $3.75) must be somewhere around his fifteenth book of verse. Nor is it surprising that his latest poems are done with quiet but expert craft, and that what he has to say is, as always, interesting to hear, for he says it so arrestingly and yet with such apparently easy clarity. A poem called "Boy" begins with "He is in his room sulked shut," and ends with "May sons forgive the fathers they obey." Perhaps one has to be middle-aged to appreciate fully such a poem as this, as well as several others in which he reflects—in a mellow mood, but in crisp language—on his parents, whose world was so far away in time and style, or on himself in his successful present and on all the selves he's been. "Talking myself to sleep at one more Hilton" is a wry and regretful acceptance of the rootlessness of contemporary American life.

Here and elsewhere, with perception and amusement, Mr. Ciardi has come to terms with himself in mid-career, and with his relationships to others. His poem on Roethke, for example, rollicks with admiration; wonderfully, it is more a celebration of Roethke's life than an expression of Ciardi's feelings about his death. Throughout the book runs concern (even satire requires concern) for Man and for men; and, without abandoning concern, Mr. Ciardi sees to it that wit and gusto triumph over regret and despair—always in active language.

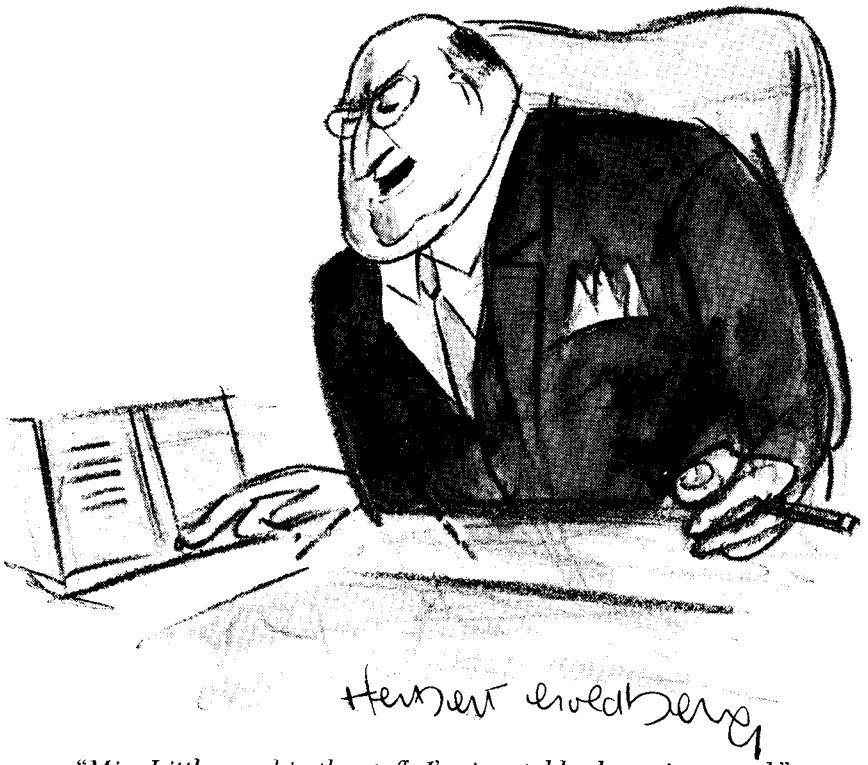
"Words will not say anything more than they do, and my various purposes will not understand them more than what they say," declares Robert Creeley in the introduction to his second volume of poems, *Words* (Scribners, $4.95). Maybe it's because I was brought up in the old days of prescriptive grammar, but such a statement is out of my focus, though I sense that it probably applies to those of Mr. Creeley's poems that are also most out of my focus. Many of these consist of lines of one or two words trickling down the center of the page; the upshot is a terseness that tends to abstraction, in which statement has been stripped of reverberation or even of significance, and the poem has been denied the sounds and the connotations of words. The cumulative effect is to speed the eye down the page too rapidly to comprehend whatever may be there to be comprehended. Result: the reader may infer a mild pretentiousness after coming across too many of such doodles. (Here is an example, called "A Piece": "One and/one, two,/three.")

But still there is a sensitivity writhing through this book; a mind, too, that cannot be suppressed, and a voice unstilled, as in "The Fire." What mindlessness there is seems to be willed in a sometimes pathetic recognition of the flux of things, of the mystery of much experience. Mr. Creeley can etch horror and tragedy; he can express self-disgust without self-pity. And it may well be that we should admire his explorations into absurdity and identity and reality, and that we should applaud an esthetic conscience that is so anxious to avoid the falseness of mere "effect."

Robert Huff's second volume, *The Course* (Wayne State University Press, $4.95), contains several good poems in a plain but strong style, poems such as "Father Going to Sleep" and "Getting Drunk with Daughter," in which his subjects are often earthy and immediate but are treated with an awareness that is both psychological and literary. Indeed, his literary orientation seems at times a little at odds with his rough-hewn, self-made air. But his antic mood, as in "Previews," saves him from pretentiousness. Mr. Huff's power may not be a great, ambitious, soaring one, but—as seen clearly in the title poem—it is a power that is used exactly and with tact on its materials, or is generated from them efficiently in terse, masculine terms.

THE most unusual volume in this group is Ronald Johnson's *The Book of the Green Man* (Norton, $4.50) which is both original and profoundly traditional. The reader becomes absorbed in the young Kansan as he tramps through the English countryside, discovering it with eyes that record the sights of a year's visit and that have also drawn into his brain the recorded lore of centuries. Through place and book and monument, through image and myth, he became possessed by, and of, the nature of the past. Here are four seasons of inner and outer exploration in a curiously learned book, "a sequential foliage," a book of readings and a reading of earth.

Mr. Johnson has worked into his poem the writings of a multitude who knew "the green man"—from Giraldus



"Miss Little, send in the staff. I'm in a table-thumping mood."

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Cambrensis to Tolkien, and including Vaughan, Smart, Blake, and the Wordsworths. This book may be called literary mistletoe, since it is both symbiotic and magical. It is also a marvelous and simultaneous appreciation of "this soil, once Wordsworth" and "earth, sentient with moles." It embodies an epiphany and results in a triumph.

I'm sure it's news to nobody by now that a reviewer finds Robert Lowell's *Near the Ocean* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6) the disappointment of the season. I've heard this book described both as "important" and "appalling." I don't think it is either, but I'm not sure it's a book. Only about half of the pages are taken up with verse, and less than half of those contain original poetry. The rest of the space goes to translations, blank pages, and irrelevant illustrations that give the unhappy impression of having been done by a clumsy adult trying to imitate a child (children either draw better or throw their failures away).

In the loose aggregation of the title poem the first and last movements are the most powerful. At times there is a pleasant, old-fashioned flavor, as of a sampler pricked with Victorian exclamations. But too often the octosyllabic couplets venture past daring towards doggerel; there is little of Mr. Lowell's early concentration or richness here. Why couldn't he have waited until he had a real book to offer? He owes himself responsibility.

Alphabetically but by no means poetically last on the list is *The Marble Manifesto*, by Byron Vazakas (October House, $4.50). As always, Mr. Vazakas offers most accomplished and well felt descriptions, and he also provides what we can't always expect these days: pleasant reading and pleasant listening. I think that his English poems in the last two-thirds of the book increase in power, depth of feeling, height of irony, and strength of language, as with the several Brighton poems and "Westminster Evensong." He was a delighted and poetically delightful tourist, with an acute sense of England's past and its tragedies of this century. The final two poems are worth the price of the book: "Sebastian Melmoth at Dieppe" is a wonderful blend of empathy, humor, and compassion, while the title poem vibrates with graceful wit and intelligent morality. Mr. Vazakas is modern in perception and tone without being unaware of the great poetry in the English tradition, a tradition of which he is worthy.

We have poets to be proud of here, poets both emergent and established. If one can generalize on the selected publications of just a few months, American poetry has recovered from the loss—partial or complete—of the great generation born before 1900.

A Universal Village

The Bitter and the Sweet, *by Ivan Olbracht, translated from the Czech by Iris Urwin (Crown. 256 pp. $4.50), contains three short works depicting Orthodox Jewish life in the Sub-Carpathian village of Polana. Curt Leviant's recent Sholom Aleichem treasury, "Old Country Tales," has been cited by the American Library Association as one of the Notable Books of 1966.*

By CURT LEVIANT

THE APPEARANCE of *The Bitter and the Sweet*, by Ivan Olbracht (pseudonym of Kemil Zeman, 1872-1952), is doubly significant. First, it marks the belated American début of a major Czech writer (one other book in English translation, *Nikolai Suhaj, Robber*, was published in Prague in 1954). Secondly, it offers us one more building block for that citadel-in-progress, a literary monument to the Jewish village life expunged in Europe during World War II by the Germans and their local collaborators.

The Jewish *shtetl* (village) is usually considered to be the domain of writers in Yiddish and Hebrew. Nevertheless, it has been portrayed in a variety of European languages; examples may be found in such anthologies as *The Jewish Caravan* and *A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature*, edited by Leo W. Schwarz, and *Yisroel*, edited by Joseph Leftwich. Of the writers represented in the above works, the closest to Olbracht's method and style is Jacob Picard, author of *The Marked One*, an excellent but little-known collection of tales of rural Jewish communities in Germany. Both Picard and Olbracht narrate with gentleness, humor, and a sense of history and tradition.

The Bitter and the Sweet, first published in 1937, contains a short story, a long story, and a short novel. All three deal with the Orthodox Jews of Polana, a village in the Sub-Carpathian mountains. Lacking verbal pyrotechnics, Olbracht's quiet style apprehends reality directly. Each story contains an ideational undercurrent, a thematic suggestiveness that transcends the narrative line. Biblical allusions, a character's religious destiny, or an entire people's historical consciousness variously add tonal dimensions to the tales. Olbracht's kindly vision makes Polana as recognizable as Sholom Aleichem's Kasrilevke, and as universal as any village out of Chekhov or Faulkner. In this miniature epic Olbracht lovingly recreates Polana's religion and traditions, its economy, its language (Czech studded with Yiddish and Hebrew expressions), its social strata, its feuds, its institutions. The Jews here resemble their *shtetl* brethren in other parts of Eastern Europe—with one notable difference. Whereas in Sholom Aleichem the threat of the régime, whether through restrictions or pogroms, is omnipresent, Olbracht's Jews live peacefully in a land noted for its relative absence of anti-Semitism.

At the opening of "Julie and the Miracle" the poor Jewish carter, Baynish (owner of the twenty-year-old knock-kneed nag Julie), is hungrily looking for

his next meal. Here is how this father of eight tries to get some radishes and onions from Srul the Blacksmith's wife:

> "Give me a couple — I'll pay them back."
>
> The tiny woman flew up like a hen, standing between him and the vegetables, defending them and ruffling her feathers:
>
> "No, no, not one. What will the children get for their dinner?"
>
> "Come on, now," Baynish spoke reproachfully, "as if your girls never had a radish off me."
>
> "Just one, then," the blacksmith's wife was scarlet.
>
> "No, four. Half for each of them."
>
> "No," Laya shouted.
>
> "Three, then," Baynish was shouting, too.
>
> "One," Laya was screeching.
>
> "Three!"
>
> "No!"
>
> "Three!"
>
> "Two."
>
> "Give them here, then," his eyes glared as though he was ready to do murder, "but I want three onions."

Baynish distributes his gleanings only to the younger children. When the others begin to cry, he attempts to exorcise the wails of hunger by outshouting them. With Hasidic fervor he breaks into an inspired dance of hope, prophesying that all will go well. Indeed, hope is Baynish's stock in trade. The Lord had sent the Children of Israel quails and manna; he will not let his

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Jews in Polana die of hunger, either. And so, after hope comes the miracle, in the shape of a tourist couple who arrive in town and whom Baynish resourcefully inveigles into hiring him as their guide and driver.

Although "The Affair of the Mikvah" deals with the same Polana Jews, the man-*vs.*-God motif of the first story here flowers into a ripe conflict between *eros* and *theos*. The hero, Pinkhes, who has reason to believe he is a *lamed vovnik*, one of the thirty-six Hidden Saints, is in a perpetual struggle to elevate his soul. Unfortunately he is married to lusty Brana, a blowzy, amazingly fertile woman reminiscent of the choicest heroines of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Rabelais. Her only purpose, seemingly, is to clip Pinkhes's spiritual wings. Pinkhes's time is equally divided between the earthly and the celestial realms, depending upon the phase of the moon. The fortnight when his wife is forbidden to him (or, rather, vice versa) is a spiritual delight. After Brana's visit to the *mikvah* (ritual bath) the two-week reign of terror commences, and as good husband and Jew Pinkhes must perform his conjugal duties. How he gains a few welcome days of respite, how *theos* temporarily puts off *eros*, is the intriguing theme of this comic tale.

Whereas in the first two stories the Jews are culturally self-sufficient and isolated from revolutionary ideological currents, in the short novel "The Sorrowful Eyes of Hannah Karajich" Olbracht deals with the modern world's challenge to Polana. Here he traces the fortunes of the Shafar family, who in turn lose their prestige, their wealth, and finally, when their daughter Hannah leaves them, their honor. Zionism is one of the modern world's currents, and it is indirectly responsible for Hannah's eventual spiritual dislocation. While in another town for Zionistic training, Hannah meets a commercial traveler, Ivo Karajich, *né* Izzie Cohen. Anti-Zionist, ex-Jew (also ex-Christian), and secretary of "The Free Thinking Society," this assimilationist ironically falls in love with the Orthodox girl. The only weak element in an otherwise far-ranging and successful story is Hannah's rather abrupt shedding of tradition and provinciality. The novella's dramatic climax, objectively and sympathetically narrated, results from the reaction of the town and Hannah's family to her decision to marry this man of no religion.

The Bitter and the Sweet, rendered into sprightly English by Iris Urwin, is an authentic, unsentimentalized portrait of a living village. Where the *shtetl* dwellers have been martyred, the teller of tales alone remains, in the dual role of artist and spiritual archivist, to record and preserve its life patterns with fidelity and compassion.

Pandemonium in the Candy Store

***The Vendor of Sweets**, by R. K. Narayan (Viking. 181 pp. $4.95), portrays the explosion of the electronic age into the life of an elderly Indian candy-maker. Nicholas Samstag's latest books are "Come and See My Shining Palace" and "Bamboozled."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

GERALD SYKES, on the first page of his forthcoming *The Cool Millennium*, says, "Man rushes first to be saved *by* technology, and then to be saved *from* it." Certainly books like R. K. Narayan's pastoral novels about Malgudi, of which this is the tenth, are a fine way to retreat from technology, for in many a dead end happiness grows so luxuriantly that it smothers ambition.

Malgudi is indeed a happy village, with its statue of Sir Frederick Lawley that once marked its limits and is now almost at its center; with its Truth Printing Company, which has never yet obtained the type the proprietor needs to print Jagan's masterwork, *Nature Care and Natural Diet*; with its Public Library, into which Jagan has never ventured. For what does one need beyond the *Bhagavad-Gita*, which he has read a thousand times and in which he still reads every day, often aloud to the head cook of the Sweet Mart, and to The Captain, who ushers in the customers, and to his cousin who makes his living by listening to and serving the whole village? It is a life in which the respectable eat off dining leaves (of the banana tree) and throw their plates out the windows to the beggars; in which men of good will wear only shoes made from the skins of beasts who died a natural death ("Why should I kill an animal that I may walk on his skin?"); in which the Vedas are known by all to have issued from God's feet, wherefore the wise man will not wear socks, refusing to insulate himself from earth's magnetism.

If technology is coming to Malgudi, it creeps on little jaguar pads and it is still far, far away. It explodes, however, into the life of Jagan, the vendor of the title, with all the illogic and confusion of the electronic age and youth in revolt, scattering the saffron flowers and the precious *sohan papdi* around the sweet shop, spraying rumors and ruckus across the normally somnolent village landscape, and upsetting Jagan's house, his dignity, and his imminent *jamna* (spiritual rebirth at the age of sixty).

Back from America (where he had demanded to be sent to complete his education as a writer) comes the ungrateful, frowsty, and probably vicious son of the respected old candy-maker, having spent his daddy's money and lost his wish to write. With him is not his bride but what *Time* used to call "his great and good friend" Grace, daughter of an American GI and a Korean mother, a winsome but undervalued accessory to the fact that what Mali now wants is $50,000 more (two-and-a-half lakhs of rupees) to help start a company for the manufacture of writing machines. These are not typewriters, but machines that will write stories, poems, articles, or anything else programmed into their cybernetic nervous systems.

Understandably, Jagan drags his unstockinged feet; but he is ruthlessly harried by son and concubine until—well, East is East and West is West, and what they do to an ungrateful, unruly, and disrespectful son in the heart of India is not what they would do in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Read *The Vendor of Sweets* not just for the somewhat slender story but for the kindly, beguiling world it portrays, which, let us remember, please, you and I and General Westmoreland are trying to turn into something else—we're not sure what and we're not sure why.

Pyromaniacal Iraqi: Set in India during the Second World War, Aaron Ju-

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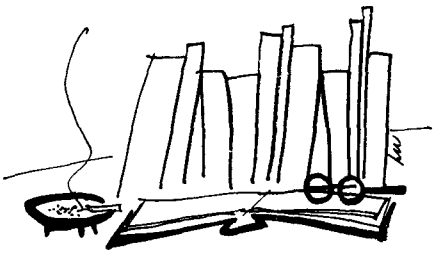
dah's *Clown on Fire* (Dial, $4.50) is a pleasant, energetic, pointless novel, with hints of animalism, pyromania that remains unconsummated, outlandish sexual situations where nothing is done, and postures of head-on colonial warfare during which hardly a pop-gun is fired. Its hero is wholesome and brainless, its characters are simplified, its episodes casual and bizarre, and its plot has the bounce of a one-spark-plug car. Yet the book cheerfully refuses to be dead.

The prologue suggests black comedy. A Russian rabbi's son, kidnapped by a circus bear-tamer, sleeps with the bear rather than his master. Joe Hosea, his Iraqi grandson and our hero, disappears with a tamer, a bear, a monkey, and a goat.

Because of his pyromania he gets sent to a boys' school. There he feels put upon by the only woman, a married English teacher, who appoints him Puck for the school's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Infuriated and starved for female company, he wants to convert to Islam and burn down the school. Instead he steals off with a Moslem boy, who engineers the theft of the school machine gun, which then won't work. Maddened by a Moslem girl hid-



den in a bird cage, Joe sneaks into the women's quarters in disguise. Nothing happens; and, escaping, he knocks unconscious a Moslem warrior who gets fresh. He hides in a native village, where he twitches a scarecrow for a living. At last sex arrives to Joe Hosea: he dreams of his school teacher, "pressing my head gently against the plastic warmth of her bosom." But she is making him pronounce Puck's lines with the right accent; and he wakes to the braying of a goat. It is enough to send him back to school.

His style recalls an old Iraqi storyteller, heard many years ago, sitting cross-legged in the streets of Jerusalem as he endlessly spun the chronicle of the Holy Monk of Athos and the Whore of Cairo, his coin cup at his feet. *Clown on Fire* rings a little like a chronicle, also like *David Copperfield* as Galsworthy might have conceived it; the Theater of the Absurd, summer-camp skits, and a pubertal *Candy.* We trust in the sequel Joe Hosea will get Puck's accent right. In this volume he cannot quite hit it.

—JUDAH STAMPFER.

Fraternity of Rapists: With his new novel, *Brothers in Arms* (translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn, Harper & Row, $5.95), Hans Hellmut Kirst reaffirms his reputation as Germany's most popular novelist. His books, of which *The Night of the Generals* is still the best, are an extended chronicle of life in the German army as seen through the eyes of a man thoroughly disenchanted with the military traditions of his country. A Prussian by birth, and a veteran of the Nazi war, Kirst knows whereof he writes. His success with a reading public in twenty-four languages makes plain how necessary and how effective are his broadsides against the Wehrmacht.

As in *The Night of the Generals,* the fast-paced action centers around the murder of a woman raped and killed in the closing days of the war. The only witness, left in the lurch by his comrades, is presumed dead until he reappears sixteen years later. His former buddies quickly realize what is at stake and try to dispose of the witness once again.

With more detail than finesse, Kirst depicts the underbelly of the New Germany, a world of brutality and hatred behind a smokescreen of correctness. The glamorized brotherhood of the war years that binds the rapists together disintegrates under the threat of exposure, and a hornet's nest of depravity is let loose. Coercion, blackmail, and murder are the weapons in the fight against memory of a guilt that will not die until it is atoned for.

Kirst, having found his own distinctive blend of indignation, disillusion, sex and crime many years and many novels ago, has not added any new ingredient in his book. But then, why should he? The mixture works extremely well, and no one who enjoyed one of his earlier stories will be disappointed by *Brothers in Arms.*

—J. P. BAUKE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

AMERICANA

George M. Hancox of Westwood, Mass., writes that this "dactylic doggerel" was inspired by Lowell's *Fable for Critics.* Can you identify these American authors by his rhymed descriptions? Order is restored on page 39.

To sparkle his book sales, he brewed up a mystery,
Then dumped on New Yorkers a bogus Dutch history. ( )

Kin of Robert and Amy, well known in the Yard,
Atlantic's first pilot, of Launfal the bard. ( )

This recluse never dreamt that his jailing would bring
On the sit-ins of Gandhi and M. Luther King. ( )

He invented whodunits; for dead maids he pines;
On his work, say the critics, the sun never shines. ( )

In his autobiography, hear him profess
That an organized life breeds material success. ( )

A sawbones whose tongue fitted best in his cheek,
His postprandial jollity Boston did seek. ( )

Walking out of his pulpit on doctrinal grounds,
This sage preached to all on the lecture tour rounds. ( )

Yankee Quaker, he says he's not a verse wizard;
His best came long after a New England blizzard. ( )

What mean all his symbols? Ah, *je ne sais pas.*
(But a clue was his Puritan hang-witch grandpa.) ( )

From Cambridge and Harvard this fellow wrote long
Poetic narrations—like that Indian "Song . . ." ( )

Though he later repented, he made witches holler
The while he condemned them, this Puritan scholar. ( )

With Dame Revolution he was often caught flirting,
While his free-thinking tracts left the orthodox hurting. ( )

1. Emerson
2. Franklin
3. Hawthorne
4. Holmes
5. Irving
6. Longfellow
7. Lowell
8. Cotton Mather
9. Tom Paine
10. Poe
11. Thoreau
12. Whittier

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U-235

Continued from page 29

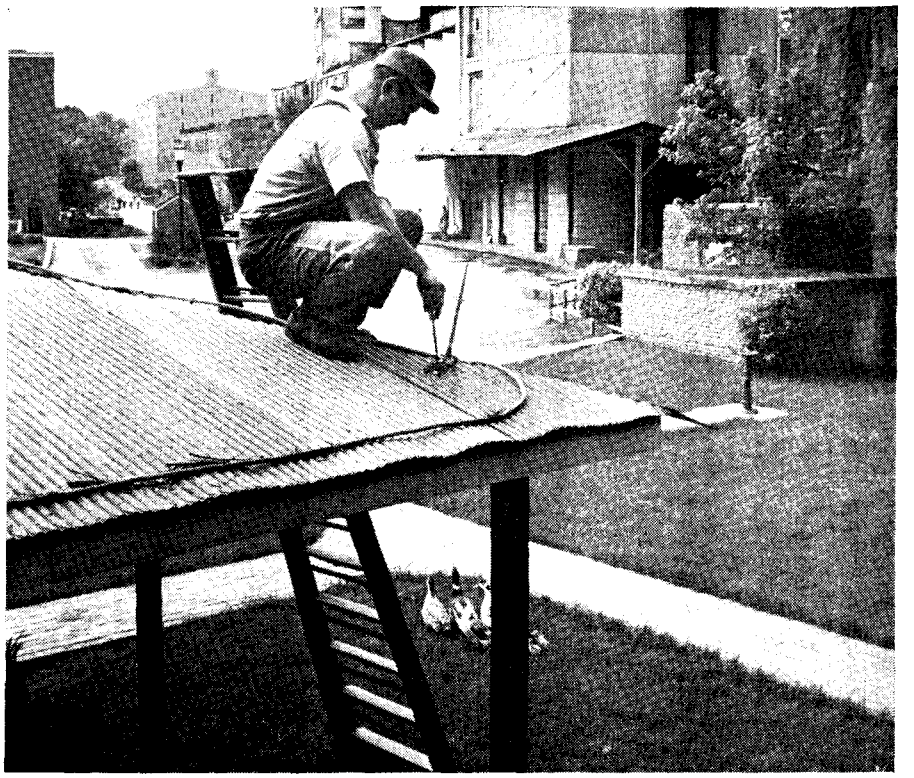
once, at Alamogordo on July 16, 1945.)

For the most part, Mr. Groueff gives the impression of excellent teamwork and high spirits among the participants, who were inspired to speed out of fear that the Germans would win the race to make a bomb and, therefore, win the war. Only occasionally does the author refer to ruffled exchanges between military leaders and scientists on the Project about working methods. To the scientists and many business engineers the security precautions were an irritant. Indeed, the government reluctantly accepted the refusal of at least one prominent business leader to fill out a security questionnaire—he was needed so badly.

ACCORDING to Groves, as interpreted by the author, Oppenheimer was accepted as Los Alamos laboratory head because he was considered vital to the success of the Project, even though at that time some objections on security grounds were made to his appointment. If the book's account is accurate it again confirms how ridiculous and tragic it was for the government to retract the scientist's security clearance long after he had served his country by successfully leading his team to the making of atomic bombs.

An interesting recurring theme is the number of times unlikely talent was brought in to help solve a seemingly insurmountable problem. In one case an interior decorator, Edward Norris, contributed by helping to invent a material to act as a barrier in the gaseous-diffusion process for separating U-235. Another example was the use of a printer, Leonard Shazkin, to work on the same barrier problem. Many of the tasks had never before been conceived, let alone carried out. And to compound difficulties, in the interest of saving time the manufacture of an item and the construction of whole plants often preceded necessary answers to problems. No effort, money, or talent was spared. After three years, with more than $2 billion dollars expended and thousands of individuals involved, success was achieved.

There is no discussion in the book of the policy questions involved in detonating or controlling the bomb. The intent of the book is more to thank many people and describe their work than to discuss the moral, political, and philosophical implications of this gigantic achievement. In short, *Manhattan Project* is a stimulating account of how men and women from all over the country—as well as from Great Britain and Canada—frantically put machines and materials together to produce the most destructive weapon known to mankind at that time.



TAKING CARE OF JACK DANIEL'S OLD OFFICE is a chore we don't mind. It's still our favorite sitting place.

Even though we moved to our new office a while back, we like to come here and listen to the old-timers tell about Mr. Jack and how he used to declare: "Every day we make whiskey, we'll make it the best we can!" Checking the lightning rod is just a way of making sure this old building will always be around. And, making sure we remember Mr. Jack's vow is bound to be good for us too.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE © 1967, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business

THE CORPORATION AND THE ARTS. By Richard Eells. Macmillan. $7.95.

Collections

THE DOLPHIN SMILES: Twenty-nine Centuries of Dolphin Lore. Edited by Eleanore Devine and Martha Clark. Macmillan. $7.95.

FOR MALCOLM: Poems on the Life and the Death of Malcolm X. Edited by Dudley Randall and Margaret G. Burroughs. Broadside Press. Paperback, $2.

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY: An Anthology. Edited by Vladimir Markov and Merrill Sparks. Bobbs-Merrill. $12.50.

POEMS: Chosen by the Author. By Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Hill & Wang. $3.95. (Bilingual edition.)

THE RADICAL IMAGINATION: An Anthology from *Dissent* Magazine. Edited by Irving Howe. New American Library. $7.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE BRIGHT GREEN WAISTCOAT. By Pete Fry. Roy. $3.50.

CODE NAME SEBASTIAN. By James L. Johnson. Lippincott. $4.50.

Current Affairs

THOSE PECULIAR AMERICANS. By Lawrence H. Fuchs. Meredith. $4.95.

TODAY'S ISMS: Communism, Fascism, Capitalism, Socialism. By William Ebenstein. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $3.75.

Fiction

ABOUT US. By Chester Aaron. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

THE CHOSEN ONE AND OTHER STORIES. By Rhys Davies. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

COMING OUT. By Theodore Isaac Rubin. Trident. $3.95.

THE DEEP END. By Joseph Hayes. Viking. $6.95.

INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES. By Edmundo Desnoes. New American Library. $4.50.

THE LAST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE. By Timothy Findley. Meredith. $4.95.

MAX BRAND'S BEST STORIES. Edited by Robert Easton. Dodd, Mead. $5.

MOONSHINE LIGHT, MOONSHINE BRIGHT. By William Price Fox. Lippincott. $5.95.

ONE-WAY STREET. By Alexander T. Holmsten. Meredith. $5.95.

SON OF RHUBARB. By H. Allen Smith. Trident. $4.95.

TO BE YOUNG WAS VERY HEAVEN. By Marian Lawrence Peabody. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

25TH REUNION. By David Camerer. McKay. $4.95.

VOTAN. By John James. New American Library. $5.

Games

BEYOND LANGUAGE: Adventures in Word and Thought. By Dmitri A. Borgmann. Scribners. $7.50.

History

ALONG THE CLIPPER WAY. By Francis Chichester. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

International Affairs

CHINA AND U.S. FAR EAST POLICY. By the Congressional Quarterly Service. Washington, D.C. Paperback. $4.95.

NIGERIA. By Sir Rex Niven. Praeger. $7.

VIETNAM: The Roots of Conflict. By Chester A. Bain. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

COUNTER-INSURGENCY OPERATIONS: Techniques of Guerrilla Warfare. By Julian Paget. Walker. $5.95.

MYSTERIOUS FIRES AND LIGHTS. By Vincent H. Gaddis. McKay. $5.50.

Personal History

CHALLENGE AND ENCOUNTER: Behind the Scenes in the Struggle for Jewish Survival. By Maurice Bisgyer. Crown. $4.95.

THE INCREDIBLE BEAU BRUMMELL. By Samuel Tenenbaum. Barnes. $6.

LADY OF THE TWO LANDS: Five Queens of Ancient Egypt. By Leonard Cottrell. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

MAO TSE-TUNG. By Stuart Schram. Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

Religion

THE GREAT AWAKENING: Documents Illustrating the Crisis and Its Consequences. Edited by Alan Heimert and Perry Miller. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

IRON CURTAIN CHRISTIANS: The Church in Communist Countries Today. By Kurt Hutten. Augsburg. $10.

Sociology

JEWISH IDENTITY ON THE SUBURBAN FRONTIER: A Study of Group Survival in the Open Society. By Marshall Sklare and Joseph Greenblum. Basic Books. $11.50.

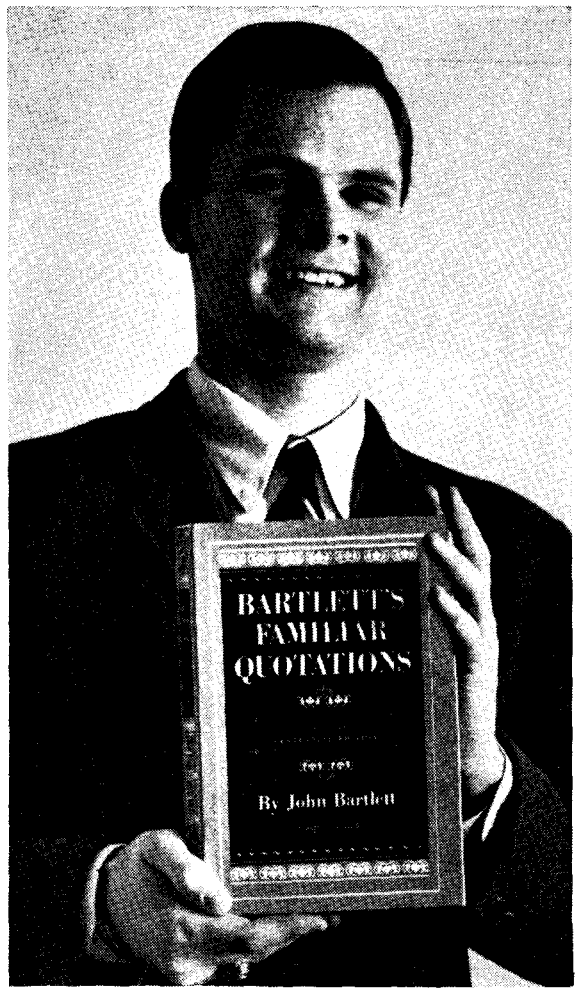
THE JEWS AMONG THE NATIONS. By Erich Kahler. Ungar. $4.75.

Travel

THEIR SHINING ELDORADO: A Journey Through Australia. By Elspeth Huxley. Morrow. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

They both made the Dean's List



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Apathetic Alert

Continued from page 31

ferences to published works, personal interviews, and such sources as the Japanese Foreign Office Archives, which were microfilmed for the Library of Congress; the hearings before the Congressional Joint Committee on the Investigation of the Pearl Harbor Attack, and Documents and Exhibits of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East.

For persons intrigued by how codes are made and broken, the difference between codes and ciphers, and the effect of the development of coding machines this book has a great deal to offer. Others can skim lightly over the many pages of detailed description and still find much to engross them.

THE rivalries and jealousies between the intelligence services of the Army and Navy, their mutual distrust of any intelligence obtained by the State Department or its Foreign Service, and the reluctance of the military intelligence services to pay much attention to information they secured from Japanese consular and diplomatic sources make a sad story—but one which I know from personal experience to be true. It is one of the reasons for the setting up after World War II of the presently much maligned CIA.

The author piles detail upon detail to prove his points. He tells how the substantial cable traffic from the Japanese consulate in Honolulu was largely ignored by the intelligence officers in both Washington and Honolulu.

> The assumption that the "Japanese diplomatic service" was incapable of good intelligence work was the result of professional conceit on the part of the officers in ONI.

Colonel Rufus Bratton of Army intelligence is thought to be one of the few professional intelligence officers who sensed during November of 1941 that war with Japan was highly probable. In fact, just before December 7th he is reported to have asked his opposite number in ONI whether he was certain the people at Pearl Harbor were properly alerted; he was assured they were and that the fleet either had or shortly was going out to sea. As the author says in discussing this exchange ". . . the Japanese knew better the whereabouts of the Pacific Fleet than the chief of the Far Eastern Section of the American Naval Intelligence Service."

Perhaps the worst example of the effect of interservice rivalries was the decision of the Army signal officer to send by commercial means a cable drafted by General Marshall on the morning of December 7 (Washington time) to General Short in Honolulu informing him just when the Japanese ambassador would deliver "what amounts to an ultimatum," and that the Japanese embassy was ordered to destroy its code machines immediately. The communication, which was to be repeated to Admiral Kimmel at Pearl Harbor, ended with the words: "Just what significance the hour set may have we do not know, but be on alert accordingly." The Navy had offered to send the dispatch over its channels, which were in good working order. The Army channels to Honolulu were out of order but, rather than admit this to the Navy, the Army signal officer decided to use Western Union—and General Short finally saw the warning hours after the first Japanese bombs had been dropped.

At times one wonders just what is the real value of intelligence. Obviously, it alone is not enough. There must be imagination, a sense of urgency, and a willingness to ignore bureaucratic red tape and sensitivities if the dedicated, lonely, and often boring work of the intelligent agent is to bear fruit.

"If that click on the extension is you, Mother, remember that wiretap evidence is inadmissible."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5, 7, 11, 10, 2, 4, 1, 12, 3, 6, 8, 9.

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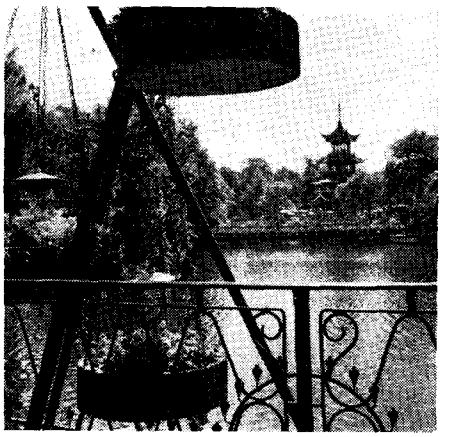
The Happy Parks—I: Tivoli

THE FINNS, the Mexicans, the Russians, the Canadians, the Danes, and, for all I know, some other tribes are observing anniversaries this year, yet it is reasonably safe to say that nowhere will the celebrations be more bizarre than at Copenhagen. It is 800 years old this year.

Less than two weeks hence some 10,000 young people, representing fourteen different sectors of the city, will parade through the streets carrying torches. While they will terminate their march at City Hall, nobody will be protesting anything or even confirming anything, unless it be an affirmation of the inherent joy of the city. The next day, which is Jubilée Day, is to be celebrated in a way that is dear to the life of all Danes—eating and drinking. A mile-long table is being spread along the Strøget, the narrow but fashionable shopping street, and it will sag under the weight of countless crêpes filled with ice cream, a dish known as City Hall pancakes since that is where they are frequently served. The glasses for drinks will be made of plastic to keep the thoroughfares free of broken glass. There is to be street dancing and fireworks that night.

A debilitating list of events winds through the summer, many of them equally unusual, but none more so than the pure fact that Tivoli Gardens, the amusement park that is the heartland of Copenhagen, will remain open an extra week, closing on September 17 instead of September 10. For tradition-crusted Tivoli, itself 124 years old and looking ahead to its own party next year, the deviation from its normal schedule is an indication of its ineluctable interrelationship with the city.

In the morning Tivoli is a lovely park, a garden planted with beautiful trees, laid out with benches from which one can watch the early shafts of sunlight playing on the lagoons, the walkways, and the flower beds. At noon most of its twenty-three restaurants open for lunch. In the afternoon the amusements are unlocked, and by nightfall they are in grand array, playing to the festive glow of some 85,000 light bulbs that festoon the bridges, flicker in the trees, and rim the fanciful onion-domed buildings that reflect in the lakes.



—*Photos, Danish Nat'l Travel Office.*

Tivoli Garden—"in the morning . . . a lovely park, a garden planted with beautiful trees. . . ."

In the waning light of the long Danish summer nights, the Pantomime Theater comes alive, its peacock curtain ringing up for yet another session, from which the Danes, or anybody else for that matter, seem never to tire. It is the oldest place in the world where *commedia dell'arte* can still be seen, having been imported by an Italian in 1800. The first Pierrot, a Dane named N. H. Volkersen, —who preferred to call himself Artist Volkersen—appeared in Tivoli in 1843, the year the park opened. He played "Harlequin as a Mechanical Statue," which I saw the night Tivoli opened last year. When it was over, the white clown face appeared and answered the children's exhortations to say something. When he did, these children, long since dead of old age, cried out, "Hurrah!" even as I heard children shout the same way to the same exchange last spring.

It is a tradition at the Pantomime Theater that one of the original shows of Pasquale Casorti, who first brought the art form to Copenhagen, be performed as the first number. The second show may be a modern ballet. In honor of the 800th anniversary of Copenhagen, a new ballet, taking highlights from the history of the city, will make its debut. Not the least of the pleasures of the theater, at least for me, is turning around to read the wonder and the rapture on the young faces so joyfully intent on the scene onstage.

In a way the Pantomime Theater sets a certain mood for all of Tivoli, blessing it with a fey air of whimsy, in itself so much a part of the Danes' own humor. What other city, after all, would plant an amusement park in its very center, and *leave* it there. More crass communities would long since have ripped it up to let the contractors and the developers send cement piles soaring skyward, meanwhile filling the air with assorted apologia about progress, business future,

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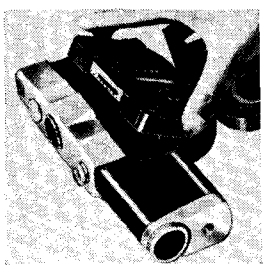

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accelerated commerce, forward-looking communities, and other catchwords of the modern materialism.

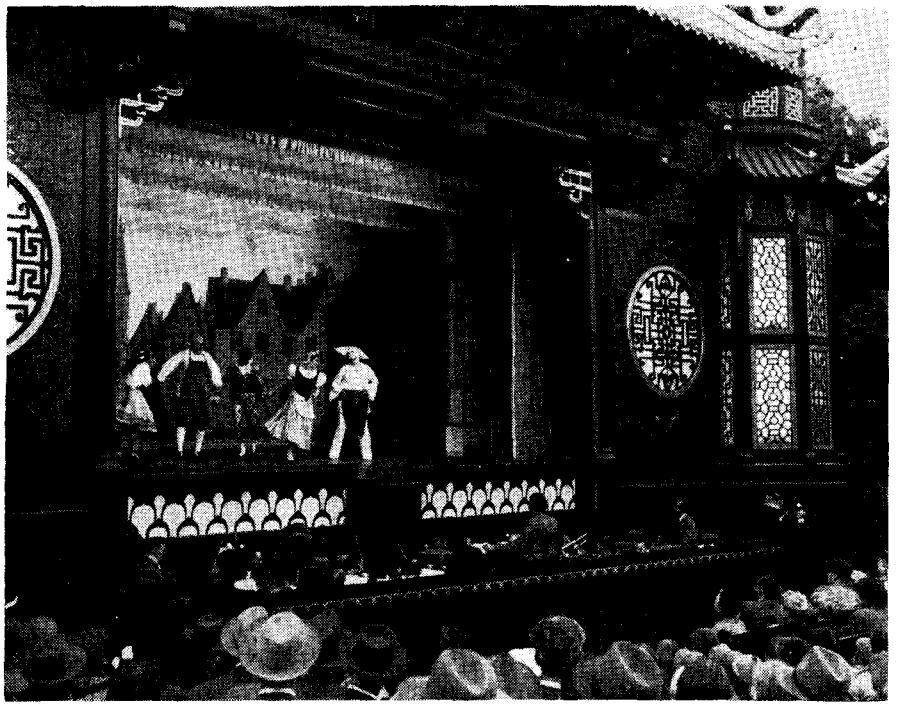
But Copenhagen is a city with a heart, and Tivoli is its garden. Here the fountains burble and the waltzes come drifting through the trees. The roller coasters may roll, as they do at Coney, but the character of the park is not in its mechanical rides, but in the marching drummers of the Boy Guard, fuzzy in their bearskins and brilliant in their scarlet tunics, stepping right out of a storybook for boys. Here one can sit, as I have on memorable evenings, at the elegant Belle Terrasse, eating Denmark's beautiful salmon which comes to the table under a blanket of chopped dill, an herb the Danes use with the abandon of an American teen-ager swabbing mayonnaise or catsup. Somehow it is equally enjoyable to buy a *varme pølse*, which is a hot dog that is too long, accompanied by a roll that is too short, and to sit on a bench to nibble it and watch the wonderland. For all I know there may be hoops to throw over pegs, or pennies to pitch into bottles in Tivoli, and thus win an outsized doll, but it somehow seems much more inviting, especially if one must expunge a lurking hostility, to repair to a booth and throw baseballs at a rack of china plates. No prizes, just contentment.

Although there are twenty-three restaurants (the enormous Wivex, often said to be the largest restaurant in Europe, has closed), visitors are nonetheless invited to come with their own picnic baskets. More than 2,000 of them can sit down for an al fresco lunch. More than 300 concerts are scheduled this season, which, as always, began on May 1. Almost all of them are free. So, too, is the slam-bang finish, the bursting of fireworks which thunder up into the Danish sky and explode in a spray of light behind City Hall.

From morning park to midnight fireworks, Tivoli is a sanctuary from the press of city life which swirls all around it. Never does it reek with popcorn seediness or commercialism. King Frederik VII, who once fretted over the possibility of an imminent revolution, was quickly reassured. The only thing that would ever detonate a revolt in Denmark, a courtier told him, would be the closing of Tivoli. Even the Germans didn't dare do that, although Danish Quislings did damage the park as an act of reprisal, hitting the city where it would hurt the most.

Danes are fond of noting that Tivoli occupies an old battlefield from which the Swedes once tried to storm the city. Tivoli's lake and some of the high ground are remains of the defenses which the Danes hurried to build after the war with the Swedes. The fortifications stayed for 200 years, and were not removed until the 1890s, when the nation seemed at last secure from its neighbor. The liquor laws being more agreeable than those in their homeland, and the air of Tivoli so festive, Swedes—albeit with less fearsome intent—continue to storm the city to this day.

Tivoli first opened on August 15, 1843, at 6 in the morning, an event which will be celebrated on its 125th anniversary next year, providing, of



Pantomime Theatre—"In a way, [it] sets a certain mood for all of Tivoli, blessing it with a fey air of whimsy. . . ."

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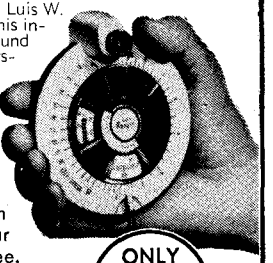

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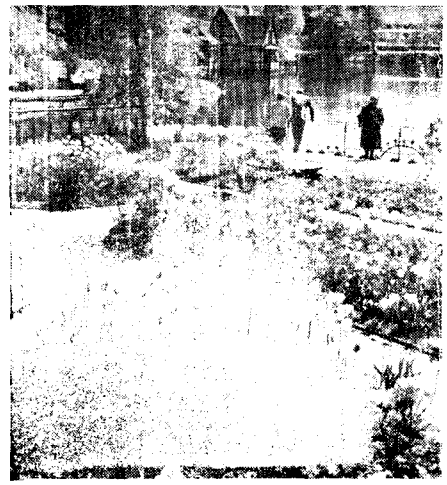
course, that the hangover from Copenhagen's 1967 party has worn off by that time. The park was conceived by Georg Carstensen, who was born in Algiers, a statistic to which historians attach a certain significance to this day. The exotic scenes of his childhood flavored young Carstensen's imagination and imparted to his designs for Tivoli a certain cachet which it seems to exude to this very day. The unusual houses he remembered from Algiers, the colorful people who flocked to his father's house, and the gaiety that flowed through his early environment all seemed to come to life in Tivoli, which he was to build some thirty years later.

From King Christian VIII he got a five-year charter on a park site that was outside the city. He suggested that an amusement area would divert the people from thinking about politics, and the King agreed. The young entrepreneur had the place ready in two and a half months. More than 3,000 visitors came the first day, but the word spread quickly. By the following Sunday, 16,000 of Copenhagen's 120,000 citizens were in the park. While the city was delighted with Carstensen, his directors were not. Things got so bad that the young showman enlisted to fight in the German war, later went to the West Indies, then showed up in New York, where he won a competition for an industrial design. A dozen years after Tivoli opened he was back in Copenhagen, but the directorate was unrelenting. They refused to pay him what he felt was owed him. He immediately began work on what might have become a park to outshine his own Tivoli. It was to be called Alhambra, but before it could be finished Carstensen died. He was forty-four.

What is amazing about Tivoli, and is perhaps its secret, is that nothing has radically changed since the beginning. It was Carstensen who brought the trees and the flowers, the Moorish architecture, the music and the theater, the brilliant lighting, and even the young sentinels who became the Boy Guard. They first marched in 1844, the year after the park opened, although they didn't get their uniform, copied from the Royal Guards, until 1868, and the band was not added until 1906.



Tulip time—"Here the fountains burble and the waltzes come drifting through the trees."

The same year the Boy Guard first marched, Carstensen also brought Gaetano Amici, an Italian expert in fireworks displays, to Copenhagen. A street in Frederiksberg, where he had his workshop, is still named for him, and one of his protégés developed the lake fireworks that are so much a part of the displays to this day. The Pantomime Theater and the first restaurant, in Carstensen's Bazaar Building, appeared the first year. Some of Tivoli's most famous restaurants of today, however, grew from small refreshment stands that sold beer and *akvavit*.

WHEN the tensions of the early wars relaxed and the fortifications were removed, Copenhagen spread itself across the land, encompassing Tivoli, which had once been in a suburb. Inside the city, the park became an enclave of serenity and of pleasure. By 1888 the Scandinavian exhibition seemed to mark the beginning of a new and greater time in Northern Europe. Copenhagen rode out the misery of the wars and the occupation until 1944. On June 24, pro-German Danes ravaged half of Tivoli's buildings, destroying the Concert Hall, the Glass House, the Arena, and the Merry Corner. To attack Tivoli was to attack the very heart of Copenhagen. Three weeks later the orchestra was back, playing in makeshift quarters in the old Wivex restaurant. The audience packed the hall night after night and defiantly applauded the national anthem.

As for Carstensen, a statue of him was finally dedicated in 1903, and it stands now just inside the main gate. In 1963, 150 years after his birth, the government issued a special stamp. It had the names of Tivoli and of Carstensen on it, and for a time letters mailed in Denmark carried the name of the amusement park and its originator all over the world.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first of a two-part series on amusement parks.)

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One in the Aisle

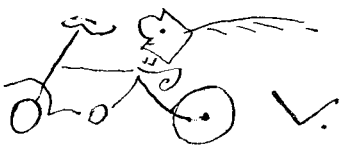
NO MISTAKE about it, Neil Simon is a very funny man. He has an extraordinary knack for taking the commonplace, turning it upside down, and shaking the laughs out of it. He also has an uncanny ear for the amusing turns of everyday conversation, which become funnier still when put into the mouths of people who take themselves very seriously. Simon's people, as represented in his own adaptation of his hit play, *Barefoot in the Park*, are essentially characters—which is to say that they are quite ordinary men and women operating under a strong compulsion to do ridiculous things, but who feel that their actions are the most natural and reasonable in the world. And because Simon makes them so attractive and appealing, we are more than willing to go along with them, enjoying every moment of their temporary discomfort, applauding enthusiastically their ultimate triumphs.

Since *Barefoot* is now in its fourth year on Broadway, and touring companies, summer stock, and university players have carried it well into the hinterland, there are probably few who do not know about the newly married Bratters and their eccentric apartment on the sixth floor of a Village walk-up. What scenarist Simon has done to improve on playwright Simon's original has been to open the action well beyond the play's single setting and, except for a prolonged finale straight out of an old Harold Lloyd movie, to interlard his basic material with scenes and sequences that are so smoothly carpentered into the structure as to give no sense of superfluous padding.

The film opens, for example, with a six-night honeymoon at the Plaza that mischievously sets the mood of the Bratters' tempestuous married life. The Velasco apartment, the Balkan restaurant on Staten Island, Paul's drunken interlude in Washington Square, and, of course, those six flights of steps—all merely talked about in the theater—enhance the comedy not only visually (Joseph La Shelle's color camerawork is superb) but also add sparkle with Simon's hilarious dialogue and comic inventions.

But best of all in the film is its meticulously chosen cast and the adroit, amusing performances that director Gene Saks, here making his movie debut, has elicited from each member. Since both Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick are veterans of the New York company, their smooth expertise as the young man and his bemused mother-in-law is hardly surprising. But Charles Boyer slips just as snugly into the role of Velasco, the scrounging, aging Bohemian who lives upstairs. And Jane Fonda, who hitherto seems to have had difficulty in determining which note to hit in her various roles, at last displays that she is in fact a charmingly fey, disturbingly sexy light comedienne, with an instinct for the timing and intonation of laugh lines that should keep her busy for many years to come. Add a marvelously understated performance by Herbert Edelman as a harassed telephone repairman and an aptly jazzy and sophisticated musical score by Neal Hefti, and the result is an entertainment that can do much to lighten a long, hot summer.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are no such encomia for *Caprice*, billed as "a most unusual suspense comedy," and co-starring a most unlikely romantic team, Doris Day and Richard Harris. It is difficult to describe *Caprice* in terms of plot. One thinks of it rather as a conspiracy—a conspiracy directed, specifically, against the aging and unflatteringly gowned and photographed Miss Day. How else to explain the scene, early in the picture, when cosmetics expert Ray Walston demonstrates for her the before-and-after effects of his product on a model? One waits, and hopes, for his compound to work a similar miracle for our Doris. It is not to be. She moves doggedly through the film from close-up to close-up that cruelly reveal the puckered skin around her lips, the tired lines about her eyes. And if that were not enough, the script dumps her—mod dress and all—down a California hillside, then asks her to be bright and brittle through a layer of accumulated



dirt and rubble. No actress could possibly do it, and Miss Day is no exception.

No less distressing than this flagrant abuse of Miss Day's looks and talent (she sings the title song, but only over the picture's credits), is the casting of Richard Harris as her sparring partner and swain. The two are presumably rival spies in the cosmetics industry, and the virile Harris is as ill-suited to chasing after the secret formula for a new hair-spray as he is to the posh, $250,000 (the studio tells us) bachelor pad with its swinging bed, to which, on occasion, he retires with a shapely informant and, eventually, Miss Day. *Caprice*, alas, is a "suspense comedy" without either suspense or laughs—and the only "most unusual" thing about it is that it was written and directed by the talented Frank Tashlin. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

WIT TWISTER #10

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

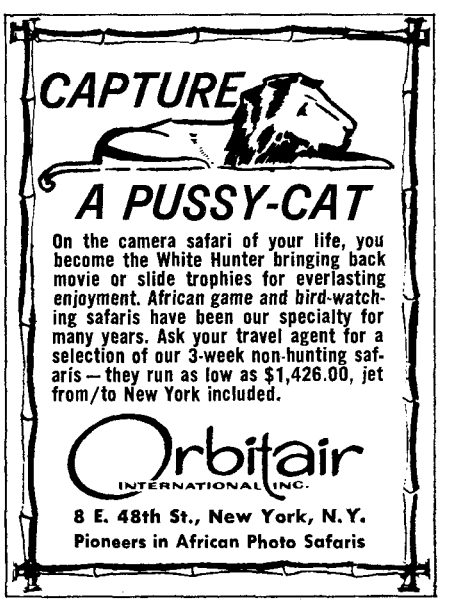
Good landlord, fill the flowing — — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:
Caught is the — — — — of white lies
By Satan's subtlest — — — — of all.
He is quite — — — — of Paradise
Until, too late, he — — — — his fall.

(Answer on page 48)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All This and Expo, Too

THE TIME has come for Broadway to take a badly needed, if not terribly well deserved rest. The only important theater openings during the summer will be occurring elsewhere. At Lincoln Center, a revival of *South Pacific* (June 12-Sept. 9) and Peter Ustinov's new play, *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife* (June 27-July 29), are scheduled. Jones Beach Marine Amphitheatre will bring back *Arabian Nights* (July 1-Sept. 4). And the New York Shakespeare Festival will augment its regular programs (see accompanying chart) with *Lallapolooza, A Show for Kids,* which will play matinees every day except Monday with the Borough-touring Mobile Theater Unit (June 29-Aug. 30) and at Central Park's Delacorte Theater (Aug. 31-Sept. 4).

The rest of North America, however, is theatrically pregnant. Some of the perennial events are listed on the right. The principal addition to these this summer is Expo 67's lineup of plays and musicals. Originating at the Montreal fair will be Alexander H. Cohen's production of *Hellzapoppin '67*, starring Soupy Sales and Greta Thyssen (June 25-Sept 16), and a daily one-hour show for children called *The Magic Box* (May 1-Oct. 27). Personal appearances include: Marlene Dietrich (June 12-24), Jack Benny and Jack Jones (July 24-30), The Supremes (Aug. 21-23), Duke Ellington and Sarah Vaughan (Sept. 3-9), and Pearl Bailey (Sept. 24-30). In addition, Maurice Chevalier will be seen in the musical extravaganza, *Flying Colors* (July 11-30).

For the more serious theatergoer, there will be visiting companies from many countries. French-speaking groups from Canada, France, Switzerland, and Belgium predominate, but there is also the marvelous Kabuki Theatre from Japan (Aug.4-12), Italy's Teatro Stabile di Genova (June 12-17), a production in German of Franz Lehar's *The Land of Smiles* (July 17-22), and the Greek National Theatre (Oct. 2-9) with *Agamemnon, Oedipus at Colonus,* and *Ajax.*

For those who prefer their plays in English, Expo is offering several Canadian companies, the most famous of which, the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, will bring Christopher Plummer and Zoe Caldwell to Montreal in *Antony and Cleopatra* (Oct. 17-28). The United States will be represented by the APA Repertory Company (Oct. 9-14). And Britain's National Theatre, with its director, Sir Laurence Olivier, will visit North America for the first time with *Othello* (Oct. 18, 20, 24, 26), *Love for Love* (Oct. 19, 22 mat. and eve.; Oct. 25, 28 mat. and eve.), and *A Flea in Her Ear* (Oct. 21 mat. and eve.; Oct. 27 mat. and eve.). —HENRY HEWES.

Summer Repertory Schedule, 1967

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE Stanford, Summer Festival Stanford University Palo Alto, Calif.	*Our Town* *Arsenic and Old Lace* *Dear Liar* *U.S.A.* *The Crucible* *Two for the Seesaw* *Beyond the Fringe*	July 18-Aug. 13, in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.
AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE Ravinia Festival Ravinia Park Chicago, Ill.	*Long Day's Journey into Night* *Thieves' Carnival* *Twelfth Night* *Beyond the Fringe* *Two for the Seesaw* *Dear Liar*	Aug. 20-Sept. 17, in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.
AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE & ACADEMY Stratford, Conn.	*The Merchant of Venice* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* *Macbeth* (July 25) *Antigone*	June 17-Sept. 10, in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun., Mon. Mats: Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.
ASOLO THEATER FESTIVAL Sarasota, Fla.	*The Madwoman of Chaillot* *The Farce of Scapin* *Romeo and Juliet* (July 14) *Eleonora Duse* (July 12)	July 6-Sept. 9, in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats: Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Burlington, Vt.	*Love's Labor's Lost* *King Lear* *Henry IV, Part 1*	July 24-Sept. 23, in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Lakewood, O.	*Romeo and Juliet* *Love's Labor's Lost* (July 12) *Cyrano de Bergerac* (July 26) *Misalliance* (Aug. 9) *All's Well that Ends Well* (Aug. 23)	July 7-Sept. 16, in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mat: Sun.
MINNESOTA THEATRE COMPANY Minneapolis, Minn.	*Shoemaker's Holiday* *Thieves' Carnival* *Harpers Ferry* *The House of Atreus* (July 21) *The Visit* (Sept. 11)	June 1-Oct. 27, in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Central Park, New York, N.Y.	*The Comedy of Errors* *King John* *Titus Andronicus*	*C of E* June 7-July 1, *KJ* July 5-July 29, *TA* Aug. 2-Aug. 26 Eves. except Mon.
NYSF MOBILE THEATER Five Boroughs of New York City	*Volpone* (in English) *Volpone* (in Spanish)	*V* (Eng.) June 23-Aug. 19 *V* (Spa.) Aug. 23-Sept. 23 Eves. except Mon.
OREGON SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL Ashland, Ore.	*Pericles* *Antony and Cleopatra* *The Taming of the Shrew* *Richard III* *Maid of the Mill* (Aug. 17)	July 22-Sept. 10, in nightly rotation (*M of M* - Special Matinees only)
PLAYHOUSE IN THE PARK Eden Park Cincinnati, O.	*The Cavern* *The Lesson & Escurial* *Uncle Vanya* *Anatol*	*C*, June 8-July 1; *L&E*, July 6-29; *UV*, Aug.3-26; *A*, Aug. 31-Sept. 23. Eves. except Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.
SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Balboa Park San Diego, Calif.	*Twelfth Night* *All's Well that Ends Well* *Othello* (July 13)	June 13-Sept. 10, in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats: Wed., Sat., Sun.
SHAW FESTIVAL Niagara-on-the-Lake Ontario, Canada	*Arms and the Man* *The Circle* *Major Barbara*	*A&M*, June 21-July 15 *C*, July 19-Aug. 12 *MB*, Aug. 16-Sept. 10 Eves. except Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OF CANADA Stratford, Ontario	*Richard III* *The Merry Wives of Windsor* *The Government Inspector* *Anthony and Cleopatra* (July 31)	June 12-Oct. 14, in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
STRATFORD FESTIVAL COMPANY (at Avon Theatre) Stratford, Ontario	*Albert Herring* *Cosi Fan Tutte* *Colours in the Dark* (July 24)	July 7-Sept. 2, in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun., Mon. Mats: Wed., Sat.

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World of Dance

(*Continued from page* 24)

can Ballet Theatre's fabulous new production of the four-act *Swan Lake* and made it quite clear that as Odette-Odile, she was on the threshold of entering an exclusive society which numbers among its members England's Dame Margot Fonteyn and Russia's Maya Plisetskaya.

On her entrance, it was apparent that here was a ballerina. She had, as she moved through the lyrical patterns given to Odette, the gentle Queen of the Swans, that ballet "line," that definition of the body in space, which distinguishes a ballerina from a mere dancer. No one could have taught it to her. It was instinctive, this placement of the arms, this extension of the legs, this tilt of the head.

The actual physical technique was superb, more secure than that of many of her seniors in the ballerina category. In Act III, as the harsh and evil Odile, she accomplished the exhausting and immensely difficult sequence of thirty-two whirling fouettés with stunning aplomb. With all this was the actress, for Miss Gregory made a dazzling transformation from the sad and sweet Odette to the fiery and feral Odile. But most important of all, Miss Gregory transformed the stage itself by her very presence. Only a ballerina can do that.

As the curtain fell on this historic New York debut (she had danced Odette-Odile just once before during the company's recent tour), ballet followers were asking where she came from. Her main teacher, in Hollywood, was Carmelita Maracci, who, in her dancing days, was one of the most electrifying performers of our era, and her chief professional experience was with the San Francisco Ballet. Now, through her triumph in *Swan Lake*, Miss Gregory belongs to the world of dance as its newest star.

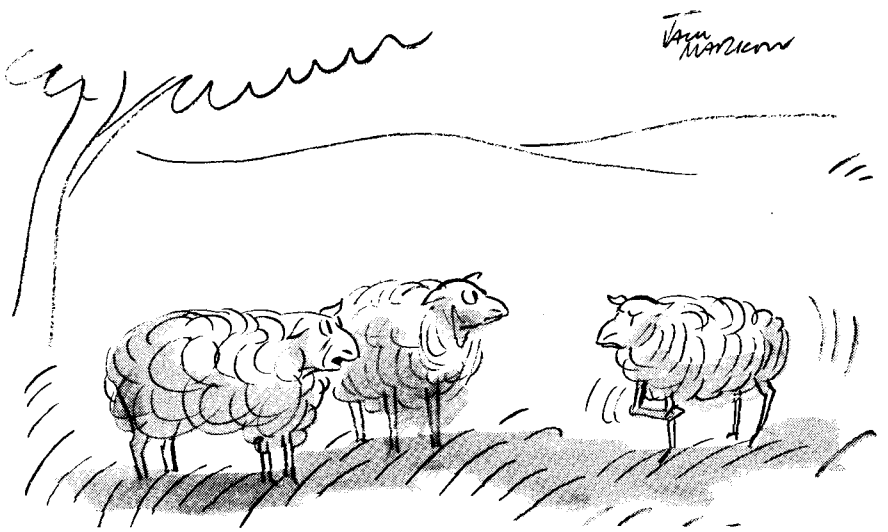
The new has by no means replaced the cherished old during the American Ballet Theatre's memorable season at Lincoln Center. Agnes de Mille's history-making *Rodeo* was given a revival (with the best cast of dancers it has ever had) of such spanking freshness that it seemed as if de Mille were making history all over again.

THE American Ballet Theatre, of course, is not the only company making dance history this spring at Lincoln Center. Britain's Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House has already left indelible movement memories of Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, great dancing by other stars and the splendid corps, and the best repertory it has ever brought to America. But more on such matters another time.

Its final novelty—its least important, certainly—was John Cranko's *Brandenburg Nos. 2 and 4* (Bach), a lively choreographic exercise for eight men and eight women in all manner of virtuosic responses to musical stimuli. Indeed, it started out rather like a team of athletes (the men were first) lined up for the play. And play they did through the frequently entertaining geometries supplied them by Cranko.

It would be a terrible mistake to assume that Cranko's *Brandenburg* belongs in the same genre with George Balanchine's abstract ballet masterpieces. Rather, it belongs in that category of "music visualizations"—involving athletic and emotional as well as structural reactions to music—which was originated many years ago by Ted Shawn (in collaboration with Ruth St. Denis) and in which Shawn and his troupe of brilliant male dancers excelled in the 1930s. The Cranko ballet, then, was something old in a new guise and, as such, it was a pleasant addition to a splendid season of ballet at Lincoln Center in New York.

—WALTER TERRY.



"Poor Harry just can't stand wool next to his skin."

Editorial

(*Continued from page* 20)

ized power supply, since it affords heavy-volume control points. But the power-generating companies are hard put to meet the sharp increases in the general demand for electrical power, without taking on automobile power problems as well.

3) The federal government should participate in research for development of small, inexpensive units for controlling incinerator and heating-furnace smoke from office buildings, apartment houses, and factories. Smoke-control units—generally electrostatic precipitators or scrubbers or a combination of the two—already exist for such intermediate-sized buildings, but their cost should be lowered. Pending the development of compact units at low cost, the federal government should offer tax incentives for acquisition and maintenance.

4) The federal government should supply all municipalities with full monitoring and measuring equipment for constant and particularized surveillance of air pollution.

5) The federal government should be directly involved in setting and enforcing standards for combustion-engine emissions and smokestack emissions. Smoke and airborne poisons do not respect state lines. The federal government should operate key monitoring points across the country. The readings taken at these stations should be relayed to regional and local authorities, on the same principle under which the federal government now maintains weather-reporting stations for promoting aviation safety. In those cases where federal standards for air purity are not met, and where regional or local authorities have been unable to exact enforcement to the extent necessary, federal enforcement machinery may be required.

The modern attack on air pollution calls for a total plan for protecting the natural environment. Too many parts of the problem are interconnected to permit a piecemeal approach. That is why the federal government must accept a central role.

The fact that we have come a long way in one year is significant. But substantial though the effort may have been, the nation is still a long way from mounting a full-scale program.

No one knows whether an adequate program will cost the American people $3 billion or $5 billion or $10 billion or more. One thing is certain: Whatever the cost, the price of failure will be infinitely higher. —N.C.

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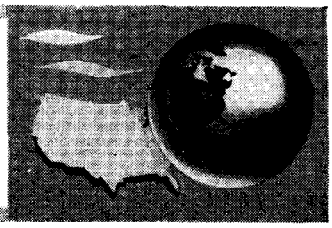
As Others See Us



MONTREAL:

U.S. Subsidiaries

THE CLAIM is often made that the Canadian subsidiaries of American companies are a disadvantage to Canada, because the parent companies tend to restrict their output to goods for local consumption and do not encourage them to make goods in Canada for export abroad, leaving that operation for the factories of the United States.

But a professor of the University of Toronto, Dr. A. E. Safarian, has written a book which does not bear out this claim. In this book, entitled *Foreign Ownership of Canadian Industry,* Dr. Safarian has analyzed the statistics of some 280 foreign-owned companies in Canada. He found that these foreign-owned companies account for proportionately more than their share of Canadian exports.

He also found that all but a few of the subsidiaries have a free hand where purchasing policy is concerned. Most of them have, in fact, developed Canadian sources to what he calls an "overwhelming" extent. It was also found that they were managed mostly by Canadians, and were doing more than their share of developing research facilities here.

In all statistical analyses, of course, the deductions are limited to the number and nature of the companies examined. But Dr. Safarian's findings are remarkable enough to suggest that the common complaints against the practices of American subsidiaries in Canada may need to be stated with greater qualifications. —*The Gazette.*

KARACHI:

United States and SEATO

. . . THE ARTICULATION of dissent at the SEATO talks was necessitated by the determined attempts being made to misuse what was a defense-oriented alliance, for providing the United States with a "constitutional basis" for her intervention in Vietnam. The truth is that the United States never consulted her SEATO allies before it involved itself in Vietnam. But the U.S. Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, has put forward an ingenious plea: "If the United States determines that an armed attack has occurred against any nation . . . . then it is obligated to act to meet the common danger without regard to the views or actions of any other SEATO Treaty members." This arbitrary interpretation is considered dangerous by Asians for the simple reason that the Vietnam war is being fought on Asian soil and will engulf its peoples before the rest of the world is drawn into a nuclear holocaust.

Pakistan has also been disenchanted at the way some Big Powers, while trying to exploit SEATO for their own ends, miserably failed to act up to its basic postulates when this country's security was at stake in 1965. The latest American decision on limitation of arms supply constitutes another proof that the alliance becomes inoperative and meaningless when the interests of the smaller partners are involved. The American decision not only unjustly places an ally and a non-ally on the same level but is also certain to work to the ally's obvious disadvantage. This calls for a thorough reappraisal of all alliances by the people and government in this country.

—*Dawn.*

PARIS:

The Standard Nightmare

IN NEW YORK we have just seen the "collections" of prototype toys, models freshly evolved from the boiling imagination of the conceivers of shock in the great American child industry. . . . Mattel, with an annual business of $120 million is the largest world toy enterprise. . . .

The reign of the monster on the adult American mythology is not a novelty. . . . The desired shiver, the macabre humor à la Charles Addams—the heritage of Poe, of Lovecraft, of Ambrose Bierce, and perhaps of Dickens—has passed into the way of life. Grade B horror films have made of it a daily commodity. Wide-circulation magazines, at once astonishingly vulgar and yet sophisticated to the extreme of Pop art, have taken a census and codified the images of . . . the standard nightmare. There are Frankenstein, Dracula, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, the Mummy, the Wolfman, the Mad Doctor, the Mole People (really frightful), the Phantom of the Opera, Mr. Hyde. . . .

Presented in "Famous Monsters of Filmland," these people are uniformly abominable. There are at best greenish, wrinkled, hairy, taloned, cross-eyed. . . .

In Broadway shops, a business is made of them in all forms: statuettes, posters, key chains, decals, masks, records. . . .

Mattel is not the only firm to bombard the child market with a rolling fire of demonic terror, but the big trust leads the offensive. Quite seriously and even solemnly, the people of Mattel had us admire several prototypes of monsters for construction. In effect, they retain concern for the educative function of the nightmare. Horror is not delivered ready-made to the child, who must demonstrate his initiative by working on it until it is finished. . . .

The modern infatuation of Americans —adults and children, creators and consumers—for the ferocity of plastic idols could not be a direct heritage of the nights of the times. One must admit that the American way of life arouses troubling myths and monsters, as naturally as in much older societies. In this domain, we are . . . less productive. Perhaps it is because we live less fast and less hard . . .

—*Le Nouvel Observateur.*

STUTTGART:

Nonproliferation

[IT WAS] a "fine gesture" made by President Johnson in coming to Germany to pay his last respects to the dead Chancellor [Konrad Adenauer], but this could not hide the fact that German-American relations were deteriorating.

Regardless of the doubts of the Federal Republic and the other NATO states, the United States has decided to continue its negotiations with Moscow on the nonproliferation treaty. Washington's motives are the following: The nuclear balance between the United States and the Soviet Union forces them to cooperation, excludes the principle of massive retaliation, which for a long time guaranteed the security of Europe, and, practically as a matter of course, leads to the rapprochement of the two superpowers in many fields, under the assumption that the status quo will remain. —*Stuttgarter Zeitung.*

ESSEN:

Can Bonn Refuse?

CAN GERMANY really permit herself to hold back a step toward limiting the worst weapon of destruction? Can Bonn, which in Western strategy has to cooperate with the United States, refuse the United States the right to carry on further negotiations? Does this not put Germany in the role of a troublemaker?

—*Sueddeutsche Zeitung.*

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BERLIN:

Trial Treaty

IN THE END he [Chancellor Kiesinger] will have the Federal Republic sign the treaty, but not for all eternity, as the American government wishes, but for a limited time, say, ten years. . . . In this time it will be possible to see if the peaceful use of nuclear energy is not restricted, as the Americans claim it will not be. It will also be possible to see if the treaty has really served détente and a peaceful compromise, and whether the nuclear powers are pleased to have followed the good example of the non-nuclear powers. The idea is tempting also because it postpones the decision between "yes" and "no."

—Tagesspiegel.

MANCHESTER:

A War with China?

THE UNITED STATES Administration is said to believe that Peking will not intervene [in Vietnam] unless it has to. Many critics of its policy have long considered this confidence to be yet another aspect of that terrifying blindness that has brought Vietnam to its present plight. They recall a previous Administration's refusal to believe that if the 38th parallel were crossed, the Chinese would enter the Korean war. But Vietnamese circumstances are very different, and in this matter President Johnson's advisers are probably right.

That does not mean that China will never be involved, only that the initiative for this involvement will more probably come from the other side. If the present escalation is no more successful than those in the past, the Americans may be tempted to do what there was once no question of doing and invade North Vietnam. Then they would probably be in physical contact with the Chinese at last. They would then have made the war into what some of them have always said it was, and the rest of us feared that it would [become] —a war with China.

—The Guardian.

The Financial Link

THE WAR on poverty and discrimination and the war in Vietnam are inexplicably connected; not only because of a psychological link of color, as white men are in the role of oppressors in both theaters; not only because a disproportionately high number of American casualties are Negro; but, at its most unemotional level, because of the financial link. The United States cannot afford to spend more than £140,000 to kill one member of the Vietcong and still fight a successful war on poverty at home.

—The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

MELBOURNE:

Rivals in Asia

. . . A WELL-PUBLICIZED call for China to stop hindering the Vietnamese "struggle against imperialist aggressors" is the . . . Soviet reply to recent Chinese charges that the Russians aim to sell out Vietnam to the Americans. The Russians and the Chinese have a common interest in wanting American policy to be thwarted in Vietnam. But they remain rivals for control of the Communist expansion that could be expected to follow an American diplomatic and military setback in Asia. Whatever happens over the supply of arms and technicians to Communists in Vietnam, the background struggle between the Russian and Chinese systems seems likely to go on. It may have its truces and uneasy compromises, but it is a struggle which has aroused too many nationalistic fears and rivalries to be easily settled.

—Melbourne Herald.

Letters to the World's Editors

What People Are Writing to their Newspapers

Woman's Work

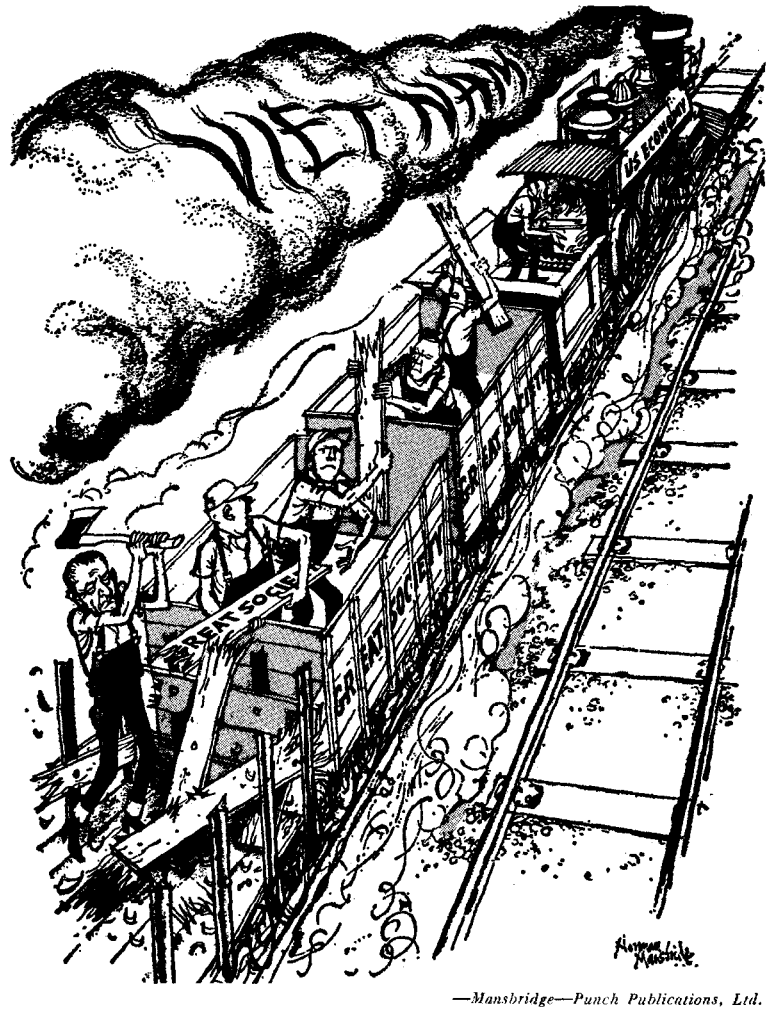
"WHERE," Mandrake wonders, "have all the slave girls gone?" He needn't go on safari to find the answer. Troops of them are, at this moment, ministering to people such as Mandrake—dashing out in the rain to buy their master's cigarettes in between making his coffee, getting him money, washing-up his coffee cup, booking his table at restaurant and nightclub. This kind of slave is known as a secretary.

Other slaves are to be found living in more or less solitary confinement in the suburbs and country. They labor twelve hours or more a day—unpaid, of course. These slaves are known as wives.

—Nina Temple,
The Sunday Telegraph, London.

A Dim Picture

I GAVE my TV set to be repaired at the ZURT (Zjednocznie Urzadzen Radio Telewizja) shop in Sosnowiec. After the repairs, the TV set worked for half an hour. Two weeks were necessary for the repairs. After that, the TV set worked for a quarter of an hour. Then it caught fire. Experts were con-



—Mansbridge—Punch Publications, Ltd.

The Train Robbery.

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sulted. The next repair cost 2,500 zlotys. Still another repair took two months and the cost rose to 3,000 zlotys.

After a short break, the set was again ready to be repaired, which took two months, after which the ZURT shop stated that it would no longer undertake any repairs, because it had no skilled repairmen. I was given the dismantled insides of my TV set wrapped up in a newspaper and informed that even if there had been repairmen to do it, the repairs would have cost 8,000 zlotys. I was advised to throw my set out, buy a good one, and ZURT would be ready to repair it at once.

—K.K.,
Wieczor, Katowice, Poland.

Indianapolis 500

WE'VE MADE a bet: Would the Indianapolis 500 be considered the best race in the world? Does it really show the ability of the best driver?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *That the Indianapolis 500 is the most important race at least from the point of view of the number of people who see it and the size of the prize, there is no doubt. But when it comes to a great automobile race that tests technical skill and all the rest, the American 500-miler, to be run on May 30th, is not exactly the one for selecting the best driver.)*

—*Vittorio Falci,*
Vita, Rome.

Air Conditioner Storms

THOSE MARVELOUS machines that condition the air and allow us to perform our daily functions in comfort and pleasure have proliferated to such an extent that there is not a building in Buenos Aires that doesn't have that granulated look that the backs of these machines give to the walls of these edifices.

To achieve their results, these machines must condense the humidity in the air of the room and expel it drop by drop. These drops, through the force of gravity, fall to the sidewalk—unless intercepted by a pedestrian before reaching the ground. Now if we perform a simple mathematical operation and multiply the number of drops by the number of machines, we have a general idea of the torrent that rains down on the city every day.

The pedestrian, on the other hand, concerned by the high cost of dry cleaning, resists the sport of drop-catching through evasive action. It is for this reason that in Buenos Aires we see people with graceful movements of the body, their eyes averted upward, zig-zagging down the street playing toreador with the droplets. One has to admit that in this sport, the woman, because of her shape and her grace, has a great advantage.

But if it's against the law to water plants on the balcony, shouldn't the law cover air conditioners for the same reasons?

Nevertheless, the solution shouldn't be that difficult: it wouldn't take much to have a trough placed below the air conditioner that would catch the water and lead it off to a receptacle.

—*Roberto Illa,*
La Nacion, Buenos Aires.

Tourists as Blackmarketeers

OFTEN A TOURIST comes to our shop, selects some goods, and when he wants to pay finds that he does not have enough korunas. We tell him that he can pay the balance or the whole amount in the currency of his own country. If he has not yet been instructed by voluntary guides, he welcomes this opportunity. There are, however, cases when he laughs at the salesgirl and says, "I would be a fool to pay at your rate of exchange. Wait about an hour and I will come back with the money."

Indeed, after about an hour he comes back with his pockets full of small bank notes. He has been to the open-air exchange offices, which are on Wenceslas Square, all around the trees, beyond the parked cars, and in all the entrances to passageways. At such "exchange offices" the dollar is sold for double the tourist rate, and the same is true for other hard currencies.

—*Helena Fieszová,*
Literary Tvorba, Prague.

Tokyo's Buildings

YOUR EDITORIAL, . . . "Building in Tokyo," cited the instance of the proposed Tokyo Kaijo building. In this connection, when we observe present conditions in Tokyo, it is evident that taller buildings must be constructed. But the question of beauty should be considered not only by authorities but also by us citizens of Tokyo.

If a tall building is constructed adjoining the Palace, it becomes possible to look down on, or into, the Palace grounds. If metropolitan authorities feel uneasy about this point, why don't they have the façade of such buildings facing the Palace made windowless?

—*Yasuhisa Fukunaga,*
Japan Times, Tokyo.

Helpless Males

AS ONE would expect from a woman who has achieved such eminence in what is still essentially a man's field, Mrs. Naylor's article last Sunday on the refusal of the Stock Exchange to admit women members shows her to be a master of diplomacy.

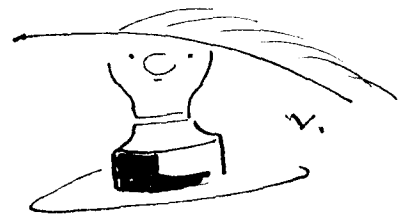
I think that few of us who believe that discrimination against women, simply because they are women, is as intolerable as discrimination against race, color, or creed, would disagree with any statement that "if we can't make up our minds whether we require a complete absence of discrimination or special consideration . . . we are likely to confuse and annoy our male colleagues." However, when Mrs. Naylor adds "because of our helplessness," one really must take her to task.

The factor that is preventing so many women from pursuing careers after marriage is, in fact, male helplessness. To quote from the book by Joan Maisels and Nan Barber, *Woman Fancy or Free?*: "Consider the kind of support which a man expects to have from a wife, mother, or other female help before he can even get to work, not to mention the support he gets from women once he gets there. . . . If men had to wash clothes, prepare food, and look after children, how many would be fit enough to do a week's work?"

Yet there are thousands of mothers of fatherless children—widows, deserted wives, and unmarried mothers—who are doing just that with very little support from anyone. And, even today, it is assumed by most husbands that the married career woman will continue to shoulder most of the domestic burden.

Can we not get away from these classifications of "men" and "women"? Not every woman feels truly in her element running a house, any more than every man is naturally at home in the Armed Forces. Surely it is the basic right of every individual to pursue his or her life without barriers being erected or maintained which are so difficult to overcome because they are based not on reason, but on irrational, emotional prejudice.

—*Mary Hill,*
The Observer Review, London.



Kings and Cartoons

I AM A YOUNG student who doesn't understand how at this date there are still good people who feel that what Spain needs is a dynastic monarchy.

Now is the time for us to become a part of European thinking, if this is what we really want. Kings are fine in the cartoons of Otto Soglow. But nowhere else. I sincerely believe (as does the overwhelming majority of aware Spanish youth) that our future lies in the social perfection of all of our institutions, the nationalization of the banking system, etc. . . . For this kind of future we need honorable men with European mentalities who are well prepared to carry through the socialization of Spain.

Anything that does not take us in this direction is a bad joke which reveals the ignorance or the infinite bad faith of the teller.

—*Antonio Jesus Soler,*
SP, Madrid.

U.S. Troops

THIS YEAR the German Federal Republic will spend 2,700 million marks for the maintenance of U.S. troops on its territory.

We Germans cannot understand what they are doing in our country. We are told that they are here because of the "menace from the East." But there is no threat to the German Federal Republic. . . . Just think how much good could be done with these billions of marks!

—*Franz Mierlein,*
(from Germany)
in the New Times Moscow.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 43; user, ruse, sure, rues.

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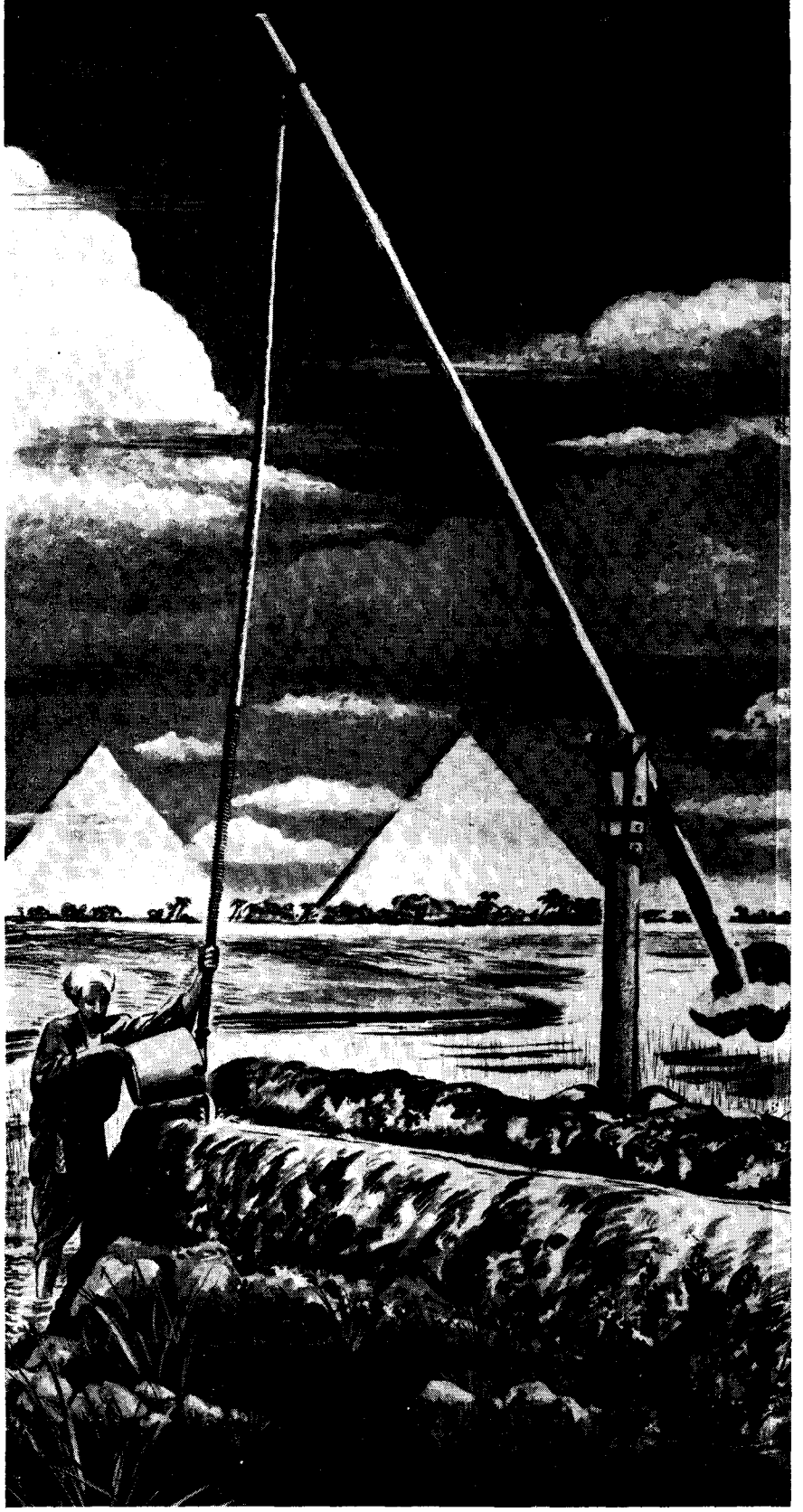
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



—Bettmann Archive.

NEW WATERBIRD FOR EGYPT

A ROBOT SHADOOF

WHEN the present United States Ambassador to Egypt, Richard Nolte, left his Connecticut home to take up his new diplomatic post in Cairo a few weeks ago, he had in his possession a toy bird with a red head, a pot belly, a green tail, yellow legs, big red boots, and a one-track mind. Once set within appropriate distance of an adequately filled glass, this mechanical creature occupies its time exclusively in wetting its beak, leaning back, wetting its beak, leaning back, and wetting its beak again.

The Ambassador told me he would put the bird on top of his desk in the Embassy and attach a one-word label: *shadoof*.

He said everybody in Egypt would get the message immediately upon seeing the bird's head dip into the water.

Those who are unfamiliar with the *shadoof*, the most ancient and primitive water-lifting device in Egypt (shown in action in the drawing at the left), may read the meaning of the "drinking bird" toy in a following RESEARCH FRONTIER report. Rather than anticipate that interpretation, I shall use this introductory space to explain why I gave the only model of the bird that I had to Ambassador Nolte.

Certainly I acted under no illusion about the State Department's eagerness to take science seriously as a force in foreign policy. Science Attachés are scattered in U.S. Embassies around the globe (among them is one in Cairo), but Secretary of State Dean Rusk has pointedly left unfilled the science affairs directorship of the department in Washington, the one place in American diplomacy where global effectiveness can be

RESEARCH IN AMERICA:
NEW WATERBIRD FOR EGYPT:
A ROBOT SHADOOF
By John Lear **49**

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER
By Richard B. Murrow **51**

MORE PROBLEMS OF INSTANT MEDICINE
By Joseph D. Cooper **56**

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focused. No single Ambassador can move very fast or very far against this deep-seated inertia at the center.

Without expecting the impossible of Dick Nolte, it is reasonable to estimate his potential by measuring his past performance. He is a man of rare integrity. The rock-like sense of justice in him lies unobtrusively behind a silken screen of humor. He can be thoroughly pragmatic, yet I have never known anyone more genuinely willing to argue a fair trial for a new idea.

WHO else would have seriously tried to establish a fellowship for on-the-spot study of the moon?

Nolte offered to provide a grant for such a fellowship while he was director of the Institute for Current World Affairs. Only the short-sightedness of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration stopped him.

Dick Nolte is a Yale man, Phi Beta Kappa, a Rhodes scholar, former fellow of the American University Field Staff, present member of the Council on Foreign Relations and of the Middle East Institute, author of a 1965 study of Pan-Arabism. His qualifications to serve as Ambassador to Egypt could hardly be more impressive by any academic yardstick. But his finest qualification—scholarship in Muslim law and customs—he owes to the generosity of a man who scoffed at all university degrees.

Richard Teller Crane, of Chicago, who made millions by building better bathtubs, carried on a running feud with steel tycoon Andrew Carnegie over the value of formal education. "Never hire a smart aleck!" was the sole working precept of Crane's employment practice, and he observed that many college graduates fit that category. Of his seven children, only the youngest son was permitted to study beyond high school.

But Richard Crane was not a stingy man. In lieu of formal schooling, he encouraged his oldest boy, Charles, to travel the earth and learn by experience. Charles discovered in himself an extraordinary ability to grub beneath the surface of places far and strange. He developed a remarkably broad perspective, from which he could see how poorly most Americans were informed about affairs abroad.

With his son John and Walter Rogers, a trusted agent of the family, Charles Crane at the close of World War I began to improvise methods of conveying international understanding in depth. Their first invention, the Mutual News Exchange in Prague, enabled prominent European journalists to write about Europe in American newspapers while prominent American journalists could write about America in European papers. When the Exchange collapsed of its own weight, the Cranes and Rogers together created another organism which they called the Institute of Current World Affairs.

THE original design of the Institute called for a permanent corps of observers, all Americans, each free to choose his own avenue of influencing public enlightenment. But that arrangement proved too expensive to survive for long on the initial million dollars Crane gave it. And the Institute finally settled down with more Crane money under Walter Rogers's elliptical guidance, to finance groups of a dozen fellows for periods of two to twenty years at a mean rate of $15,000 a year and a top of $30,000.

Rogers picked few "smart alecks." One of the earliest Institute fellows was George Antonius, who wrote *The Arab Awakening*. Then came Eyler Simpson, who wrote *The Ejido: Mexico's Way Out*. C. Walter Young's understanding of Manchuria was widely acknowledged. A. Doak Barnett became an expert on China, John Hazard the West's top specialist in Soviet law, Thomas Blakemore, Jr., a member of the Japanese bar in Tokyo. Francis Herron is U. S. Consul General in Venezuela, Phillips Talbot is U. S. Ambassador to Greece. Granville Austin, John B. George, and Howard Weidemann are State Department officers. Carl Marcy is chief of the professional staff, U. S. Senate Committee on Foreign Policy. Geoffrey Oldham, at the University of Sussex in England, is opening a whole new area of study tuned to the next century: science as a tool in national development. David Judd, at the Arctic Institute of North America in Montreal, girdles the earth with his assignment: the Middle North. John Spencer advises the Ford Foundation, David Hapgood the Peace Corps. Peter Martin writes for *Time*, David Reed for *Reader's Digest*, Takashi Oka for the *Christian Science Monitor*, David Binder for the *New York Times*, Warren Unna for the *Washington Post*.

Richard Nolte (son of the late Dean J. M. Nolte of the University of Minnesota) became an Institute fellow in 1947. After studying at Oxford, he lived in the Middle East under Institute aegis until 1954, when he became Middle East Associate of another Crane-Rogers invention: the American Universities Field Staff. In 1958 he shifted to the Rockefeller Foundation, as assistant director of humanities. In the following year he succeeded Rogers as director of the Institute of Current World Affairs. He left that post in May 1967 to assume the Ambassadorship to the United Arab Republic.

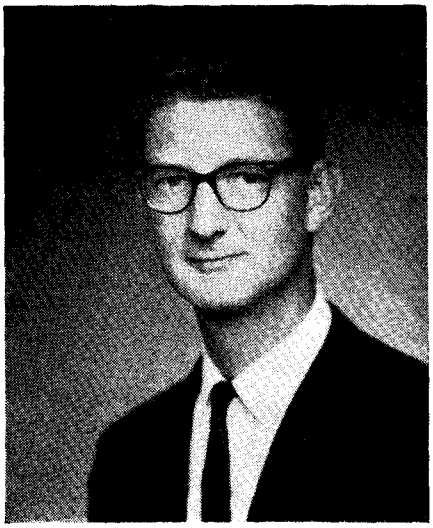
I now call attention to the page opposite this one. Richard Murrow's RESEARCH FRONTIER report deserves the closest perusal. It was during the editing of it that I decided it would be in the public interest for Ambassador Nolte to have a "drinking bird" toy for the Cairo Embassy.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

—Photos by Courtesy of The Institute of Current World Affairs.

The late Charles Crane

The late Walter Rogers



Ambassador Richard Nolte

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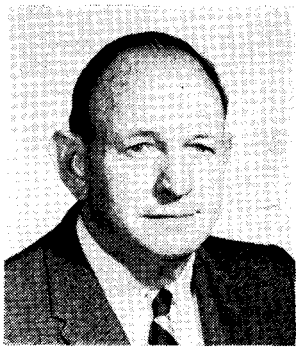
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Jim Beavers for RAND.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Toward new approaches to resolution of conflict. For example, the recurrent tension between Arab and Jew in the Middle East cannot be lifted until the Arab living standard rises to equal that of Israel. After visiting Egypt as a tourist five years ago an engineer on the staff on The RAND Corporation at Santa Monica, California, Richard B. Murrow undertook some experiments in his home workshop to determine whether an old toy might solve the seemingly intractable problem of Nile river valley irrigation. The popularized report below is based on a scientific paper he published in August 1966 under a RAND copyright and the title: "A Simple Heat Engine of Possible Utility in Primitive Environments." SR readers will find further background and magnificent photographs in the National Geographic Society's new book, "The River Nile," by Bruce Brander.*

BY RICHARD B. MURROW
The RAND Corporation

DURING four days in Egypt as an ordinary tourist in 1962, I was awed by the grandeur of the archaeological discoveries and intrigued by the local culture and customs. Most of the brief time was spent in the vicinities of Alexandria and Cairo; but air travel permitted one full day in and around Luxor, some 350 miles up the Nile from Cairo. Of course the severe time restraint precluded any detailed observation of and inquiry into Egypt's cultural and economic problems. Nonetheless, I left the country with an overwhelming impression of human drudgery on myriad tiny plots of farmland.

I am told that maintenance of these plots as minuscule bases of individual integrity is indispensable to the political future of Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser; without them, he could not hope to hold the support of the land-starved masses of his populace. So it is pointless to argue the benefits of mechanized agriculture, as practiced in the United States, because of its dependence on central management of large acreage. Whatever is done to lighten the weight submerging the Egyptian spirit must be done in the context of the existing land pattern.

From the plane I could see the whole of the vast Nile delta criss-crossed with irrigation canals fed by water impounded behind low-lying dams, which their British builders called *barrages*. The water level of the canals is usually a few feet below the level of the fields; ordinarily, the water lift ranges from eighteen inches to five feet, though it sometimes (for example, see the photo on the cover of this issue of *SR*) reaches twenty feet. Three primitive devices are used for the lifting: the Persian wheel, turned by oxen; the Archimedean screw, turned by human hands; and the *shadoof*.

The *shadoof* is simply a wooden pole poised in the cleft of a forked stick placed either in the bed or on one of the banks of a canal. The pole is rested on the forked stick in such a way that the segment of the pole on one side of the fulcrum is shorter than the segment on the opposite side. The short segment is weighted with a ball of mud or a sack of rocks. To the free end of the long segment is attached a rope on which a leather bucket hangs. The mud-or-rock weight enables a man to fill the bucket with water from the canal, then swivel the bucket from the bottom to the top of the steep field-side.

The Persian wheel is a permanent fixture because of its ponderous weight. The Archimedean screw can be moved on a donkey's back. The *shadoof* is as portable as the man who works it, and is, therefore, the cheapest and most preferred irrigating device in Egypt.

Thousands of *fellaheen* (peasants) spend their lives in severe physical discomfort in order to keep the crops watered with this crude device. The muscular strain is great; the heat is intense; two-man teams must alternate in carrying the load. The waste in manpower is not only enormous, but it occurs among the most robust young men, the ones with enough strength and stamina to do the job. Furthermore, the need to stand knee-deep in water throughout the day makes the *fellaheen* prey to river-borne tropical parasites notoriously vicious in sapping the vitality of the human body.

After I had left Egypt, I could not forget what I had seen. Crossing the Mediterranean homeward, I chanced to meet an Egyptian businessman. I asked him whether it would be good for his country if a sufficiently cheap mechanical substitute for the *shadoof* could be found. That is, would the *fellaheen* benefit by being supplanted as a source of motive power? Were other jobs available? Or would a robot *shadoof* only add to the already critical unemployment problem?

My Egyptian acquaintance guessed that if a mechanical substitute for the *shadoof* were to be devised, the consequences would be distinctly beneficial. He believed the displaced manpower would be readily absorbed in improving the production of the fields—through intensified cultivation, fertilization, and prophylaxis of the crops. Although this was only one man's opinion, it seemed realistic. The *fellaheen* are both expert and industrious farmers, not unlikely to exploit any real opportunity to raise their meager incomes.

THE plight of the *fellaheen* continued to occupy my mind from time to time for the following two years. Naturally, I considered the problem in the light of my own personal and professional experience. My father was a self-taught district manager of an electric utility company in Independence, Kansas, where I was born in 1912. Mechanical engineering was taught at Kansas University when I went there from high school, so, of course, I studied it and went on to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to earn S.B. and M.S. degrees in aeronautical engineering. After leaving MIT, I worked for the Douglas Aircraft Company, helping to design the DC-4. While at Douglas I learned to think in terms of designing a specific product to fit a given set of needs. Later, in moving to The Rand Corporation, I had to extend this type of thinking to include entire systems and operations.

The Egyptian system to which the *shadoof* belongs covers the delta of the Nile and the valley of that river as far south as Aswan, site of the great new dam. The climate is predominantly very dry. Alexandria, on the Mediterranean coast, the wettest place in the country, has a mean annual rainfall of only seven inches, concentrated in the winter months. Cairo averages but one inch of rain a year and the region south of Cairo is essentially rainless. Throughout most of the year, the air is relatively dry, the sky generally cloudless; the unhindered sun gives endless energy for prodigious crops and un-

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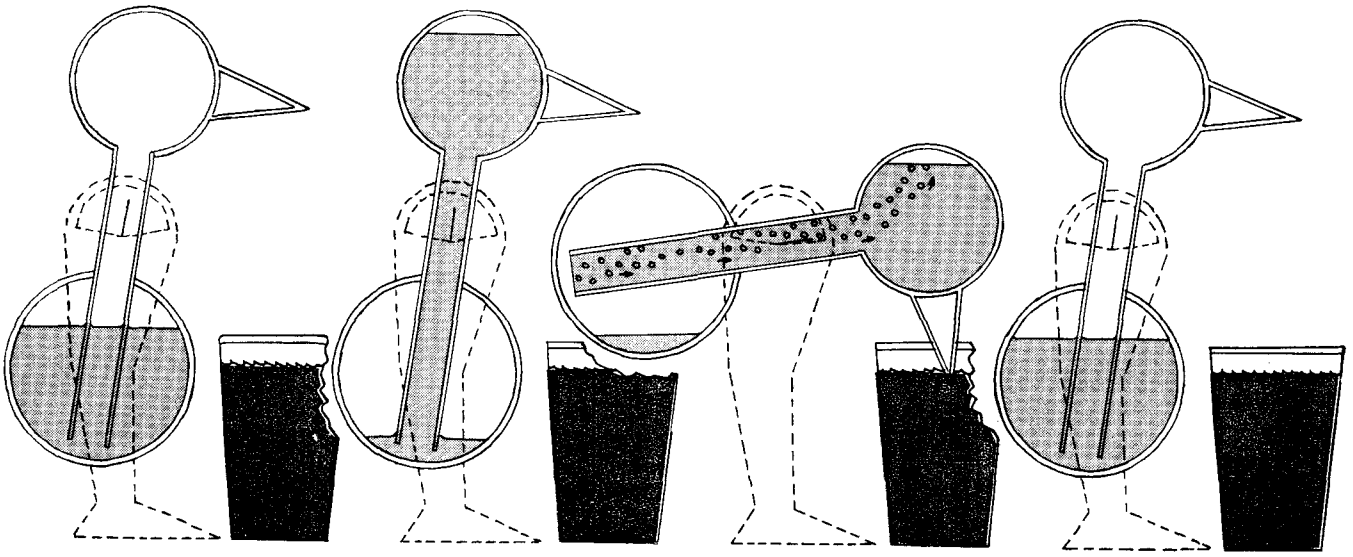

—Doug Anderson following author's drawings.

Original "drinking bird" toy doesn't really drink but only wets its beak. Text below explains the sketches.

comfortably high midday temperatures. The heat, however, is accompanied by fairly persistent, moderate, dry winds, which sometimes rise to gale force and generate violent sandstorms but generally average 5 to 10 miles per hour the year round.

In shaded locations, these breezes offer refreshing respite from the furnace-like temperatures. The dryness of the wind promotes high evaporation rates, with consequent rapid cooling, of any wetted surface. Thus drinking water is readily kept cool by storage in slightly porous clay receptacles placed in the shade where the wind can blow over them.

None of the usual means of employing the free energy of the sun and the wind seemed to fit the circumstances of the Nile valley. Windmills would have to be complicated affairs because the winds are so variable; large elevated tanks would have to be erected to store water against those times when mill wheels failed to turn or when the wind speed rose to gale proportions. Sand blown by the occasional violent storms would also require periodic replacement of worn mill parts; and who among the untrained *fellaheen* would be prepared to make the repairs? Conventional solar engines would be open to similar obstacles, not to mention the fact that these would tend to be sizable fixed installations—as opposed to the easy portability of the *shadoof*.

I CANNOT recall just what it was, in the course of my mental ramblings around the Egyptian irrigation problem, that drew my attention to a toy heat engine I had been acquainted with for some time. One of these toys had long provided amusement for me in my home.

This toy is the commonly known "drinking bird." Seemingly possessed of no motive power, it alternately bobs itself forward into drinking position at a glass of water, then returns to erect standing position, bobs forward, and again stands erect, in an endless cycle.

The "drinking bird" is uniquely simple both in its construction and in its principle of operation. It is nothing more than a pair of hollow spheres coupled by a straight hollow tube in a single airtight vessel, suspended so as to pivot on a fixed pair of upright legs.

The parallel between the "bird" and the *shadoof* is obvious at a glance, the only differences in principle being that the *shadoof* has one fulcrum while the "bird" has two, and the *shadoof* is moved by human musclepower while the "bird" is moved by the rhythmic shifting of the weight of a liquid sealed within its airtight body.

The four sketches atop this page show the essential features of this toy and explain its near-perpetual motion behavior as follows. The fixed legs of the "bird" have cutout sockets that serve as fulcrums for the pivots adjoined externally to opposite points on the "bird's" neck. As has already been stated, the neck, body, and head of the "bird" are interconnected hollow chambers made of any convenient liquid-and-gas-tight material: usually metal, plastic, or glass. These chambers are initially purged of air and partly filled with a volatile liquid, preferably one with a low heat of vaporization, high density and vapor pressure, and with a boiling point near normal room temperature. Then these chambers are sealed as one self-contained vessel.

In its original position, the "bird's" body is held erect by the weight of the liquid, which almost fills the lower sphere and extends upward into the lower portion of the "bird's" neck. Because of the distribution of masses about the pivot points in the leg sockets, the "bird" leans slightly forward of truly vertical alignment. While this static upright position is maintained, a certain amount of the liquid in the "bird" is vaporized by the warmth of the surrounding air. The vapor rises from the lower body to the head of the "bird." But the greater weight of the liquid continues to hold the "bird" erect.

Then the "bird's" beak—which, like the remainder of the head, is covered by a felt skin—is wetted. Capillary action in the felt pulls the water backward from the beak to surround the whole head. The dryness of the surrounding air now evaporates the moisture in the felt skin on the "bird's" head, causing local cooling of the head chamber. The vapor that had risen inside the head condenses in response to the cooling, thus lowering the pressure in the head and neck in relation to the pressure in the lower part of the "bird's" body. The pressure differential draws the liquid up from the body chamber through the neck into the head, in response to the same law of physics that causes a liquid to rise from a bottle or a glass when you suck a straw. As the liquid flows out of the body chamber, the pressure of the gas remaining in that chamber falls. And now another law of physics takes effect. It says that at a given temperature the vapor pressure of a gas above a confined liquid must remain constant. The falling pressure in the "bird's" body chamber can be restored only by vaporizing more of the liquid. To do this, more heat is drawn into the body from the air outside. The heat causes the liquid to boil and, in boiling, to pump itself up from the body into the "bird's" head.

At this point the "bird" becomes top-heavy and tips forward on its fixed legs. But a horizontal position is never quite

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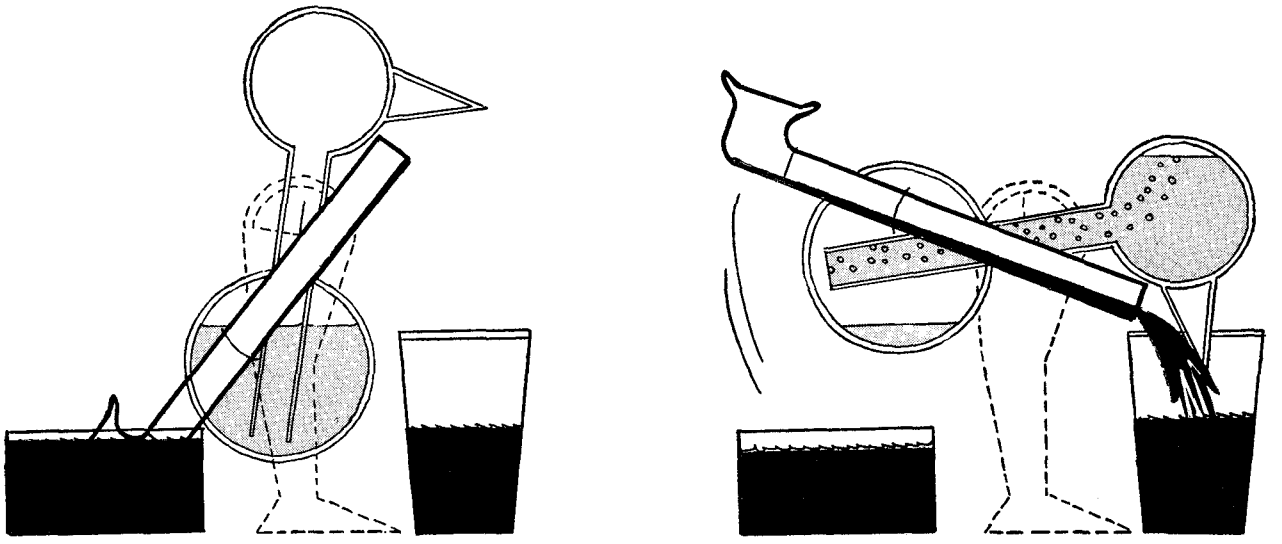

—Doug Anderson following author's text.

Richard Murrow's hybrid bird does drink—in reverse of nature's style. See text below for explanation of the sketches.

attained. The "bird" still slopes slightly, with the body chamber just a little below the head chamber. In this position, the "bird's" beak drops into the water to be wetted again, while the lower end of the neck tube unports (that is, rises above the level of the liquid remaining in the body chamber).

The slanting of the "bird's" neck very much lowers the height to which the liquid column in the "bird" has risen, and the gas remaining in the body chamber is now able to push itself up through the lessened weight of liquid in the neck tube and on up into the head chamber. Gas pressure throughout the bird equalizes in this process, and gravity drives the liquid in the head chamber back down through the slanted neck tube into the body chamber.

Its top-heavy condition having been relieved, the body of the "bird" rotates back to its original almost vertical position. Here the cycle starts all over again with evaporation of the moisture in the felt skin of the "bird's" beak.

The minute amount of water evaporated from the skin of the head of the "bird" is the only fuel this toy heat engine consumes. Further, the engine requires virtually no servicing or even attendance. Its useful life is, in common parlance, endless, because its essential features are hermetically sealed and involve no frictional wear to create demands for lubrication, maintenance, or replacement. The engine's operating cost is thus near zero.

Theoretically, then, the "drinking bird" precisely fits the circumstances of Egypt. The high Nile valley temperatures, offset by the drying winds under shaded conditions, should keep a "bird" going virtually indefinitely.

THAT was the preliminary decision I reached three years ago. Of course I respected the difference between theory and practice. The "drinking bird" toy weighed only one ounce. The leather bucket at the end of the rope on the Egyptian *shadoof* carries about three gallons of water. Was it reasonable to think of a toy being scaled up into a working model of a water-lifter for the Nile valley?

Perhaps if we lived at some other time than in the age of cybernetics, I might have reacted negatively. But my daily routine was filled with reminders that another toy of 2,000 years ago carries millions of people around the earth today. This toy was the oddball heat engine invented by Hero, a Greek scientist who lived about 150 B.C. It had a steam-breathing mouth and a steam-breathing tail which chased each other in an endless circle, thereby driving the toy on an axis like a carousel. And Hero's toy was scaled up in the twentieth century from plaything size, first to become a steam turbine for generation of electricity and then to evolve into a gas turbine to power jet engines on giant intercontinental aircraft.

Like Hero's toy in Hero's day, the "drinking bird" has served only as a curiosity or source of amusement. This is understandable because the "bird" operates on a relatively small temperature differential, giving very low thermal efficiency and making the "bird" a marginal device when compared to other power plants of modern industrial civilization. However, in primitive environments such as the one under consideration here, the "bird's" potential as a competitor of similarly inefficient man-powered machines cannot be summarily dismissed.

The patent record on engines of the type of the "drinking bird" is quite long, going back at least as far as 1888 in the United States. But many of the patents appear to involve a degree of mechanical complexity impractical for use in primitive environments where maintenance skills and resources are lacking. For the circumstances of Egypt, it is the basic oscillatory engine that offers unique simplicity.

QUITE a few natural factors influence the performance of the "drinking bird." The "bird" obviously won't operate in a constant-temperature, fully saturated environment (100 per cent relative humidity) because no evaporative cooling takes place to provide the necessary differentials in temperature and pressure. However, the "bird" can be made to operate even under saturated atmospheric conditions by applying a source of heat to the body chamber. For instance, the head chamber can be shaded while the body chamber is exposed to direct sunlight. This use of differential shade and sunlight exposure can also be used to improve performance in a normal atmosphere. Other means of improving the operation are theoretically obtainable if the atmosphere is very dry, or if the air flows steadily over the head chamber.

I undertook some simple experiments in the workshop of my home to determine crudely the influences of some of these factors on the performance of an ordinary commercial toy "drinking bird." The interconnected head-neck-body chambers of the toy were made of plastic. The skin covering the head was made of thin felt. The design of the "bird's" body was modified by attaching, roughly parallel to the body, a cylindrical glass tube with a scoop on its bottom (see sketches this page). This scoop was lowered into a shallow-walled container of water representing the canal water level. Another container, with higher walls representing the field

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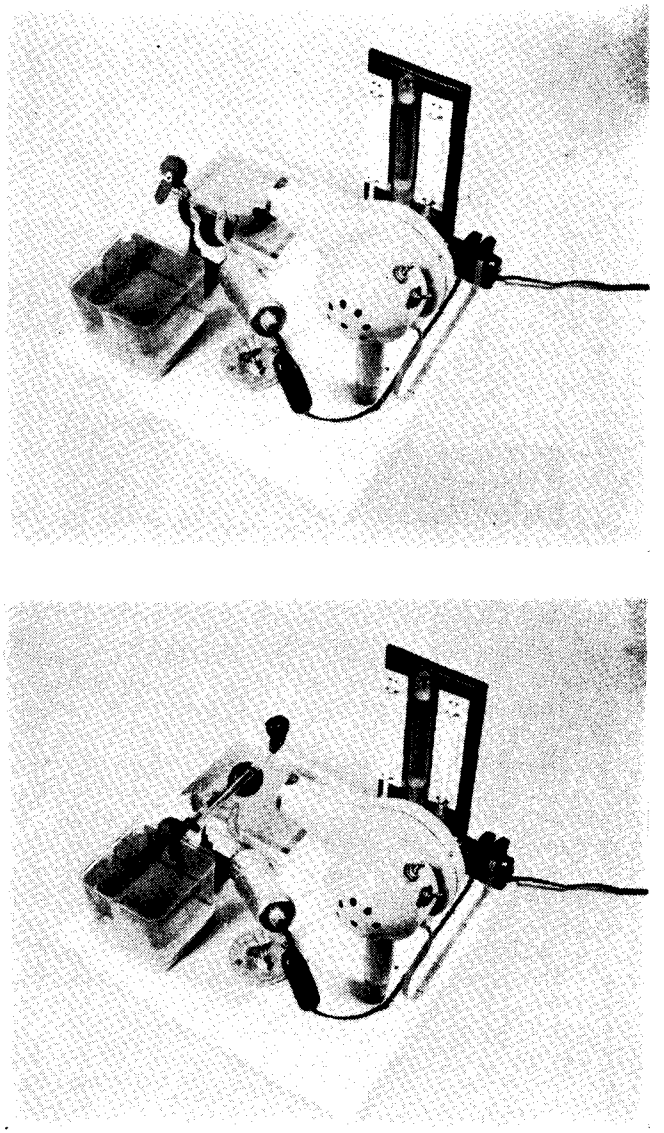

—*Photos by Jim Beavers for RAND.*

"Drinking bird" working in simulated Nile heat and wind.

level, was placed in a position to receive the water that passed from the scoop through the glass tube and emptied, splashing the "bird's" beak, whenever the head dropped forward and downward. Thus the conditions of Nile valley irrigation were simulated.

The body of the "bird" was painted black to enhance its ability to absorb heat. The light of a small electric lamp was shone on the body to simulate the heat of the desert sun. The influence of the wind was simulated with a small electric blower (see photos above).

IN the experiments that followed, the overall length of the "bird" without the scoop was 6 inches, and with the scoop 7¼ inches. The diameter of the head was 1 inch, the diameter of the body 1¼ inches, and the outside diameter of the neck tube a quarter of an inch. The water was lifted a gross height of 3.125 inches and was discharged at a height of 2.125 inches. The weight of water lifted at one scoop was 16.5 grains. The cycle time under conditions representative of the daytime Nile was sixteen seconds. Thus the tiny one-ounce bird proved itself capable of a tiny amount of useful work.

The experimental engine acted as though the heat flow through it were severely restricted; thus it was not capitalizing on the full potential of solar heating. This result probably arose from the plainly inefficient design of the small-scale toy. The vaporizing (body) and condensing (head) chambers, being spherical, had a low ratio of surface area to volume—unfavorable for the necessary transmission of heat, as is the glass used in their construction. Greater efficiency should be attainable if the body and head chambers were made of aluminum or copper (which conduct 230 to 560 times as much heat as glass does) and if the ratio of surface area to volume were raised to a level comparable to the level of automotive radiators (which have ten to forty times the ratio for a spherical shape).

Two other inefficiencies in the experimental machine should be noted. First, because of its relatively small diameter, the water discharge tube would not empty promptly (due to the effects of capillary attraction) unless it had quite a large slope in the emptying position. Second, my experiments with the toy made use of only half the work cycle. Water was lifted only when the "bird" bobbed forward. I made no attempt to utilize the power output potential of the "bird's" recovery to an upright position. By positioning the "bird" to oscillate parallel rather than perpendicular to the canal bank, a second water scoop could be arranged to lift a similar amount of water during this recovery stroke. The discharge tubes from the two scoops could be joined and turned through 90 degrees near the pivot point to permit discharge in the proper direction over the canal bank.

AN intuitively desirable goal for a usefully large engine might be to achieve the same work output during a twenty-four-hour day as does a man during his normal eight-hour work day, for about the same weight as a man—say, 200 or so pounds. Such an engine would maintain the desirable portability of some of the antique manpowered machines historically and currently in use along the Nile and would be reasonably low in initial cost.

The bulk cost of Freon 11 (a desirable fluid for sealing within the "bird") is 20 cents per pound; consequently, the internal working fluid for such an engine (by far the greatest part of the total weight) would cost something less than $40 if the fluid were pure Freon 11. However, only a small portion of the internal working fluid needs to be vaporized and condensed to develop the differential pressure necessary to move the bulk of the fluid from the body chamber into the head chamber; hence, it is very likely that the cost of the working fluid could be substantially reduced by employing a suitable mixture of Freon 11 and a compatible low-cost diluent such as carbon tetrachloride or naphtha. Thus, working fluid for a 200-pound engine might range in cost from about $20 to about $40. Quantity production costs of the engine itself might be anticipated to fall somewhere in this same range. Addition of a further 25 per cent contingency allowance would bring the very approximate, first-order estimate of total cost into the $50 to $100 range.

If such an engine could achieve about the same daily work output as does a man, then its time required to accomplish a given water-lifting task would be compatible with that required by the *shadoof*. And, at the above initial cost level, a crude comparison of its water-lifting costs with those of current devices indicates that such a machine would yield decided economic benefits. Consequently, it appears to be of considerable technical research interest to determine whether such a goal is achievable. Limited inquiry has failed to disclose that such research has previously been accomplished, and lack of suitable resources has precluded extension of the cursory investigation reported herein. Thus, the remaining discussion offers only some further qualitative delineation of the desirable design features that should be incorporated plus some highly speculative indications of work output based on simple direct scaling of the experimental toy's characteristics.

In designing larger engines, it is almost certainly undesirable to maintain the configuration and proportions of the small-scale toy. For instance, one possible concern in increasing size is whether serious limitations exist on height to which the

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internal working fluid can be lifted by its difference in vapor pressure in the head and body chambers.

The ramifications involved in enlarging the device, of course, make the direct application of scale factors to the toy's characteristics a highly speculative method of predicting the characteristics to be expected of usefully large machines. In absence of theoretical or experimental results at larger scale, however, some notion of the larger-scale characteristics may be gleaned from such simple direct scaling to see whether the work output at reasonable sizes is sufficiently interesting to warrant any further consideration.

Representative conditions selected from the experimental results are twelve hours of daytime operation with simulated sun temperature increment of 20 degrees F and wind speed of 5 miles per hour, plus twelve hours of nighttime operation with wind speed of 5 mph. To express the results in equivalent man-hours, the net work output of a man for an eight-hour day was taken as 360,000 foot-pounds, corresponding to the work of Egyptian *fellaheen* operating the *shadoof*.

THE results of this speculative direct scaling indicate that a machine twenty times as large as the experimental toy might achieve a daily net useful work output about 60 per cent as great as that of a man for about two and a half times a man's weight—about 25 per cent of the previously expressed goal of a man's daily work for a man's weight. A machine thirty times as large as the one-ounce toy "drinking bird" might achieve 35 per cent of the stated goal. Both such machines would have to be made in sections for easy portability.

Correction of the two earlier mentioned inefficiencies in the experimental device—the capillary attraction difficulty in the water discharge tube and the failure to utilize any of the power potential of the recovery stroke of the "bird's" motion—would seem likely to raise the daily net useful work output per unit weight by a factor of two to two-and-a-half. This would bring the output up to at least 50 per cent of the expressed goal for a useful large-scale water-lifting device.

These crude prognostications are merely interesting—not sacrosanct—as is the expressed goal, a highly intuitive one reinforced by simple cost comparisons rather than one resulting from extensive social and economic analysis.

Can the "drinking bird" be further developed into a useful machine, capable of solving the Egyptian low-water-lift problem to relieve the *fellaheen* for more useful endeavors or of performing other low-power-requirement tasks in primitive environments? In many ways it seems ideally suited:

► Its principle of operation thrives on the naturally occurring arid climatic conditions of Egypt and many other underdeveloped countries. The intense and persistent sunlight and dry winds should suit it ideally during daylight hours, and the latter factor should enable its continued operation at reduced rate during darkness.

► Its construction is extremely simple with no requirement for complicated moving precision parts or close tolerances, and suitable working fluids such as Freon 11 are readily available in large quantity at moderate cost. The machine should thus be quite simple and inexpensive to manufacture, possibly even locally in underdeveloped countries having meager industrial facilities.

► Its installation and operation require no technical skills and little manpower.

► It requires no fuel and almost no maintenance, since it is hermetically sealed with essentially nothing to wear out. The simple knife edge pivots should last a very long time without replacement (or the engine could be suspended like a torsion balance to dispense entirely with wearing surfaces). The absorbent covering of the head chamber merely requires periodic water flushing to clean it of accumulated dirt, with occasional cheap replacement by unskilled labor.

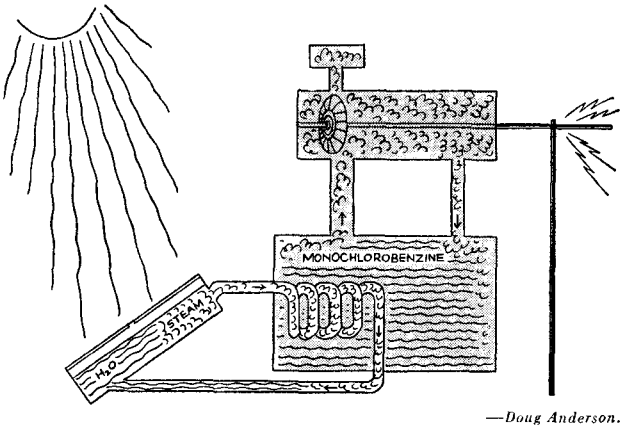
Crude direct scaling of the small-scale experimental results reported herein indicates that useful large-scale, possibly portable, machines may be achievable, particularly if well-known, efficient heat capture, absorption, transfer, and dissipation practices are exploited to improve performance. However, the technical feasibility of the device as a useful power source for low-power-requirement application hinges on two primary questions that need research to determine proper answers:

► Do any serious technical obstacles inhibit scaling up the device to useful sizes?

► What amounts of useful power per unit weight and cost can be achieved through improvements in design, construction, and materials?

The first question has been answered by a group of engineers interested in the technical and human potentialities of the device. They have built a laboratory model of the "drinking bird" seven feet in length, with spherical head and body chambers eighteen inches in diameter, using twenty-five pounds of Freon 11 as a working fluid. This half-scale model, somewhat bigger than a man, operates successfully though very inefficiently because it retains the simple glass construction and configuration of the toy bird. The second question demands more elaborate research of both analytic and experimental nature; still, it should not require a particularly significant level of expense or manpower.

If the device can be developed into a successful solution to the Egyptian problem, it seemingly should have wide applicability elsewhere in primitive agricultural regions wherever arid climatological conditions prevail—notably, all of North Africa and the Mid-East and perhaps parts of India, Pakistan, Australia, and the western United States (for instance, in some of our Indian communities). The engine's applicability need not be limited to water lifting; it could serve as a basic power source for many other low-power-requirement tasks currently using human labor, such as threshing, milling, and so on, or for recharging the batteries vital to communication systems in primitive environments.



—*Doug Anderson.*

IN JERUSALEM LAST SUMMER, Professor Harry Tabor, director of the National Physical Laboratory of Israel, showed me a simple sun-powered generator of electricity. Contained in a sealed unit that can be placed almost anywhere and left to operate itself with little if any need for servicing, the engine has a bank of solar cells to catch the sunlight and thus convert water into steam. The steam flows too swiftly to be an efficient turbine mover, so a coil carries the steam through a compartment containing monochlorobenzine, a chemical with a higher boiling point than water. The monochlorobenzine is vaporized, the vapor rises into the turbine chamber, and the consequent whirling of the turbine produces electricity. After passing through the turbine, the monochlorobenzine condenses and flows downward to be vaporized again by the steam, which in its turn condenses and flows back to the solar heater as water to be converted again into steam. —J.L.

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MORE PROBLEMS

By JOSEPH D. COOPER

THE CLAMOR for practical application of discoveries of biomedical knowledge grows louder. Medical researchers are being told they must release the secrets of their laboratories to physicians for the public benefit. This poses quite a problem for the research community, which must ask itself: What are we holding back?

The situation is not an unexpected one. Sooner or later, an impatient public was bound to ask for delivery on promises made recurringly that the conquest of innumerable diseases would be achieved quickly if only enough were spent in a hurry.

Surely, the country can afford to support as much worthwhile medical research as its qualified manpower can absorb. Cost is not really an issue in that context, especially when improvement of the nation's health is the eventual aim.

Practical application is another matter. In our haste to win the medical wars and to enjoy promised fruits of conquest, we are adventuring beyond prudent limits of risk. The hope becomes the theory which leads to selective discovery of evidence to support the wish, while contrary evidence which might slow the pace is ignored or rationalized away. This naturally stems from single-minded advocacy which sometimes has led to great gains, but more often has blocked or retarded action along other avenues of progress.

What is wrong is the absence of mechanisms for obliging proponents of action to offer evidence, in reasonable depth, to independent judges who do not have causes to espouse. Consequently, it has been too easy for bold new programs in the medical sector to come into being without scientific bases for promises or hopes that benefits could or would materialize. Once activated, these new programs become irreversibly committed because of public promises, dependence of program personnel on continuity of support, and force of legislation.

As an example of prematurity and the lack of constructive challenge which once was more dominant in scientific discourse, I shall here discuss the national program to prevent a rare disease called phenylketonuria.

Although this program has been held out to the public as an example of a signal gain—a model for other programs—I suggest that what should have remained a combination of research and pilot demonstration activities has been advanced prematurely into a national program status. While great good might eventually result, as of now there is evidence of serious harm to children without convincing proof, in the best scientific traditions, that claimed benefits are actually being realized.

I do not impugn sincerity of purpose. In particular, I do not suggest that any groups, public or private, should be criticized. Rather, it is the prevailing system—the vogue, in a sense—which I criticize. It accentuates the positive and, if it does not entirely eliminate the negative, it does not provide adequately for taking it into account.

Phenylketonuria, more commonly called PKU, is a genetically acquired disease commonly associated with mental retardation, although some phenylketonuric babies grow up to be normal or bright without treatment. Apart from, or in addition to, retardation, the child may have postural peculiarities, convulsive or jerking movements, and a characteristic musty body odor, among other symptoms. PKU belongs to a disease category called "inborn errors of metabolism." Others of these rare genetic errors which find their way into the news these days are galactosemia, histidinemia, maple syrup urine disease, and homocystinuria.

For the symptomatic child and its parents, PKU is a calamity. For society generally, PKU is a rarity. The incidence of the disease is estimated, on the high side, at about one in every 10,000 births. On the low side, the incidence has been estimated at or lower than one in 25,000. A true figure cannot be given due to errors of diagnosis (which may yield either false positives or false negatives) and to difficulties of statistical projection from small samples. In any event, a physician may work out his life career without encountering a single case of PKU.

The institutional population of phenylketonurics is also relatively rare, having been estimated at considerably less than 1 per cent (0.793 per cent), from which it has been estimated that PKU occurs once in every 20,000 to 40,000 live births. A survey of clinical programs for mentally retarded children throughout the country, conducted in 1961 by the United States Children's Bureau, yielded an inventory of only 484 phenylketonuric children known to have been admitted to the reporting programs during the preceding five years.

Why, one may ask, is this disease so much in the public view, despite its relative rarity? The main reasons are these:

► Universally, mothers are fearful of having a child with a birth defect. A mother's first question after delivery usually will be, "Is my baby normal?" Hence, the population generally has become interested in preventing and correcting birth defects. This interest was heightened by the well-known thalidomide disaster that came to public attention in 1962.

► Close to 6,000,000 Americans are mentally retarded in varying degree. Mental retardation is the single largest category of childhood disease. It accounts for twice as many disabilities as the combined totals of patients with cerebral palsy, rheumatic heart disease, and blindness. A broad base of missionary interest is to be found, therefore, among parents and lay voluntary groups.

► A medical breakthrough in PKU and other metabolic disorders associated

—Howard U.

FEW intellectual gadflies in Washington, D.C., retain their stingers. One who does is Joseph D. Cooper, professor of government, Howard University, and professor of government and public administration, the American University. The accompanying text is based on testimony he gave to the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Government Research. Since this paper was written, the American Academy of Pediatrics has published a formal statement of opposition to extension of PKU legislation.

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OF INSTANT MEDICINE

with retardation was hailed both symbolically and practically as an opening wedge—a gain that would be followed by other breakthroughs which eventually would reduce the incidence of mental retardation. A national PKU crusade was therefore organized by voluntary health agencies, working through government agencies and state legislatures, partly to control this disease and partly to bolster the spirits of those who seek anxiously for additional gains.

► There existed a small but active group of physicians and medical researchers who had begun to build investigational interests and careers around the phenomena of the "inborn errors of metabolism." Some—not all—of the more actively disposed of these medical personalities involved themselves in the promotion of the PKU program. They became the advisors to legislators, government administrators, and voluntary health organizations. Out of the fusion of their own professional convictions and career interests emerged a professional evangelism.

► The public was eager for delivery of new medical breakthroughs which it had been promised and for which it had been primed through the successive miracles of the sulfonamides, antibiotics, and poliomyelitis vaccines. These advances in combating and preventing infectious disease had filled the popular mind with the notion that simplistic models of specific cause and effect—the magic bullet theory—would be found through massive action to cure just about any disease.

I shall review now some of the things known about PKU. Phenylketonuria is a metabolic defect transmitted genetically as a Mendelian recessive factor. The disease was first recognized and described in 1934. Detection at birth was difficult because the development of the child with phenylketonuric symptoms progresses quite normally during the first few months of life. Thereafter, intellectual growth is retarded—supposedly because of the failure of a liver enzyme to metabolize an amino acid, phenylalanine, which, when excessive in the bloodstream, causes brain damage.

For some years after this disease had been defined and was made recognizable, medical science could offer little more than identification and explanation. A first major advance was a simple urine test which permitted widespread screening economically. This test was not wholly satisfactory because the presence of phenylpyruvic acid, a spillage by-product of the excessive phenylalanine, was not readily detectable until the baby reached six to eight weeks of age. At that time, the infant was no longer under hospital control and less amenable to screening and the commencement of dietary control. Prompt therapeutic management during the first weeks of life is believed by many to be essential to prevent development of a brain lesion, the cause of retardation. Robert Guthrie, of Children's Hospital, Buffalo, developed a blood test which utilized only a few drops of blood taken by simple puncture from the baby's heel when the child is four or five days old. This afforded hospital control of the procedure. The test is the heart of mass screening programs instituted in many states today.

The development that really fired the imagination, offering hope of cure not only for PKU retardees but for other victims of inborn errors of metabolism, was the reported impression that a special diet, low in phenylalanine, apparently prevented or limited the retardation of intellectual growth and other phenylketonuric symptoms. From a public health standpoint, therefore, the formula for action seemed clearcut: Put every newborn child through a PKU screening test and then put all who are found to be PKU positive on the special diet.

The belief that effective control of a genetic disorder — of PKU — had been achieved was electrifying. PKU became a household word. The National Foundation for Neuromuscular Diseases called for a "Genetic Alert" to discover children with such rare inborn defects as Wilson's disease, agammaglobulinemia, glucose-6-phosphate dehydrogenase (G-6-PD) deficiency, and hereditary angioneurotic edema. In relatively short order, thirty-seven states passed laws making PKU screening compulsory. The American Medical Association also endorsed screening programs, but it did not favor the legislative requirements.

Only here and there were voices raised in protest against the legislative approach. Even fewer scientific challenges were expressed as to the validity of the medical model. I use the word "expressed" deliberately because, as I explored the PKU program, I was to learn that many who had doubts had not expressed them. I also learned that the source of consensus was traceable to a rather small group of people who were in substantial agreement among themselves. The same people appeared time after time on professional programs throughout the country. They reinforced one another in their convictions, sincerely and earnestly held.

I do not personally challenge the professional consensus, for I am not professionally qualified to do so. I have, however, explored the literature and have consulted with biomedical authorities in order to assure myself that I was not reading and inferring out of context. In brief, the professional challenge to the consensus has been growing ever louder. If the challenge is sustained, we're going to find ourselves with thirty-seven or more prematurely enacted state laws and with some children who have been permanently harmed without proof of offsetting benefit.

The evidence of a faulty medical model I will now present covers diagnostic validity and reliability, control and effects of treatment, and readiness of the PKU program to be put into a service status for the public.

The diagnostic finding of a high phenylalanine content in the blood does not in itself establish the infant as phenylketonuric. Neither does the finding of a low serum phenylalanine level necessarily predict the absence of PKU. The inventors of the PKU test, Guthrie and associates, reported that about 85 percent or more of presumed positives turned out to be false positives. Presumably, the false positives are eliminated through use of confirmatory tests, but the literature offers no assurance that existing tests, used generally, will exclude all false positives. To the contrary, high phenylalanine levels may be induced by nonrelevant conditions, including the presence of infection.

The blood phenylalanine test is given in the hospital before discharge of the newborn; usually when the child is four days old. The recommended procedure is that all infants be tested again at the age of four weeks, so that false positives and false negatives might then be re-

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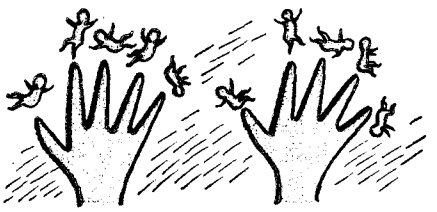
checked. What happens to those babies who were put on low phenylalanine diets very early? How does a later test reveal them to be false positives or false negatives if already on diet? What happens to non-PKU children falsely diagnosed so to be? It has been suggested that when put on low phenylalanine diets, their own body proteins break down through catabolic action to release blood phenylalanine. Would a follow-up diagnosis suggest even lower phenylalanine intake whereas more would actually be needed?

While Dr. Guthrie has reported, on the one hand, that 85 per cent of his initial positive screenings are false upon recheck, other investigators have found "an unacceptably high percentage of false-negative results." Dr. Charles W. Blumenfeld, chief of the department of pathology, Sutter Community Hospitals and Sacramento Clinical Laboratory, California, reporting for himself and colleagues, claimed that the Guthrie test has a potential of 53 per cent false negatives. So, on the one hand the test pulls in too many babies and, on the other, it is claimed to bypass too many.



One of the problems with which we are here confronted is that the most meager data have been used in projecting the incidence of disease, the validity and reliability of diagnostic screens, and the clinical value of the dietary treatment. The efficacy of the dietary substance used to feed PKU babies, Lofenalac, was originally demonstrated through experience with only six children. U.S. Food and Drug Administration approval in 1958 was given on the strength of those six cases.

The trouble is in the difficulty of collecting enough new cases in any one clinical center to provide an adequate statistical base for study. Thus, the last time I checked on experiences in the District of Columbia, which has a screening program, only one confirmed case had been found in two years.

The likelihood of false positives increases with the rarity of a disease in the population. This explains why, with the Guthrie test, eighty-five out of each 100 children tentatively tagged as phenylketonuric are found, on recheck, not to be phenylketonuric after all.

Consider the reactions of the parents who are told that their children are or might be retarded and will require additional tests over a period of time which will narrow the field down to only a fraction of those screened out. How does the imparting of this information change their lives? What traumata are thereby induced and at what cost? Even as to children who are eventually adjudged to be PKU-negative, are the lingering doubts in parents' minds ever dispelled?

At the May 1965 meeting of the Society for Pediatric Research in Philadelphia, Dr. Samuel P. Bessman brought up his famous false syllogism:

> If one were to say that a woman is a person with two eyes and therefore that a person with two eyes is a woman, one would be laughed out of this august assembly. However, if one says that a mental defective who has phenylketonuria has a high blood level of phenylalanine . . . [and] therefore a child with a high blood pehnylalanine level . . . is a phenylketonuric with mental retardation in the future —is just as silly. . . .

Thus far diagnosis has been discussed as an either/or matter: negative or positive. A more recent uncertainty is whether phenylketonuria is a single disease or a spectrum or collection of many different diseases, each of which would require its variant of treatment. This is a matter for more profound conjecture than has been given, particularly in view of our tendency to identify diseases and their cures through rather simplistic models.

Consequently, children who test out to be phenylketonuric, in terms of blood chemistry, may grow up to be normal in all respects. Under present screening and treatment procedures, they would be put on a diet which might very well do them harm. On the other hand, some children who develop normally on a PKU diet might have developed even more normally without the diet.

A FACTOR that impairs the ability of scientists to conduct research, even to know whether or not the low phenylalanine diet is beneficial, is that when an entire universe—all babies who show up as PKU positives—is put on the diet, no control groups are left for comparison. We do not know whether any children under dietary management who do not become retarded would have remained normal under ordinary diets. Untreated children with high phenylalanine levels have been found with intelligence in the normal and high normal ranges.

W. E. Knox reported in the journal *Pediatrics* that about 10 per cent of untreated cases are only mildly retarded and that less than one-half of 1 per cent have been reported as PKU-normals. How anyone can report faithfully as to percentages of normals is not easy to understand, in view of the near-universal treatment of babies diagnosed as phenylketonuric.

To sum up this discussion thus far: 1) We have diagnostic tests which may or may not correctly identify babies who need preventive treatment; 2) we determine the existence of a disease state from a single symptom—the level of phenylalanine; and 3) we treat babies who have that one symptom without really knowing whether we have excluded those babies who would grow up to be normal without treatment.

In short, the evidence for diagnostic validity is shaky, at the very least. Yet treatment programs have been instituted throughout the United States and have been exported to other lands despite the lack of diagnostic refinement.

When I have raised questions about the diagnostic situation, I have been told by PKU program enthusiasts that the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. They point to their own experiences in obtaining striking improvements in behavior and intelligence of children on PKU-preventive diets. R. A. MacCready of Massachusetts said, for example, that of thirty-six children in his state screened in the period July 1962 through Feburary 1966, of whom twenty-nine were treated at Boston Children's Hospital: "All of the children, whose ages range from one month to three and one-half years, are in good health. The IQ's done, admittedly approximate, range from 80 to 138 with a median close to 100."

With such experience, on face so convincing, how can anyone challenge either the diagnostic or treatment procedures? The answer is that many have done so and that serious doubts are being raised increasingly as to the value of the dietary treatment and its safety.

Earlier, I mentioned the widely held belief that diagnosis and treatment within the first weeks of life are important in order to prevent brain damage. Some recent work by R. Fuller, a psychologist of New York, suggests otherwise. She found that, taking all phenylketonurics (within her study) as a group, the earlier they were placed on the low phenylalanine diet, the less impaired they were. This would possibly support the views on early diagnosis and treatment, but let us face that one further after looking at some more of Fuller's findings.

Some PKU babies started on early control showed marked retardation. On the other hand, some children started on the diet after three years of age—long after brain damage should have occurred—showed great improvement to the point of little or no retardation. Furthermore, in a study of siblings on PKU diets, a significant proportion started at a later age showed better improvement than their sisters or brothers who were started at younger ages.

The implications are profound. It is

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not improbable that measured improvement is in part, at least, the result of an intervention factor—the giving of individual attention to children who previously had been abandoned by society—rather than to biochemical effects of withholding an amino acid from the diet. The intervention factor, which may in this case be response to attention and training, is known among psychologists as the "Hawthorn effect."

Fuller's findings of intelligence improvement did not agree at all with the Massachusetts experience. Both as to her early-treatment group and her late-treatment group (after three years), she found a median intelligence of 69, much lower than the IQ of 100 reported in Massachusetts. Another study of Massachusetts phenylketonurics showed a mean IQ for "severe" phenylketonurics, after treatment, of 104, with a range of 80 to 136. Mild phenylketonurics had a median IQ after treatment of 109 with a range of 90 to 127. Interestingly, the severer cases tested out poorer and better at the range extremes as compared with the milder cases.

CLEARLY, someone ought to find out just why such sharp differences were found in IQ measurement in the two states. Maybe different environments and measurement methods would be found. In particular, I would like to know why so many PKU-children who are found to be high-normal after treatment do so poorly in school.

Another problem area is the absence of information as to how long a child should remain on diet and the effects of dietary termination. G. Solomons and associates of Iowa found favorable results in a study of seven cases, suggesting that termination of the diet after the age of six years "is safe and seems to produce improvement in behavior, school performance, and in the emotional climate of the family." On the other hand, Fuller found some tendency toward deterioration.

As may be gathered, I am deliberately presenting a picture of utter confusion which should be quite acceptable during an investigational stage of a new program, but not during an advanced stage of a universally accepted therapy made mandatory by statute. Later, I will go into the question of whether the public has been correctly informed as to the true reasons for and nature of the PKU program.

Thus far, I have dealt with inconclusiveness of data as a basis for action. Now I will take up problems of treatment, especially as related to child safety. Very little attention has been given to deleterious effects of treatment, including the incidence of death attributable to induced dietary insufficiency. Other side effects and complications of the PKU diet (which consists solely of an unpalatable preparation from which phenylalanine has been removed) include skin lesions, refractory anemia, bone changes, vomiting, lethargy, appetite failure, poor weight gain, retarded growth, and miscellaneous symptoms of malnutrition.

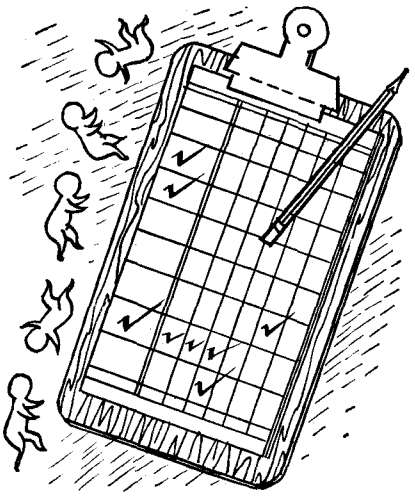
Recently, investigators found that the immune responses of PKU children to certain infectious diseases were lowered by dietary treatment. D. W. Wooley has argued that PKU patients saved from idiocy might become schizophrenic when taken off their diets later in life. The Food and Drug Administration informed me it had no knowledge of deaths. The Children's Bureau informed me it had no evidence of fatalities occurring as a result of treatment. Yet references to treatment-induced death are indeed to be found in the medical literature.

The American Academy of Pediatrics Committee on the Handicapped Child, while concluding that children with PKU can be helped through early detection and treatment, also reported: "This conclusion must not lead to unrealistic expectations or to over-enthusiastic application of treatment programs. Some parents are either unwilling or unable to maintain dietary treatment. Over-rigidity of dietary management has led to early death, presumably from insufficient protein intake or hypoglycemia. Over-hospitalization for rigid control has deprived children of the normal stimulation and affection of home and family thus preventing normal psychological maturation. Exaggerated predictions for normal development regardless of the age of discovery and irrespective of the strictness of the diet or of the hereditary endowment have led to frustration and discouragement on the part of pediatricians and parents."

An argument of those who have promoted mandatory PKU-testing is that early diagnosis and treatment is eventually more than repaid by savings through avoiding or minimizing the need for custodial care of phenylketonurics. I won't go into the claimed economics. It would take too much time to do so. It would also impute some credibility to an argument which holds as much water as a sieve. Suffice it to say that a PKU child under treatment needs continuing follow-up. The growing consensus also is that he needs the back-up of a whole socio-medical team, including his attending physician, metabolic and laboratory specialists and technicians, visiting nurse, social psychologist—sometimes a psychiatrist, and a social worker to help the family in making adjustments.

This has implications for social choice which I'll take up very shortly. To sum up again: 1) proofs of benefit from treatment are inadequate, especially as to effects of therapy on intelligence; 2) benefit may be more attributable to an intervention factor than to tampering with a child's biochemistry; 3) evidence of harm, including infant fatalities, has largely been ignored or given scant attention; and 4) treatment calls for substantially greater deployment of resources than originally expected.

From all experience—even poor experience—lessons ought to be taken. One big lesson from the PKU situation is that one should not commit any major endeavor on a broad scale without first having undergone pilot testing. Inevitably, such testing leads to correction of



assumptions and procedural techniques. We did not have this in the PKU program. Rather, the cry went out that society owed it to every child to have a PKU test at birth and that it would be unethical to deprive any child of the dietary treatment once he had been diagnosed as phenylketonuric.

Just how the PKU program was determined to be service-ready ought to be examined, in order to learn more lessons therefrom. Mandatory PKU screening first became law in Massachusetts. As nearly as I can determine, universal screening was originally introduced in order to find cases for research programs, although I'm sure the researchers must have felt this would also lead to public benefit.

At no point, however, has the public ever been told that the PKU program is still mainly investigational and that almost the entire population of newborn infants has been converted into a national laboratory of clinical research with attendant risks. Few physicians and hardly any parents have been made aware of these risks and of all the reasons for screening.

The claim has been made that the physician is still free to decide the course of treatment for the patient, the infant. Theoretically this may be so, but the specter of the malpractice suit

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must exert a powerful stimulus to prescribe in accordance with the cultural mores for these are what influence the court. Already, there have been two malpractice suits in which physicians have been charged with failure to treat.

THE inauguration of screening programs was well along when the American Academy of Pediatrics Committee on Fetus and Newborn published the following criteria for screening of new born infants for metabolic disease:

1) Does the seriousness of the disorder justify screening?
2) Is therapy for the disease in question available?
3) Is there a clearly identifiable segment of the population with an increased incidence of this disease?
4) Is it possible to perform reliable screening during the first few days of life?
5) Can the screening test be performed in a routine service laboratory?
6) Is the test acceptable to the physician and to a majority of parents?
7) Is the cost of the test acceptable?
8) Are there acceptable medical facilities prepared to confirm diagnosis and consult about the institution of therapy?

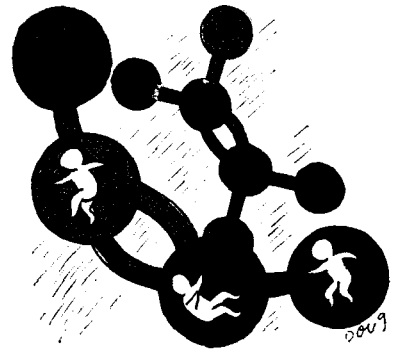
The committee did not say whether PKU screening came within its criteria, but it did draw attention to current difficulties. "Because of the difficulty of interpreting blood tests and the hazard of unwarranted dietary restrictions," said the committee, "it is recommended that the screening tests be performed in a large central facility, such as a state health department, or at least regional, laboratory."

Absence of readiness of that kind did not slow legislative enactments. I recall visiting the Children's Bureau program officer who happened to have in hand a copy of a letter from a state health department. The letter reported that the state had a law on the books calling for compulsory screening but it did not have adequate facilities with which to carry out the screening and subsequent treatment.

To underscore the state of confusion as regards PKU and to show how sharply opinions are divided even within the American Academy of Pediatrics, the following is quoted from a heretofore unpublished report of its Committee on Nutrition to the Children's Bureau, dated July 30, 1965:

1) The objectives and ways and means for implementing such wide-scale screening programs remain to be evaluated as do the methods for following through of patients with heritable metabolic diseases detected by such programs.
2) The beneficial effects of good dietary management of any of the heritable metabolic diseases detected in these programs or elsewhere, have yet to be proven unequivocally. Under the circumstances, the committee felt that caution was indicated in launching widespread screening programs until practical thereaputic programs, the effects of which are predictable in the majority of children participating, have been designed.
3) It must be demonstrated with certainty that any normal children who receive these restrictive diets through inadvertence or because of misdiagnosis will not suffer irreparable neurological or physical damage.

Notwithstanding such admonitions of caution, some investigators have pressed for screening and treatment programs for diseases of even greater rarity as to which even less is known. Maple syrup urine disease, for example, affects about one in a quarter-million newborns. More recently, dietary control of maternal PKU has been urged in order to prevent retardation of babies from developing *in utero*. Whether or not any benefit or



harm to offspring would result is not known, but surely the experience would be a difficult if not dangerous one for the mothers.

Now, although most of this discussion has pertained to PKU, I am less interested in that rare phenomenon than in how decisions are made affecting public health and welfare. The PKU affair happens to be a well-contained example of how not to proceed. It also enables us to derive lessons from Establishment workings, for there happens to be a PKU Establishment.

THE term Establishment suggests an informally structured in-group — those who control an area of activity, decide its leadership, pass upon applicants for membership, distribute rewards, and determine generally what goes and what does not. The notion of Establishment provokes a wide range of reactions which correlate directly with how far in or out one may be.

Our society is full of Establishments. They serve useful purposes when they are the means for advancing society's good interests. They can impose the stamp of authenticity and orthodoxy. They are stabilizers.

I'm in favor of Establishment groups, but I have a few qualifiers to put forth. Power has its obligations which, if not exercised, inevitably lead to restrictions or withdrawals by society. The obligations include, among others, acceptance of new personalities and viewpoints into Establishment proceedings.

THE PKU Establishment embraces lay and professional personalities in academic institutions, hospitals, public health departments, the federal government, and voluntary health agencies. It has erred, I believe, in not submitting itself to the discipline of independent critique—in not opening the channels of doubt and criticism. The principal federal agency involved is the Children's Bureau. Of course, it has been involved in PKU Establishment affairs and has, I believe, committed errors of its own, but to be critical of it on that score would be unfair. The Children's Bureau has done a tremendous job in developing clinical programs and aids in the area of mental retardation, overshadowing the PKU activity in importance.

The Children's Bureau is to be commended, in fact, for its efforts to promote constructive dialogue through numerous symposia in which divergent points of view have often been expressed. Nevertheless, the Children's Bureau has been dominated as to PKU by a small group of outside program proponents who have also been the source of guidance of federal and state legislators, who have dominated the professional literature, who have advised lay voluntary groups, and who have been the main recipients of federal grants for PKU activity. I criticize none of the members of this Establishment individually, but collectively there seems to be a fair case for saying that their mutual enthusiasm has led them to block outside challenges to unbridled program execution beyond the state of knowledge.

I first became involved in the PKU situation when, as a political scientist and professor of government, I was invited to give the mid-day lecture at the scientific seminars of the Rosewood State Hospital for retardees at Owings Mills, Maryland, on November 21, 1965. My topic was "Problems of Legislation in the Field of Mental Retardation." Until then I knew nothing of either the technology or politics of PKU. As I plowed through the literature seeking truth, however, I became amazed and then distressed over the immensity of the structure of activity built on such a shallow foundation of knowledge. In particular, I was distressed by reports of harm to babies.

My talk before several hundred professional people was warmly received, to my surprise as a visiting layman in a medical environment. Subsequently,

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many observed to me in private that they were glad I had said things they could not. Some conveyed this message through cautious asides uttered as they passed me in the corridor.

Deeply disturbed, I began a correspondence with federal health and science officials at summit and sub-summit levels. All I requested was that some form of scientific evaluation be made of the evidence in order to derive lessons for future program installations. I touched just about all points, but no one else wanted to do any touching of his own.

Reversal is hard to achieve in the government, because it implies lack of good judgment. This is unfortunate. As we move more deeply into the inner fastnesses of medical science, we had better be prepared to reverse gears without implication of dishonor.

The argument is sometimes made that we have ample precedent for the mass PKU screening laws. After all, we have laws which require premarital blood tests. We have laws which call for compulsory immunization of school children and of others. Why not laws to detect and prevent or cure mental retardation?

There are differences.

The other laws are intended to protect us from the spread of disease, from contamination, from contact with invisible enemies. The other laws take cognizance of the fact that a disease carrier might propagate epidemics and that people must be protected from external, unseen hazards. It is not so with PKU.

WHAT do I propose?

1) *As to mechanisms of advice:* Any one solution, such as some independent ombudsman or office of review in the executive or legislative branches, would be insufficient. Rather, we need a return to old-fashioned scientific pluralism. We need open, constructive conflict of ideas from which truth may emerge. We should not discourage advocacy, dissidence, and special-pleading. One approach is to dilute the concentration of advisory sources. The same people or program sources should not at once guide legislative and executive branches, from within and without, while also dominating voluntary and professional society channels. Let us round out our pluralisms and at least occasionally have some spirited debates over both ends and means, right out in the open.

2) *As to program choice and priorities:* The making of choice becomes more difficult as more is learned about situations and problems. On the whole, reliance must be placed on the professional judgments of the experts and the administrators. Legislators must also play a part in choice, for they thereby bring in the popular view—provided it is really that—as opposed to the dominance of professionalism. Yet choice must be subject to criteria-based review, taking into account total needs and total resources. Thus, if PKU programs are still investigational, should we not limit their scope while resources are deployed to improvements in more prevalent areas of mental retardation?

3) *As to applications of knowledge:* Before particular disease targets are selected for widespread preventive or therapeutic application, there must first be a base of adequate knowledge derived through fundamental and controlled clinical research. Consistent with advances in clinical experience protracted pilot tests should be conducted in one or more states under controlled, *scientifically* modeled conditions, in order to derive adequate experience. Progressively, as wider field trials are conducted under varying conditions, independent medical judges without personal cause should evaluate progress. Then, assuming that the program demonstrates its worthiness, it should be expanded at a rate consistent with the development of adequate clinical and laboratory facilities and professional manpower.

The public should be fully informed as to whether a program is investigational or service-ready. Evaluations against criteria of benefit should be continuous.

The need for developing informational bases as prerequisites for action is just as important in all other areas of public medicine, whether in the regulation of drugs or in the extension of medical services to the public.

4) *As to legislative prescription of medical practice:* Legislative enactments of medical practice should be limited to assuring good practice, to protecting the public against hidden or unseen external hazards, and to protecting the rights of patients, especially the incompetent. Laws cannot specify action, when individuals are biochemically and biosocially unique and when the knowledge of medicine undergoes constant change. Laws cannot substitute for the professional judgments of physicians.

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(Continued from page 61)

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VERMONT—A Way of Life—National Forest, charming Dutch Colonial. 20 furnished rooms for home, club, school or inn. 3 ski areas, golf, fishing, hunting, trout pond. $55,000. Box 39, Londonderry.

LEWES, DELAWARE. 5 apartments. Annual occupancy. Canal view. Asking $18,500. SR Box C-131.

CROTON ON HUDSON, N.Y. Secluded, beautiful setting. Small house, year round, all modern conveniences, fieldstone fireplace. Extra 1 room house suitable studio. Under 2 acres. Substantial mortgage. SR Box C-232.

GRENADA, WEST INDIES. *6 room house,* 2 baths, ½ acre landscaped, private waterfront. SR Box C-225.

(Continued on page 64)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 63)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

VERMONT—efficiency apartment, chalet or cottage. 150 acres, pond. Mont Scieur, Chester, Vermont 05143.

FULLY EQUIPPED, HILLSIDE COTTAGE. Gorgeous French Caribbean Isle. 2 double bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining-living room. Boat, car available. Beach nearby. Cook in or good dining nearby. Details: 307 Warrenton Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904.

For Rent/Sale—Furnished

BERKSHIRES—Lovely old Colonial farm 140 acres. Beautifully furnished, 3 bedrooms. Caretaker on place. $1,800 season, $3,600 yearly. Also log cabin, magnificent view, outside plumbing and cooking. $500 season. Elizabeth Taylor, Realtor, Southfield, Massachusetts 01259. SPECIALIZING in Prime Berkshire Properties. 413-229-8418.

For Summer Rental

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT—New triple A-frame, 40 mile view, spacious decks, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, ultra kitchen. Secluded, but near swimming, golf, theater. $125 weekly. SR Box B-635.

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND—Shore cottages. Dwight Carter, Northeast Harbor, Maine.

SKIPPER'S 6 ROOM Searsport home. Wide view Penobscot Bay. July. Adults only. Selwyn Blake, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

BLOCK ISLAND, RHODE ISLAND. Spacious 8 double bedroom, light, airy, late Victorian renovated. 2 baths. Fantastic ocean view. Cool breezes. Private 3 acres. Drilled well. Monthly @ $275 per week. Write Box 222, South Orange, N.J. or call weekday evenings: 212-799-2305.

DELIGHTFUL STUDIO HOUSE on farm in Catskills. Ideal for authors or dreamers. H. Wright, Divine Corners, N.Y. 914-434-4539.

LOS ANGELES. 3 bedroom house, view. 10 minutes bus Los Angeles or Hollywood. $300 for 6 weeks July-August. 213-384-6633.

SWISS CHALET. Waitsfield, Vermont. Near Sugarbush Golf Course. Sleeps 14-19. Available by week or month. Hiking, swimming, horseback riding, tennis, golf. $125 first week, $100 each successive week. Mrs. E. McLauchlin, P.O. Box 5107, Albany, New York 12205.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

KENT-BROOKFIELD AREA, CONNECTICUT—scholar's retreat, August (plus?). Might exchange/sublet Washington apartment. Box C-154.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

PARIS, LEFT BANK, to let, furnished 5 room apartment one year, from September. Box C-146.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Hampstead N.W. 3. Attractive mansion apartment, 5 bedrooms, beautiful Church Row. Call Haiart, 212-PL 4-1234, Ext. 3623.

NYC, EAST 80s. 5 room apartment. 15 month sublease. $250 a month. Box C-163.

For Summer Rental

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—2 furnished apartments. Outside decks overlooking water. $85-$125 weekly. SR Box C-152.

EAST MID-MANHATTAN. 2½ rooms—modern, air-conditioner. Doorman. 1 person only. References. $180 monthly July 1st-September 15th. 212-RE 4-1249.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Furnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. Four female teachers seek luxury 2-4 bedroom apartment. Will care for plants, pets, etc. Wanted for one year beginning September. Phyllis Weiner, 19 Aspen Road, Sloatsburg, N.Y. 914-753-5485.

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR SALE—½ acre lot, Birchwood Lakes, Poconos, Pike County, Pennsylvania. 2 hours New York City. Private lakes with beach houses, boating, tennis, recreation hall, shuffleboard courts. Golfing and skiing nearby. 3 miles to shopping and houses of worship. Very reasonable. Box W-338.

GORGEOUS WOODED 17 ACRES abutting stream. Ideal level homesite. Cosmopolite rural estate area. $29,500. P.O. Box 118, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

EXPO VISITORS: Explore Northern Vermont's splendor for vacation homesites, timberland for investment. Free brochure. Write Box C-120.

LAKE WILLOUGHBY, VERMONT—Two miles from lake, 9 room farmhouse in good condition, on dirt road, half mile from state highway. Seven miles from projected interchange Interstate 91. Sweeping panorama south to Willoughby Notch and southwest to Green Mountain chain. Brook nearby. $14,500. Emory Hebard, Broker, Glover, Vermont. 802-525-3420.

MAINE WAY DOWN EAST. 4 bedroom Cape Cod, ½ mile tidewater village, modern improvements, 15 acres, established antique business optional. Box C-265.

ISLAND FOR SALE

NOVA SCOTIA. Kaulback Island! The whole, blessed, beautiful 90 acre island! Near Indian Point and Chester. Homestead. Beach. Wharf. In path of annual Chester-Lunenberg Regatta. Worth coming to see. $20,000. Chester Real Estate, Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada.

CAMP FOR SALE

CHILDREN'S CAMP, Newfound Lake, Bristol, New Hampshire, $44,000. Contact Bement School, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

CAMPS

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS for boys. 2 to 8 weeks' adventure in the Quetico-Superior border area of Minnesota and Canada. Write for information: Kiwatin Canoe Camp, Inc., 224 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

SPANISH LANGUAGE CAMP auspices The Experiment in International Living. Coed 13-16. From July 1st to August 13th participants will study various levels of Spanish in Vermont. On August 13th those who wish and qualify will travel to Mexico to test their language skills by living for two weeks with a family. Write: Director, Language Camp, Box 676, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

MEXICO—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 11-13. 6 weeks. Our summer in Mexico provides a rewarding and cultural experience for only 12 subteens. A creative noncompetitive program geared to age and interests combines a stimulating camp program plus travel in a foreign country. Conversational Spanish, Music, Art, Sculpturing, Social Activities. Professional staff of 5. Camp Del Solar, phone or write C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-DE 7-5792.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun and knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science for academically talented. Private lake, cabins. Wilderness survival, creative indigenous crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Professional staff. A.C.A. Phone Nashville 766-2494. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

DAY CAMP IN THE BERKSHIRES. Near Tanglewood and Arts Festivals. Coed, 3-14. Excellent reputation. Transportation provided. Brochure. Butternut Day Camp, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

FAMILY CAMPING

STOP . . . to and fro EXPO! Write: Recompence Shore Campsites, Freeport, Maine.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Housekeeping cottages. Seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Folder C, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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VACATIONS

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

VACATION FUN, no extra costs at Sunset Hill House, a family resort. Free golf on sporty private course. Tennis, swimming, nightly entertainment. Magnificent scenery . . . and food! See the sights, hike the trails, fish, or just relax. Reservations—Sugar Hill 4, N.H.

1778 INN—peaceful Poconos. Delicious meals; heated pool; stream; forest walks; no pressure. Swiftwater Inn, Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

PEACEFUL VACATION—Hilltop house, lovely gardens, view, library. Excellent food. Elevation 1,600 feet. $70 weekly. Ruth Mansfield Schriftgiesser, Londonderry, Vermont 05148.

TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Enjoy lake swimming from our private beach, and excellent tennis, at "the small good place." Laurel Lake Inn, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

BEACHCOMBER? Ever thought about moving to a subtropical island to paint, write, start your own business, find an interesting new job, retire on a golf course under a palm tree? Then do something about it! Subscribe to the ISLANDER, a 20 page monthly magazine with photos and news about one of America's fastest growing ocean resort islands and the historic region around it. Send $2.00 for special six-months' trial subscription to ISLANDER, Hilton Head Island 7, South Carolina 29928.

WICKANINNISH INN, Long Beach, B.C., Canada. No radio, television, newspapers; beautifully remote yet luxurious accommodations $30 couple all inclusive. Write for brochure.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS—Erudite clientele. Children's haven, antiquers' paradise. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

YORK HARBOR GUEST QUARTERS. Pleasant lodgings. Maine seacoast homesteaod. On our own peninsula, overlook ocean and harbor. Continental breakfast. Beaches and shops nearby. For brochure and reservations: Harriette Lusty, York, Maine 03909.

TIP TOP INN. Cuttingsville, Vermont. Charming old farmhouse inn. Excellent meals. Superb view. Relax before and after EXPO '67. Free brochure.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. (Quote from Horace Sutton's syndicated column) ". . . it doesn't take any special talent to find the local Hilton . . . but have you yet found THE DUFFYS' . . . ?", a small tropical guest house by the sea where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Superb beach. Sympathique bar. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hotels Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

HOME OF "The Sound of Music"! On The EXPO Route. Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe 40, Vermont. Meet Baroness Von Trapp, the real-life Maria. Spectacular mountain scenery. Charming old world atmosphere. Authentic Austrian and American cuisine, pastries. Patioed coffee house-gift shop. Heated pool, riding. Golf, tennis nearby. Write Brochure. Reservations advised. Tel. 802-253-7545.

PAINTERS, WRITERS and ordinary folk love our rustic simplicity, Adirondack's Indian Lake. Peruse our brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.

VACATIONS

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA-GOERS: Enhance your operatic evening by enjoying Sussex country house hospitality. Double bedroom, dressing room, bathroom, breakfast, $20 per night per person. Trip to Glyndebourne with picnic $10 additional. Write or phone Mrs. Gage, Chalvington House, near Hailsham, Sussex, England, or write SR Box C-23.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

PUBLIC SQUALOR?—Tired of vacationing in public? Your neighbor's radio? Exhaust fumes? Washing dishes? Try BACK LOG CAMP in the Adirondacks. No roads, no electricity. Come by water—sleep on good beds in large airy tents—eat fresh food served family style. One to three day guided canoe and hiking trips offered. Cultured company. All ages. Brochure. Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

ACAPULCO—Rent 2 bedroom, 2 bath, air-conditioned bungalow. Magnificent view. Maid service. Pool. SR Box C-248.

CAPE COD efficiency cottages. "The Doves," Box 152, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA, West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $10-$12 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing, in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Open June 17th. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

EXPO '67 next stop! Gracious hospitality—quiet sleep—excellent food. Brochure. Holiday Hill, Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

VACATIONS

ARCADIA, the ancient Greeks called it, "a place of rest and delight in nature." We call it your opportunity for a complete holiday for re-creation. Others describe it as a 7,000 acre mountain property, with the 300 room Mohonk House giving you the "feel" of European resorts, only 90 Thruway miles from New York City. No liquor license. Rates for rooms, with meals, begin at $17. Please mention Saturday Review when you write or phone: Lake Mohonk Mountain House (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors), Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, New York 12561. Telephone 914-255-1000.

JAMAICA, OCHO RIOS AREA. Where it is cool throughout the year. Three Villas on sea— different locations. Adults only. Strictly American Plan. Write Resort Villas, P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica.

ON THE EXPO ROUTE! Topnotch Inn, Stowe, Vermont. Gorgeous, cool, mountain scenery. Moderate rates, club-like atmosphere. Patio dining. Private, uncrowded 18-hole golf privileges; famous pro. Pool, tennis and pro; sauna. Riding nearby. Summer stock. Write Dept. SR: Brochure. For Reservations, Tel. 802-253-7355.

GURNEY'S INN . . . For the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Write for brochure. Dept. 1, Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the Inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

HILLCREST HOTEL, Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). $12.50-$16.00 American Plan. Golf. Brochure.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Motel-Golf Club. On the EXPO '67 route! Reasonable rates. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$100 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER. Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

CRESTMONT INN, 96 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania 17731. Complete family resort. Tennis, golf, (par 3 and 18 holes), swimming (heated pool, lake), theater. Tot, teen programs. Rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 16th to September 18th. Folder.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

CLUB MEDITERRANEE is as much a philosophy of leisure as a vacation club. If you're ready to throw off your civilized shackles for a milieu of grass huts (in some of the world's most beautiful locations), water sports, sun worshipping, free wine, fabulous food and truly cosmopolitan, international company, send for free information to Club Mediterranee, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 or phone 212-986-1222.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PEACE-REJUVENATION. Beautiful hill country. Intimate, charming "Pension." NO TV. Near Cooperstown. Hill House, Worcester, N.Y.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

REMOTE TROPICAL ISLAND RESORT in the Gulf of Mexico. 200 acres, a mile of white shell beach, fishing, swimming, tennis, marina and spectacular golf links. May to December 16th. Unique golfing vacation includes 7 days and 6 nights in gracious new "Plantation House"—spacious rooms with private balconies overlooking the water, 18 holes of golf with cart daily, breakfast and dinner, plus use of all other facilities. $98 per person double occupancy. South Seas Plantation, Captiva Island, Florida 33924. Phone 813-472-4601.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE the mainland . . . just. Serene outer island, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

ROBINWOOD INN. Jackson, N.H. Small, friendly and informal. Pool, horses.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Heated salt-water pool. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—" . . . whatever one is seeking, *active sports, nature lore, music, theater, or just getting* away from it all, it's there, in the VALLEY OF THE INNS." By Carlo Wolter. Write for free booklet: A Southern Vermont Vacation Guide, to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, *Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.*

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

JAMAICAN ISLAND INTERLUDE—INIMITABLE, INFORMAL . . . and INTIME. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Jamaica. Just 20 rooms create more of a private house party ambience than a resort. Unhurried, unorganized, unspoiled . . . Private white sand beach, horses, patio bar, intriguing Jamaican fare. Surprisingly moderate rates. Mini-brochure on request. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Long Bay, Jamaica.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dept. 3, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: *canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis,* fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

VACATIONS

GARDEN GABLES INN. Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. Quiet, restful. Breakfast. Convenient restaurants. Beautiful grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Folder.

SAIL FROM MYSTIC WHARF. Small cruising charter sailboats, day, week by reservation. Brochure. Box 277, *Mystic, Connecticut.* 203-536-3332.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Play or relax en route to EXPO.

TOMOKA INN—Becket, Massachusetts. Near Tanglewood, Jacobs Pillow. Write 2050 Cameron Avenue, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

BRANDON INN. Brandon, Vermont. Beauty, history, human interest, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained Inn—elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip and putt greens, exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lift, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Less than 3 hours to EXPO '67. Telephone 802-247-5766 or write Brandon Inn, Box 75, Brandon, Vermont 05766.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

STIMULATING VACATION in San Francisco: University of San Francisco invites you to "Lessons from Revolution—a symposium in Marx, Darwin and Freud" on August 10th, 11th and 12th this year. It provides conversation, fine food and music with the best informed minds on these creative writers. Fee $125. Write William Monihan, S.J., University of San Francisco, San Francisco, *California* 94117.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program for American college students. American credits. September-June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 West 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

BRITISH ISLES-IRELAND Traveling Seminar. 8 summer weeks studying English-Irish culture, literature and history. Superb experienced staff of 5 adults. Limited to twenty serious minded students 16-19. $1,595 covers all air and surface transportation from NYC, tuition, accommodations, meals, admissions. Starts June 25th. An educational experience you won't forget! Phone or write A.A. Medved, *Cherry Lawn School, Darien, Connecticut 06820.* Phone 203-655-1488.

IN THE STEPS OF AZTEC KINGS—Intellectual Study Journey for Teachers. Vacation with Mexican family. Three weeks, $295. (Mexico City, Taxco, Acapulco.) Write Carolyn Nugent, P.O. Box 2005, Corpus Christi, Texas 78403.

OXFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. *July 31st-August 26th.* Graduate Courses in Shakespeare's Tragedies, 3 credits; Contemporary English Novel, 3 credits. Distinguished British lecturers, Stratford Theatre, sightseeing trips, residence in Lord North's historic Wroxton Abbey—Americanized as Wroxton College. Write Dean Haberly, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070.

TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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A trip to United Nations Headquarters can be educational and inspirational. What's more, it's fun.

We're not sure the young visitor at the left knows it, but talking to the Japanese Attaché and the Mali Representative is United States Ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg. (2,000 representatives of 117 countries work at the UN, plus 3400 Secretariat employees. They're often on the job 14 hours a day.)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1730

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Science of handwriting analysis.	152 145 7 36 177 82 123 102 128 57
B. Nymph who turned into a laurel tree to escape Apollo.	27 159 118 137 162 131
C. Eradicated hair by destroying the roots.	49 80 56 5 156 62 73 187
D. Shaped like a quahog.	130 23 50 138 192 43 12 164 114 104
E. One of the conditions whose existence guarantees "a music," acc'g to Browne's *Religio Medici*.	63 81 115 185 139
F. Three wds. contrasting past and present which, if reversed in order, would mean occasionally.	29 1 189 171 161 134 168 121 84 181
G. How Penrod's mother remembered the hands of her son, now so shining clean at dinner (2 wds.)	129 167 3 90 67 51 40 175 176 112
H. Whitethroats in England.	178 35 22 47 6 58 148
I. Italian chemist who established the law named for him about molecular content of gases under different conditions, 1811.	91 83 79 48 183 179 64 193
J. Hospital and ambulance service founded internationally by Geneva Convention, 1864 (2 wds.)	10 107 195 174 74 146 127 191
K. The beautiful, esp. with association of moral worth.	4 194 119 105 26
L. Medicine's wd. for a ringing, whistling, or other noise which is purely subjective.	31 41 165 182 126 136 147 78
M. What "polished the copper lining of an Irishman's stomach," acc'g to Mark Twain *(Life On the Mississippi)*.	69 158 13 92 116 151
N. Block containing facsimile of an autograph.	86 25 98 16 46 103 11 39 153
O. Install.	120 14 125 2 42 87
P. Abstention from some exercise.	15 170 76 143 160 44 54 124 184
Q. Thickset and slow-moving; uninspired.	18 37 180 172 77 65
R. African capital of more than 8000 ft. altitude (2 wds.)	70 111 108 117 190 141 149 166 95 100
S. Regular callers on Thekla's grandfather in *The New Year's Bargain*.	94 135 71 101 20 140
T. Harmonious, as proportions in architecture.	21 173 132 99 93 55 59 34 75 85
U. Distance counterclockwise along the celestial equator, measured by the navigator (2 wds.)	109 88 122 32 19 133 53 169 155 186 61 28 150 163
V. Informal grouping of nine Eastern seaboard collegiate institutions *(Dict. of Amer. Slang;* 2 wds.)	38 106 30 97 60 17 142 110 8
W. Familiar friend.	144 9 96 154 45
X. Prepared in a pressure cooker.	68 52 157 66 24 188 113 89 33 72

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 F	2 O	3 G	4 K	5 C	6 H	7 A	8 V	9 W	10 J	11 N		12 D	13 M	14 O	15 P		16 N
17 V	18 Q		19 U	20 S	21 T		22 H	23 D	24 X	25 N	26 K	27 B	28 U	29 F	30 V		31 L
32 U	33 X		34 T	35 H	36 A	37 Q	38 V	39 N	40 G	41 L	42 O	43 D	44 P	45 W		46 N	47 H
	48 I	49 C	50 D	51 G	52 X	53 U		54 P	55 T		56 C	57 A		58 H	59 T	60 V	
61 U	62 C	63 E	64 I	65 Q		66 X	67 G		68 X		69 M	70 R	71 S	72 X	73 C	74 J	75 T
76 P	77 Q		78 L	79 I		80 C	81 E	82 A	83 I	84 F	85 T	86 N	87 O	88 U	89 X	90 G	
91 I		92 M	93 T	94 S	95 R	96 W	97 V		98 N	99 T	100 R	101 S		102 A	103 N		104 D
105 K	106 V	107 J	108 R		109 U	110 V	111 R	112 G	113 X	114 D	115 E		116 M	117 R	118 B	119 K	120 O
121 F	122 U		123 A	124 P		125 O	126 L	127 J	128 A	129 G	130 D	131 B	132 T		133 U	134 F	135 S
136 L	137 B	138 D	139 E		140 S	141 R	142 V	143 P	144 W	145 A	146 J	147 L	148 H		149 R	150 U	151 M
	152 A	153 N	154 W	155 U	156 C	157 X	158 M		159 B		160 P	161 F	162 B	163 U	164 D	165 L	
166 R	167 G	168 F		169 U	170 P	171 F	172 Q	173 T	174 J	175 G		176 G	177 A	178 H		179 I	180 Q
181 F	182 L		183 I	184 P		185 E	186 U	187 C	188 X	189 F	190 R	191 J		192 D	193 I	194 K	195 J

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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